QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By E. Haldeman-Julius
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Printed in the United States of America
Questions and Answers

I admire the way you always reprint everything the Blackintern's press says about you, no matter how vicious. But the same press never prints what you say about Catholic-Fascism. The point should be clear to a child. You aren't afraid of the truth, but your enemies persist in suppressing your case against them because they fear the truth. As you say, the Blackintern is yet to print an article or pamphlet answering Joseph McCabe's arguments in his new series of booklets. Keep 'em flying.

I'm not afraid to let my readers know the worst that's being said about me. I'm not against letting the intelligent portion of the population pass on the controversy. If I'm ever in the wrong I take it as a favor when my errors are tagged. Freethinkers thrive on controversy. But obscurantism can't survive without suppressing the honest opinions of its critics. There's nothing new about this. The tactic is as old as the priestcraft. And it works as long as its dupes can be kept in ignorance. Of recent months the press of the hieracketeers has been hitting me now and then in the name of the Haldeman-Julius Company. I'm not a company. I'm just a lone individual. But it sounds more sinister to make it appear to the readers of the Blackintern press that the source of all this "objectionable" literature is a company of sinful, evil, wicked, bad men.

How much beer are we guzzlers storing away?

In 1941, beer sales in the U.S. amounted to 56,770,937 barrels. In 1940, 51,637,164.

What was our 1941 income? What was it at the close of the 18th century?

Our 1941 income was $92,000,000; in 1799, $677,000,000.

Does a Catholic place his religion above duty to his country?

This question of divided allegiance has been debated for generations, and it seems to me that the evidence indicates that the Church comes before duty to country. Here we can judge our pious wafer-snapthers only by their deliberate self-revelations. After all, what a man says about himself is important, and here we have considerable data to support the conclusion that the voice of the Pope comes before the call of Uncle Sam. I offer as Exhibit A none other than Paul J. McCarty, Representative, 19th Suffolk, Boston, Mass. This Congressman wrote a letter which appeared in the January 3, 1942, issue of America, organ of the Jesuits, the Gestapo of the Blackintern. The McCarty letter:

Editor: The interesting article by John A. Toomey, entitled, "Senators and Congressmen Tell What Mail Means to Them" (America, December 13), raises the following question: Shall one vote in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, or in accordance with the wishes of a majority of his constituents?

Should one vote for a bill to allow physicians to provide medical contraceptive care to married persons, because a majority of his constituents so desire?

I, personally, do not subscribe to the theory "my constituents, if they're right, but right or wrong, my constituents."

Congressman Hebert of Louisiana believes it is his duty to vote in accordance with the will of the majority of his constituents, but I believe it is my duty to vote according to the dictates of my own conscience and judgment.

I am a Catholic first, a Representative, second.

Here is a Congressman who was elected by the citizens of a Congressional District but who insists that he feels called on to represent only that portion of it that happens to agree with his religious notions. McCarty is a bad American, an enemy of our democratic traditions, and a disbeliever in the progressive libertarian principles of our great
Constitution. Congressman McCarty lied when he took his oath of office.

I am sending you a copy of "Oracles of Nostradamus" for your opinion of his forecasts. Remember, please, they were written centuries ago.

Nostradamus, who turned out a thousand or more four- and six-line prophetic stanzas, was a grand, prodigious, gigantic, magnificent quack and bunk-shooter. People who get excited over his forecasts are morons. I'm surprised that Upton Sinclair hasn't poked him up yet—or has he? The stanzas of Nostradamus can be made to mean anything—from Mussolini's defeat in Ethiopia to Hank Greenburg's switch from baseball to the army. Each reader interprets the stanzas for himself. No two persons can interpret them in exactly the same way. As for his strikes, don't forget that the law of averages works in the field of guesses just as it works in bridge and crap-shooting. I could make a thousand forecasts today, and 400 years later some nuts could pore over them and find a certain number hit the bull's eye. That's why astrologers have so many followers. The fools remember their good guesses and forget the bad ones. The copy sent by a reader happens to be one of the volumes in the otherwise excellent Modern Library. The publishers should be ashamed of themselves. And they deserve nothing but scorn for their impudence in printing on the jacket such nonsense as: "Europe's Greatest Prophet," "Foresaw three centuries ago events which history has confirmed," "World events are rapidly catching up with the prophecies made by Nostradamus 300 years ago." As Nostradamus wrote his bull in the 16th Century, that "300 years ago" misses the mark by a mere century. People who can't add shouldn't throw figures.

Let's suppose the Blackintern were to get control in this country. Would this mean that minority religions would be persecuted or outlawed?

The only way this question can be answered is to tell what happened in other countries where Catholic-Fascism triumphed. When the Black International dominates the scene, opposition or minority religions are forbidden to function. It's only when the Church is in a minority itself—as it is in the U.S. and England—that it insists on freedom of worship. But here it means only freedom to accept Catholicism once the Blackintern is strong enough to impose its will. In short, when the Catholic Church finds itself a minority in a certain country it cries for tolerance; when it dominates, it demands a monopoly. When General Franco was put in power through the cooperative action of Fascism, Nazism and Catholicism, he promised "to restore the Catholicism of the glorious national tradition," and this was put into the concordat (agreement) signed recently between the Vatican and the Franco régime of Catholic-Fascism. Freedom of religion immediately became a thing of the past in Spain. Denzil G. M. Patrick, writing in The Christian Century, a well-edited Protestant journal, tells about persecution in Spain, as follows:

"Two recent provisional decrees led to the immediate closing of all Protestant schools in Spain and forbade the reopening of the Protestant churches which had been closed during the civil war. All notices outside the churches had to be taken away. The Protestant edition of the Bible may not be sold any longer. The fact that Catholic instruction is compulsory in all schools and that attendance at mass is obligatory for all soldiers, state officials and invalids in hospitals, exercises great pressure on the Protestants. Economic difficulties must be added to all this. Some of the Protestant pastors have had to flee. Pastors in the village congregations are closely watched and forbidden to visit former members of their congregations."

Readers are referred to my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers" for numerous data supporting the above. These books are an invaluable source of material to those who would understand the anti-social, intolerant, reactionary policies of the hierarchetes.

What's all this talk about Melvyn Douglas being a Communist?

It's bunk, and the political shysters who are spreading it know it's bunk. Whether or not Mr. Douglas will make a good executive in the Office of Civilian Defense I can't.
say, but to attack the movie star as a Red is cheap stuff. I remember several statements attacking Communists that were made by Mr. Douglas long before the O.C.D. was organized. The Communists themselves have never looked on him as a fellow traveler as was shown by the way they boycotted several of his pictures and smeared him as a “war-monger” because he favored united action against Nazism long before our Isolationists felt the terrific impact of Pearl Harbor. Douglas is a patriotic American who believes in our democratic, free institutions and is willing to make sacrifices in order to defend them. His position on foreign affairs was sound and intelligent from the beginning of the crisis and by that I mean years before we were forced into the war. He often attacked the Communists during the months that Stalin and Hitler were collaborators. During the last national campaign, when the Communists were isolationists, Douglas supported the President’s foreign position and urged his re-election. There’s a lot of anti-Semitism in these smears. This racial bigotry came out several times when Douglas was attacked for using the name of Douglas when his real name happens to be Hesselberg. Do we have to be told that it’s a common thing for actors to change their names when their real ones don’t sound exciting enough? The name of Douglas is Hollywood’s way of removing the unromantic colorlessness of prosaic Hesselberg. Congressman Leland Ford, of California, brought this anti-Semitism into the open when he cried: “Do we always have to have men who have changed their names in high places in Government?” Let’s remember that Douglas is a Democrat while Representative Ford, who comes up for re-election soon, is a Republican. Mr. Douglas happens to be a nice young man who’d rather serve in public cause than be a movie actor. What’s wrong about that?

How long does folding money stay in circulation before it’s sent to Washington to be turned into new money? According to Edward F. Bartelt, commissioner in the U.S. Treasury’s Bureau of Accounts, folding money is wearing out quickly these days because it’s moving around at a faster rate. A piece of paper money, prior to 1942, had an estimated life span of nine months, but now the Treasury expects the banks to turn in badly worn money for redemption in about seven months.

How much does it cost Uncle Sam to collect the new $5-a-year automobile tax? What does it cost to collect internal revenue in 1942 compared to previous years?

It costs an estimated $2.78 to collect $100 of the new automobile tax. As for general revenue, Uncle Sam pays out 89c to collect $100 of tax money in 1942, compared with 72c in 1921.

How much aluminum do we put into heavy bombers and fighter planes?

30,000 pounds in a heavy bomber; 5,000 pounds in a fighter plane.

General Chiang Kai-shek has called attention to his favorite passage from Confucius, which I am sending to you with the suggestion that you pass it on to your readers.

The section from Confucius (Little Blue Book No. 471, entitled, “The Wisdom of Confucius”) amounts to a design for ruling. As Charles J. Finger (who compiled the little volume just mentioned) says, Confucius taught that self-improvement, or perhaps it should be called self-discipline, comes first in a civilized person’s design for living. Public preaching is empty if ideals aren’t carried into one’s home. Confucius taught that the great authority of character and personality should be the basic requirements for rulership, not mere power or position. Here’s the passage my reader asked me to reprint:

In order to rule the country, one must first rule one’s family.

In order to rule the family, one must first regulate one’s body by moral training.

In order to regulate the body, one must first regulate one’s mind.

In order to regulate the mind, one must first be sincere in one’s intentions.

In order to be sincere in one’s intentions, one must first increase one’s knowledge.

The idea brought out in the above should be passed in the hats of all persons who occupy prominent positions in public life. People who hope
to win prominence in their communities should also give thought to Confucius’s words. And that covers just about everybody.

* * *

I have a fair-sized business, in which I use large quantities of job printing, especially letterheads, business cards, gummed labels, envelopes, etc. Would you advise me to anticipate my needs because of the war emergency? I wouldn’t want to stock up if I thought I could get everything I wanted at the time items are needed.

My guess is that it’s a good idea to anticipate printing needs and put in ample stocks of necessary items. It’s my hunch that printers are going to have trouble filling orders before long. There are numerous signs of coming shortages. Several important items already have become scarce. All of which leads me to suggest that businessmen, professionals and the general public should examine their printing needs now and get them attended to promptly.

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How much did Uncle Sam collect in liquor taxes in 1941? According to the Treasury Department, $927,492,787 was collected in federal liquor taxes in 1941, an increase of more than $206,000,000 over 1940 collections.

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Are American rabbits native to our land?

American rabbits are not native. They are all hares. British hares are true rabbits.

* * *

In many of your volumes of “Questions and Answers” you write about the amazing intolerance of the Catholic Church. I agree with your castigations, because they are based on verifiable sources, but isn’t it a fact that all churches are equally intolerant and that the Catholic Church, in this respect, is no worse than any other ecclesiastical organization?

It’s as unfair to say that all churches are equally intolerant as to charge that Hitlerism is no worse than the political philosophy of Winston Churchill. No informed person would say the Unitarians, for example, are just as bigoted and dogmatic as the Black International.

In 1940, the Baptist World Alliance met in Atlanta and passed the following:

“No man, no government nor institution, religious or civil, social or economic, has a right to dictate how a person may worship God, or whether he shall worship at all.”

The above declaration is acceptable to Freethinkers, because it gives dissenters, skeptics and other heterodox thinkers the right to reject religion. Such a declaration is a million miles from the established policy of the Blackintern, an institution shot through with bloody violence against heretics and disbelievers, to say nothing of persons who reject religious ideology. Consider the statement of Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, President of the Baptist World Alliance, made shortly after the Vatican and Franco’s Catholic-Fascist government in Spain came to an agreement regarding the position of the Church in that melancholy land:

“Under the concordat, Roman Catholicism is declared to be the only religion of the Spanish nation, and the government is under obligation to assist the bishops in, among other things, suppressing ‘undesirable’ literature. The fact that a concordat of ninety years ago is reapplied indicates that in the matter of intolerance the official Roman Catholic policy is unchanged.”

I have shown, in numerous articles in my volumes of “Questions and Answers,” what happens to free worship when the priests get power in countries like Italy, Portugal, and other Fascist lands. When the Black International, because of its minority position, finds it necessary to function in a country that recognizes freedom of conscience, it plays along, but its regime includes terror, torture, ostracism, persecution and murder when it dominates a country. I know there are plenty of Methodists, Baptists, Jehovah’s Witnesses, Mormons, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and such religious groups, who don’t like many of the books and pamphlets that roll from my presses in such huge quantities, but I’m yet to meet one who takes the position that I should be suppressed. They are within their rights when they disagree with me and reject my literature, for as a libertarian I believe we have as much right to reject ideologies as to embrace them. But the Blackintern isn’t satisfied with refusing to read one’s literary output. It goes far beyond that. As my read-
ers know, the hieracketeers of the Black International want to deny me the right to speak to the American public, even though I have a Constitutional right to print criticisms of religion or any religious establishment. They know also about the Blackintern's campaign of intimidation against publishers of standard newspapers in order to compel them to reject my Little Blue Book advertisements. The true American attitude is to grant every person freedom of expression, and when one disagrees with a spokesman for a certain set of ideas one has the right and duty to enter the controversy and show wherein the writer is wrong. That's the civilized form of debate. It makes possible an appreciation of the truth through discussion and inquiry. But the Blackintern is afraid of controversy. Debate is the favorite weapon of the Devil. So, the hieracketeers cry for my head. Thus my head rests securely on my chunky shoulders. I'll try to keep it there. The Black International bellows against my publications, especially those written by Joseph McCabe, but it's yet to issue a book, pamphlet or article answering McCabe's case against the Blackintern. McCabe's arguments and facts are ignored, and will always be passed over, because the hieracketeers know that free and open discussion never helped its case. In countries like Spain, Italy, Portugal and other centers of Catholic-Fascism, critics of the One and Only Church are either imprisoned or murdered. Controversy is dynamite because it may blow up an intellectual storm, and the Blackintern never profits from cultural awakenings. Late in January, 1942, the Catholic press in this country ran a syndicated article about that terrible man who runs the H-J publications. Readers sent me clippings of the piece from the January 23rd issue of The Tidings, official organ of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, and from a paper that is the official organ of the Archdiocese of Chicago. How many others ran the lengthy article I don't know. First of all, I was impressed by the sensational treatment accorded me. In huge headlines The Tidings shrieked: "Anti-Catholic Publication from Girard, Kansas, to War on The Black International." I'm supposed to be a loud, vulgar sensationalist, but I do my writing for a paper that never goes in for big headlines. I prefer to let my arguments speak for me, rather than to attempt to knock down my readers with sensational journalism. The whole article shows that the writer has never even seen a copy of The Black International. By January 23rd, I'd issued seven volumes of this new publication, so the Catholic writer could have studied McCabe's case against the Blackintern, but he preferred not to. It's better and safer to yell about a fellow's immorality and not take the trouble to study his ideas. Well, the Chicago and Los Angeles papers did me a little good, at that, for some wicked readers permitted themselves to be tempted enough to ask the price of a subscription to my sinful publication. Sometimes the tactic of abuse and libel backfires. Well, I'm going ahead. I was angry when I arranged for the first 10 issues of The Black International, for I had just been made to feel the whips in the hands of the hieracketeers. The first 10 are off my presses. Now I'm still mad so I'm going ahead with a second series of 10 issues. And when they're out, and if I'm still mad, I'll bring out a third set of 10—and so on. And if I get too red hot mad, I'll start a popular weekly at a few dimes a year and show these clerical racketeers what it's like to stir up a real storm. I don't scare easily. I hate bigotry. As an editor I've always had the highest regard for the honest opinion of my intellectual opponents. I have, on numerous occasions, printed material by cultural enemies, despite the fact that they were propagandizing ideas unacceptable to me. I feel that as an editor I should stand ready to give all sides of every question a fair and honest hearing. The hieracketeers don't know it because they've never taken the trouble to look into my books with a view to finding out what they say, but it happens that I've already printed standard Catholic classics, including the thoughts of St. Augustine, and an objective outline of Catholicism that was written by a Catholic layman who had his manuscript passed on and approved by a Catholic priest. I've included in my list of little volumes religious titles like the Words
of Jesus, Bryan's The Prince of Peace, the Thoughts of Pascal, St. Francis of Assisi, and several dozen other titles that are always acceptable to the orthodox. But because I also print books by Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe, and their kind, I'm damned to hell. To show how sincere I am in this matter, I don't mind saying publicly that if the Catholic leaders cared to they might do 10 Little Blue Books for me, which I would pay for at my usual rate—the same rate that I pay Joseph McCabe—and they would be given the same prominence in my list of titles. They could present their case as they saw fit, and I'd agree in advance not to change a word of their MSS. Will they accept? Your guess is as good as mine. But the offer is made seriously. If 10 titles aren't enough for them to tell their story, I stand ready to increase the section to 15 titles. Isn't that fair enough? Again I ask: Will they accept? It might be said that this offer will never come to the attention of the leading apologists of the One and Only Church. But that would be far out of line, for I happen to know that leaders of the Church read every word I write. Whenever I mention a newspaper which has been terrorized by the Blackintern the paper, properly marked, is forwarded to the publisher so that he may realize what a wicked man I am and how eternally right he was in kicking me out of his pages. Every little slip is pounced on. Only a few months ago I happened to mention that a certain organization had sent 8,000 of my books to Egypt. A little later I heard from lawyers connected with that organization and was told, in solemn, threatening sentences, that the name of that organization is copyrighted and that I had no legal right to use it in my columns. I had made no commercial use of the organization's name, I had merely reported a small fact. And the whole thing took up only a few lines of a paragraph that I set in 7pt., the small type I use at the head of each article. I could go on like this for columns. My only point is to show that my enemies fear my fair and square offer won't escape their notice. The Blackintern wants to suppress me. I demand only my constitutional right to print the truth as I see the truth, and at the same time I offer my intellectual enemies generous facilities for their best writers to tear to shreds the case against the Blackintern and religion in general as advanced by the world's most capable and scientific thinkers. Who's the bigot? Would the Blackintern's press give space to any piece I might write in which I presented my side of a controversy? Would they let me tell an uncensored story? Of course not. That's the difference between us. They're the sacred, pious voices of God. I'm a tool of Satan.

Your compilation of puzzles and brain-teasers doesn't contain the famous problem of the two Arabians who sat down to dinner. One had five loaves, the other three. A stranger entered and asked to eat with them, which they agreed to. After the stranger finished eating he laid down eight pieces of money and went away. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on receiving one-half. How was the problem solved? This is the well-known problem that was brought before Ali, the wise and just Caliph of Bagdad. He decided that the owner of the five loaves shall have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. For, said he, if we divide the eight by three they make 24 parts, of which he who laid down the five loaves had 15, whilst he who laid down the three had only nine. As all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's portion, the stranger ate seven parts of the first man's property and only one belonging to the other. Therefore, said Ali, the money in justice must be divided accordingly.

What's the oldest business concern in the world?
Albert Mitchell, radio's answer man, says he was asked the above question and in order to answer it he had to write all over the world, and finally found it was a Swedish copper mine in existence since 1250 A.D.

How is the sale of phonograph records holding up?
During 1941, the American people bought 110,000,000 discs, an all-time high.
As I’ve shown before, the Blackintern is hitting me from all directions using every available weapon. One Philadelphia reader tells me a local priest has instructed his dues to send for my catalogues and circulars. No, this isn’t being done to help get my literature wider circulation. He urges this interest in the output of my presses only with a view to doing me financial injury, the tactic being to have these pious pawns bring my direct mail advertising to him so that he can pile it up and then burn it. This is intended to counteract my suggestion that friendly readers send me the names and addresses of literate friends who may be interested in my mind-liberating publications.

A month ago I arranged to turn in one of my out-dated presses on a new Kluge Automatic Press. The metal in the old press is of about the same weight as the new one, and as the old press was to be shipped to the company’s plant for processing in its foundry there could be no reason for denying me the right to order such equipment. But the War Production Board rejected my application for a preference rating in connection with the purchase. Mr. J. S. Sterling, head of the Priorities Department of the company that makes the press (Brandtjen and Kluge, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.) wrote me as follows, on February 18:

“We are very much surprised at this action on their part because applications of this kind have been consistently given favorable action. This is particularly true where the new equipment is being purchased to replace old equipment which can no longer be used efficiently.”

It’s plain, therefore, that this arbitrary rejection of my application was an exceptional act, which leads me to believe that some insidious force is at work in Washington to hamper me in my activities as a publisher. In this connection, the printing business has been recognized by the government as one of the essential civilian industries of the nation. No useful purpose so far as the country as a whole is concerned is served by making it impossible for any printer to obtain new equipment which is needed to keep his plant operating efficiently and economically. In my case, not a pound of material would be diverted from military channels. I know of three printers within 25 miles of my office who recently received presses like the one I ordered. I wonder if my readers agree with me when I say there are reasons to believe that my ideological enemy (the Black International) has found one, more way to stamp on the devil’s tail.

The Blackintern moves relentlessly forward, each step intended to gag a publisher who believe’s it’s his duty to give the American public the candid facts about great social and political issues.

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When we American men discard our razor blades what does this mean in terms of tons of steel? What can we do to economize?

Each year we throw away 3,000 tons of high-grade steel through discarded blades, much of which could be saved. I don’t recommend the expensive gadgets which are intended to sharpen blades. A much simpler method of saving blades is to dry them carefully after shaving and then to hone them for about a minute with the index finger, after which a little vaseline on the fine edge will serve to save a blade for 25 to even 50 shaves, instead of throwing them away after one, two or a half dozen shaves. The index finger is even better than mechanical stroppers. As the steel in blades soon become “fatigued” it’s suggested that two blades be employed on alternate days. This gives each blade a 48-hour rest. Barbers weren’t long in learning that steel used in shaving soon tires, which explains why so many of them owned cases holding seven blades, one for each day of the week. Three thousand tons of high-grade steel is too much to throw away each year. Experiments have shown that stropping by the index finger will do an excellent job, the main purpose of this little exercise being to do what the well-oiled leather stropper does —removing rust from the saw-like teeth that serve as a cutting edge. When examined under a microscope the cutting edge shows up as a tiny saw. Rust soon forms, dulling the implement, a condition that can be remedied quickly by using the in-
Questions and Answers

I have a piece of mail order advertising which closes with these sentences: "Every word in this folder must be true to go through the mails." Should that claim be challenged?

The circular referred to by my reader (it offers a system of eye treatment) is making shrewd use of the peculiar public assumption that the postoffice department passes on circulars and that the fact they're mailed must be accepted as evidence that they're telling the truth. Every word might be false. The postoffice is forbidden by law from passing on printed matter in advance of mailing, for that could be turned into a dangerous form of censorship. Postal laws provide against the misuse of the mails, prosecuting offenders or issuing fraud orders against them. The fake medical promoter or racketeer runs the risk of postoffice action after he uses the mails, not before.

I believe you are too outspoken in your attacks on religion and the Black-intern. Let me suggest a more indirect approach. You know the old saying about catching more flies with sugar, etc.

Samuel Chugerman, Brooklyn, N.Y., attorney, answers the above for me by supplying a sidelight on Lester F. Ward, the great sociologist and Rationalist. When Prof. Ward was chided for his blunt frankness on religious topics and received suggestions that a little tact might attract more people to his works on sociology, his instant reply was, "I do not write for the feeble-minded."

I enclose a clipping from The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, which reports that a church society in England has been squawking about Henley's "Invictus." Let your readers in on the fun.

The clipping says that The Manchester Guardian reports that a church society in the South of England, which had invited "favorite poems" for inclusion in an anthology designed for the use of soldiers and sailors, denied admission to Henley's "Invictus," on the ground that "it many parachutists Japan has. There may be lots of them; there may be, as Kaltenborn says, only a few, but how does Kaltenborn know for sure? Where did he get his data? He didn't bother to explain.

I don't want to go back to the practice of the ancient Romans and Greeks who employed tweezers. That method inspired the line: "Pity now the mighty Caesars who plucked each whisker out with tweezers."

What was the weight of our tobacco crop at the time of the last agricultural census?

1,699,727,914 pounds, which is, roughly, the weight of our entire Pacific fleet before December 7.

Which American singer gets top money?

Nelson Eddy usually gets $3,000 a night, but some concerts bring him as much as $7,500. It can't be his singing, for the man is second-rate. Lawrence Tibbett, who can sing, usually gets $1,500 per concert. The explanation is easy. Tibbett, while manly, isn't pretty. Eddy, who's manly enough in private life, sells prettiness to the public. People especially women, pay to look at him, not to hear him. Most of the time he sings flat. His voice isn't even handled in a workmanlike way. The moral yells at one—if you can sing only moderately well, get yourself plenty of oompf-bang-it along with delicately curled blond hair.

I notice that your volumes of "Questions and Answers" contain several articles spoofing Carveth Wells, the lecturer who for years has been telling American audiences all they ought to know about the Far East. The enclosed clipping will give you a laugh.

Carveth Wells lectured in Kansas City, Mo., on January 28, 1942, during which he told how he'd laid out the Malay road and built the Singapore causeway, after which he said that "Singapore could stand a siege of six years." This was said with such a positive air that his audience carried away the opinion that all would be well in that vital section of the Southwest Pacific. Most military experts talk as though they know the score, but history has a way of tripping them up. Only a few minutes ago I heard H. V. Kaltenborn (who's been wrong oftener than the average) say that the Japanese were using parachutists in Sumatra but that nothing much could happen at their hands because "Japan doesn't have many parachutists." Now, I don't know how
does not inculcate the true Christian spirit." We think we know what bothered those good folk—the third line of the opening stanza:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Not so many years ago, an earnest churchman in the U.S. wrote to the publisher of a text-book, insisting that the line should be changed to read

I thank the dear God above me.

The publisher replied: "We could not do that without the author's approval; and we haven't Mr. Henley's present address."

How much steel and rubber do we put into a 30-ton tank?

One 30-ton tank of the medium type used by the U.S. armed forces uses the steel of 500 refrigerators and the rubber of 87 average motor car tires.

Your fairness and impartiality are commendable, but it seems to me that you went a little too far in that direction when you accepted the classified ad offering "Four massive division catalogs," etc. The very name, "Society of Transcendental Science," should have given you pause.

It's pure bunkology, like the cultural slop of "Dr." Frank Robinson, Dingle, the Rosicrucians, and the Essenes. Yet I permitted the outfit to use my classified column (the poor man's advertising medium) for several reasons, one being that I believe these nuts have a right to be hearing. I'd permit the Blackinton to advertise in this organ of piety, even though I reject its ideology, an attitude followed by most of my saintly readers. What have we to fear? We can always give error a hearing if only we have the right to reply. What burns me up is when I'm denied the right to give these intellectual tramps the bum's rush in print.

In your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you delve into much interesting and valuable Lincolniana, once mentioning, in passing, that the Great Emancipator battled racial bigotry by halting an attack on the Jews by the anti-Semites of Civil War days. Please give us the circumstances of the incident.

The Father Coughlins of Lincoln's time created a situation that caused much distress among American Jews and fair-minded non-Jews. Anti-Semitism didn't begin with Hitlerism. But when it showed its ugly head in our free America, Lincoln promptly knocked it down. Major General Ulysses S. Grant, in the second year of the Civil War (1862), was in command of the Union Army in the Department of Tennessee, where he was having success in driving the Confederates back along the Mississippi and Tennessee Rivers. It was while he was engaged in this campaign that he was given reports of traders who, while following in the wake of the army, were suspected of running the blockade with badly needed supplies for the rebels. If Grant had acted against all traders there wouldn't have been cause for complaint, but through an unfortunate combination of circumstances he picked the Jews as special targets. It happened that the Jews were only a small minority of the traders who were following the army, so it becomes obvious that Grant's subsequent action did all American Jews (who were thoroughly patriotic, in the main) a cruel injustice. It may have been that Grant's name was used by vicious race-minded subordinates at any rate. On November 9, 1862, Grant wired Major General Hurlbut, at Jackson, Tenn.:

"Refuse all permits to come south of Jackson for the present. The Israelites, especially, should be kept out."

This order attracted little attention, even among the Jews. But a second order, sent on November 10 to General Webster, at Jackson, began to attract notice. It read:

"Give orders to all the conductors on the road that no Jews are to be permitted to travel on the railroad southward from any point. They may go north and be encouraged in it; but they are such an intolerable nuisance that the department must be purged of them."

This order didn't stop the army traders, who continued their commercial activities. Later, General Sherman informed Grant that blockade runners dealing with the southern armed forces were demoralizing the army. He recommended harsh action, which moved Grant to draw
up (or at least sign) Order No. 11 expelling the Jews from the Department of Tennessee. This order was issued on December 17, 1862. Realizing that it would cause a sensation, he wrote a letter to C. P. Wolcott, Assistant Secretary of War, in which he defended his order. The Jewish communities were immediately aroused to deep anger, especially those in Paducah, Ky., and Cincinnati, O. The protests were based on the fact that the order specified Jews instead of all traders. Had the order been enforced literally it would have meant that all Jews, including women and children, would have been compelled to leave Paducah, because it was in the Department covered by the order. Jewish soldiers and officers swamped Washington with protests. So did the civilian Jews. The Jewish press, naturally, wrote much about the offensive action. On December 29, 1862, a group of prominent and patriotic Jews in Paducah sent an appeal to President Lincoln for action against Order No. 11, probably the first official protest against anti-Semitism in our history. The protest drawn up at an emergency conference read:

"General Order No. 11, issued by General Grant at Oxford, Miss., December the 17th, commands all post commanders to expel all Jews without distinction, within twenty-four hours from his entire department. The undersigned good and loyal citizens of the United States and residents of this town, for many years engaged in legitimate business as merchants, feel greatly insulted and outraged by this inhuman order; the carrying out of which would be the grossest violation of the Constitution and our rights as good citizens under it, and would place us, besides a large number of other Jewish families of this town, as outlaws before the world. We respectfully ask your immediate attention to this enormous outrage on all law and humanity and pray for your effectual and immediate interposition. We would especially refer you to the post commander and post adjutant as to our loyalty, and to all respectable citizens of this community as to our standing as citizens and merchants. We respectfully ask for immediate instructions to be sent to the commander of this post."

The above was sent to the White House over the signature of D. Wolf, Cesar Kaskel and J. W. Kaskel. Cesar Kaskel was later asked by the leaders of the emergency conference to go to Washington and present the protest to Lincoln in person. On January 8, 1863, Kaskel, accompanied by Representative Gurley, of Ohio, called at the White House, where, despite the fact that it was evening, Lincoln received them promptly when informed of the purpose of the call. Lincoln, after the preliminaries, said: "And so the children of Israel were driven from the happy land of Canaan?"

"Yes," Kaskel replied, "and that is why we have come unto Father Abraham's bosom, asking protection. And this protection they shall have at once," Lincoln replied. Lincoln immediately wrote an order to General Henry Wager Halleck, instructing him to have Grant's Order No. 11 revoked. Halleck had been recalled from his command in the Department of Tennessee to help the President as commander-in-chief of the army. General Halleck, after receiving Lincoln's note, told Kaskel:

"You may leave for home at once if you wish and before you reach there Grant's order will have been revoked."

On January 7, Grant, at Holly Springs, issued the following circular:

"By direction of General-in-Chief of the Army, at Washington, the general order from these headquarters expelling Jews from the department is hereby revoked."

At about this time Lincoln, speaking to another delegation, said:

"I don't like to see a class or nationality condemned on account of a few sinners."

Grant, when running for President in 1868, had to meet the issue, many letters appearing in the Jewish press in protest against his behavior. Other Jews defended Grant on the alleged ground that the order was issued without Grant's knowledge or consent, subordinates being to blame. This sounds rather naive, but it's perhaps true that Grant merely acted hastily instead of out of racial bigotry. So far as I can find out, Grant never discussed the subject in later years, but when elected he certainly showed no traces of racial animosity. He appointed Benjamin
Peixotto as American consul-general to Rumania to make an inquiry into the persecution of the Jews. He also protested strongly against the Russian pogroms, in 1882. So we're not sure that Grant was deliberately unjust to the Jews. But we're sure about Lincoln. He was just to the Jews.

I'm convinced that the Blackintern is able to terrorize newspaper publishers into censoring controversial material, but doesn't the fact remain that press crusades show that these same journals aren't afraid to go ahead full tilt on other issues?

It all depends on what my reader means by "other issues." If an important and significant controversy is gagged there's room for the suspicion that the lesser issues were selected with such care that no damage could result—financial loss, in the main. It doesn't take courage to write an editorial lambasting the man-eating shark, as E. W. Howe pointed out several decades ago. Here I'm reminded of that $260,000-per-year crusader, the late Arthur Brisbane, who, when he was running The New York Mirror for Hearst, put on a powerful editorial crusade against horse-race gambling. It happened that a turf authority, Fred Keats, was picking winners for Mirror readers. When Brisbane was shown that the issue containing his moral outburst also carried tips to horse-race gamblers, he blushed, something he hadn't done in 40 years. So he fired the turf expert. The readers who wanted Keats' tips raised such a howl that Brisbane was forced to drop his crusade and rehire Keats—all within 48 hours. Brisbane had made the mistake of launching a crusade on something which had been bringing his paper circulation and advertising profits. He turned to some other subject for a new crusade—one that wouldn't hurt the bank-account.

Do fish drink water?

No. They get moisture from their food.

Enclosed you will find a clipping from the January 23, 1942, issue of The Tidings, official organ of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. The press of the Blackintern is trying to limit the circulation of The Black International and will stop at nothing. It seems to me that the hierarchy realizes that you and McCabe are turning out something that is hurting the holiest of hypotheses. The hierarchists can't stand the straight facts from the record. I suggest that you reprint this article so that your readers may know what the enemy thinks about your new project. At least we can't say they're asleep. They're losing no time in taking up the challenge. I congratulate you on your ability to draw fire from the world's most medieval, bigoted, reactionary, anti-social and anti-progressive organization.

The piece in The Tidings is, as I've said elsewhere, a syndicated article that has been sent to the entire press of the American branch of the Blackintern. It appears under the title, "Anti-Catholic Publication from Girard, Kansas, to War on 'The Black International'" and follows, in full:

It was not without reflection the Primate of Belgium, Cardinal van Reey, declared recently Christ's assurance that the gates of hell would not prevail against His Church "contains no guarantee that the Catholic Church will always be preserved in Belgium, in France, or in any particular country." Such opinions, the Cardinal added, are frequently held, but to adopt this attitude is to contradict history.

What is here said applies significantly to our own country where all too many Catholics, influenced by the existing official toleration toward their religion, believe that all is well in the face of the growing manifestations of opposition and ill-will. For instance, there is the attempt to identify the Catholic Church with Fascism, especially its more objectionable features.

A concrete example of both the general spirit and the specific charge just referred to is the announcement of a new periodical, The Black International," soon to come from the press, dedicated to the overthrow of the Catholic Church and promising to tell "the full truth about Catholic Fascism," the magazine—scheduled to be issued bi-weekly for five months and after that monthly—will be published by the Haldeman-Julius Company of Girard, Kan., and edited by the apostate priest, Joseph McCabe.

The Prospectus

An examination of the prospectus of the first ten issues, each of which will contain 15,000 words,
reveals the intention of the publishers to devote the initial number to "The Vatican's Latest Crime," or "how the Church of Rome joined the world plot against freedom, liberalism and democracy," and how Uncle Sam was duped.

Number two will concern itself with the "Red-And-Black Pope," showing how "the Pope of Peace traded in blood," and disclosing the "red record of the Holy Fathers" and how "this Pius XII" lit the flames. Other features of this issue promise to expose "his glorious ally, Mussolini, and his yellow brother in Buddha," with special attention to the organizing by the Pope of "the plot in South America."

The third issue is to treat of the Pope's helping Hitler to gain world power, while the fourth is to prove how the Vatican "buries international law." The latter number will consider the Church's "vile record in Spain" and "the papal cowardice over Ethiopia." Number five is connected with the third issue, as it will relate how Hitler "dupes the Vatican." Papal intrigue forms the basis of the sixth issue and "the Pope and the Italian jackal" is to be featured in the seventh.

Number eight promises to castigate the pious traitors of Belgium and France and expose "the amazing folly of the Catholic bloc." How the "wicked Bolsheviks are to save our Christian civilization" will be considered in the ninth issue, and also how the Vatican "courts" Russia. The tenth number will disclose that "Fascist Romanism defies civilization," or how "the Pope helps the plot while the world curses it." Another juicy morsel reserved for this issue is "the restoring of the corpse of the Middle Ages."

The publisher's announcement describes The Black International as "a must publication for all persons who want to be in the know." It will be "devoted to a single theme that's dynamite in the average editor's office." It is of interest to note that each issue will be sent in "plain covers," in itself a revealing circumstance.

Now just who are the Haldeman-Julius Company and Joseph McCabe? The firm, founded by Emanuel Julius and Marcet Haldeman, is perhaps best known for its "Little Blue Books," some 1758 five and ten-cent pamphlets devoted to studies on sex, attacks upon religion and especially the Catholic Church, as well as many other subjects. McCabe is an apostate Catholic priest who, born in 1867 and ordained in England in 1890, left the Church in 1896, because he ceased believing in a spiritual soul or the existence of God.

Like Luther, he took unto himself a wife and has since then devoted himself largely to writing books, pamphlets and articles on all manner of topics, chiefly the Church. He is considered by Haldeman-Julius an authority on philosophy, psychology, the Catholic Church, theology, rationalism, free-thinking, history from the dawn of time until the present, biography, sex and all of its abnormalities, culture, superstition, prostitution, astronomy, government, Communism, imperialism, television, evolution, physics, sociology, geophysics, finance, art, education, psycho-analysis, mortality (ancient and modern), marriage, birth control, and other subjects.

The publishers of the dozens of books written by McCabe in fact regard him as simply "the world's greatest scholar," and "the world's greatest authority on the Black International." Actually, McCabe is a popularizer of an outmoded vulgar rationalism, as it flourished in the nineteenth century.

A Symptom

What the fate of McCabe's and Haldeman-Julius' Black International will remain to be seen. But at any rate it is a symptom of the times and one that may not easily be ignored. And it is also significant to note that in recent weeks newspapers such as the New York Times' and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch have carried anywhere from a full page to three-page advertisements of the Haldeman-Julius Company publications, not a few of which are normally objectionable.

Presumably as the charges these men intend to bring against the Church may appear, Catholics had better be warned that, to quote the American Journal of Sociology, "under conditions of adversity, tolerance is likely to give way to blind hatred, especially if aroused and directed by organized propaganda." Men seeking for a scape-goat are inclined to follow the example of Nero, who blamed the burning of Rome on the Christians and appealed the mob by persecuting them.—C. V. Service.
How do you start your Chivvie in cold weather?

My coupe hadn't had to put up with worse than zero weather all this winter, so I haven't had much trouble, even when my little chariot was left outside all night. The first requirement is to make sure the oil isn't too heavy. One must have a lighter grade for easier starting—10 or 10W. I've had success with the following starting routine, which, let me repeat, was tested only down to zero:

Pull out the choke all the way. Then, leaving your ignition off, you depress the clutch pedal and step on the starter. Count to four, slowly, while the motor is turning over and your foot is still on the starter. Now push the choke back in until it's between one-quarter and one-half way out. The colder it is the farther out the choke should be left. At this point you turn on the ignition and step on the clutch pedal and starter. This is the point at which I usually get the motor started, but if it doesn't click I repeat the routine, starting from the beginning. Remember to carry out instructions regarding the clutch pedal, which should always be depressed when stepping on the starter, whether the weather is cold or warm. This practice cuts down the load on the battery, which makes for easier starting.

The above suggestions are in harmony with a circular issued by the Consumer Division of the Office of Price Administration.

Is the South Pole colder than the North Pole?

Yes.

Have we the leadership to fight the Axis powers successfully?

Yes. Roosevelt is the right man in the right job and at the right time.

I think you are sending me too many book catalogues, advertisements, stationery blanks, etc. Now that there's going to be a paper shortage, I think you ought to go easy.

It's difficult to keep control of the number of circulars and catalogues that go to names on my mailing list. If some customers get too many pieces of advertising they should, as friends of good reading and public enlightenment, see to it that they aren't wasted. Mail or hand them to friends. I never feel backward about asking my friends to help widen the influence of my publications. Their personal endorsements and solicitations are among my best sources of new patrons.

What proportion of our population lives in metropolitan districts?

According to the 1940 census, 62,965,778 persons (more than 47 percent of our population) lived in 140 metropolitan districts.

Which animal is the most patriotic?

The tom cat, because he does his work on defense at night.

There's a lot of praying being put out here in the Bible Belt, and most of it is aimed at the Lawd Gawd Jehovah, who is being told to get busy and bring the United Nations victory. Where does this leave atheistic Russia?

The way I hear it, the prayers mention only the Christian nations, for it isn't considered in good taste to ask God to do something for people who don't believe in the Great Ethereal Esquire. At the moment it's embarrassing to have God's own children put out prayers that preceed smashing defeats like Singapore and then hear that the Godless Russians, without the Lord's powerful help, have pushed beyond Smolensk. All this reminds one of the way the church crowd used to bawl out the Russians for destroying, misusing, leveling, burning, or in other ways wiping out the churches and then have the pulpitoers pound their Bible and rant about the way Russia's churches now are more crowded with worshipers than ever before. Our religiousists seem to be praying to the wrong Head Guy. The same Gawd (Father Coughlin's pronunciation) who's supposed to help us is active in Catholic Ireland, where He seems to approve of the Irish stand against letting the United Nations use the air and naval bases on Eire's Western shore. Father (of what?) Coughlin hates Protestant England and wants to see Catholic Hitler destroy that source of heresy and schism. The Japanese pray to a heathen Gawd, and look what He's been delivering. The Chinese Gawd isn't millions of miles distant from the domain of Japan's Heavenly Imperialist, yet for almost five years the Sacred
One has been giving the Chinese holy hell. Their God won't go into cahoots with the Protestant Jehovah, which is just up the alley of Catholic Italy and Heathen Japan. The Blackintern's position appeared in Zelandia, a New Zealand Catholic periodical:

"To aid Soviet Russia even against our common foe is to invite the curse of God upon ourselves. To those who say that Germany's victory over Russia would mean our defeat, we would reply that it is better to go down in honour because of our allegiance to God than to stand victorious in the world after selling ourselves to the devil."

The Blackintern, in short, doesn't care a hoot what happens to the United Nations, whose main God belongs to the Protestant faith but whose majority of men and women are indifferent to the appeals of the parsons and priests. A mere Rationalist can't miss this opportunity to say that prayer aren't going to win any kind of a modern, mechanized war. This war is going to be won by the leadership that can "git that the dustest with the mostest men" (and tanks and planes). The Gods are impotent and confused, except when prayers come to them from parsons who are plugging for countries that have armies that have the stuff that'll win battles. At the same time these Heavenly Dictators have to see Godless Russia win ground from Catholic Hitler because it happens to have a leader who thought it would be a pious idea to put a fair stock of heavy guns, bombers, tanks and the rest of the stuff that's needed to stop blitzkriegs. Time and effort spent in prayer take us from the job of turning out war material. They confuse us. They blind us to the fact that only realism and materialism will produce the environment of victory. This reminds me that on the placid Sunday morning of December 7, when the Japs sneaked up on Pearl Harbor, it happened that thousands of U.S. sailors weren't on the ships at all. Some ships were minus 40 percent of their personnel. Why? Many of them—good, pious Catholics—were at the churches and Cathedral in Honolulu, where the priests were mumbling their usual mumbo-jumbo. If they hadn't been praying in the sanctified sanctums of the Blackintern in Honolulu that terrible morning we would have stood a better chance of fighting off the surprise attack. One report tells of how hundreds of sailors were caught in small ships and machine-gunned. They were trying to get back to their ships after attending early mass. That's a hell of a time to knock out a crew—just when they'd finished praying for divine help and guidance. If there'd been less prayer and more watchfulness we might have saved a lot of our ships and men at Pearl Harbor. But it's considered in bad taste to bring up such an opinion. One must bow to the eccentricities of the holy voices of the Ethereal Esquire. In Pearl Harbor we get an example of the futility of prayer when the other side is armed with what it takes and is ready to use the stuff without conscience. Winning this war is a problem in the sciences. The parsons only crowd the aisles. Their voices only distract. Their ideologies only lessen morale.

What will a victorious Stalin demand from Germany?

If the Soviet Union defeats Hitler—and that, with American help, is a possibility—Stalin is going to be hard-boiled. I have no official statements to guide me, so what I say below is nothing more than one man's guess. Stalin will fight on until he occupies Berlin and other important cities in Hitlerland. Then will come an accounting. The Nazi leaders, large and small who slaughtered Russian and other civilians, will be executed. Then will follow a vast movement of heavy machinery from Germany to the Soviet Union in order to compensate the Russians for the damage done their industrial set-up by the Nazi looters. After that, Stalin will insist on a disarmed Germany.

Is Gone Raymond's platinum blond hair genuine?

Yes.

From where I stand it looks as though the Blackintern's prodigious war on your newspaper advertising is an act of gigantic stupidity. The whole thing is so foreign to our traditions that it seems a foregone conclusion that the campaign will fail and that your presses will be more productive than ever before. Just fight back, hold on
—and you'll win. Meanwhile don't hesitate to call on your reader-friends to help—morally and financially. You have more friends than you think. We know you have more enemies than any other editor in the country, but that condition doesn't seem to disturb you or cloud your eternally sunny disposition. You'll win out in the end not only because you're right but because you have the guts to stand up and fight for what strikes you as right. You are the country's oddest combination of the artistic, the intellectual and the commercial—and that's a good dish when one is compelled to stand up to the blows of the Black International. Your experience with The Philadelphia Inquirer is both amusing and tragic, but at least you got your list into that paper. You've been ousted from many others, but did your astonishing 3-page advertisement get into many newspapers, and if so, how many? And what has been your experience in the magazines, where I see your advertisements regularly?

Before answering my reader-friend's questions let me mention a curious and amusing development in The Philadelphia Inquirer face. As I explained before, this Moses L. Annenberg property got its cars slapped back by the Black International, after which it proceeded to slap back my cars with a public apology that did me moral and financial damage, for it happened that this apology appeared just about the time The Philadelphia Record had accepted the same advertisement. Mr. David Stern's Record dropped the order like a hot coal, even though the management had worked hard on the long-distance telephone to get the business. Mr. Stern's manager of national advertising let it out quite frankly that he didn't want to get into another argument with the Black International. He added that when the Record had printed a couple of editorials favorable to the Loyalist side during the Spanish Civil War the Blackintern (which was rooting for Spain's Catholic-Fascism) got busy with a quickly improvised boycott that cut 18,000 readers away from the paper. Mr. Stern went, hat in hand, to the gauleiter of the Blackintern, where he was told to print a public retraction and promise to be good from then on. He obeyed, and the Record got on the sunny side of the street again. The Record hates the Inquirer and didn't want to lose out on my advertising, but it fears the Blackintern. So I was booted onto the ash heap, where I rubbed my sore posterior and dragged my way to other publishers, some of whom welcomed me with brass bands, highballs and boxes of expensive cigars. Meanwhile Mr. Annenberg—who is a prisoner in a Federal prison because of income tax trouble—had his managers show the apology to the Blackintern, who nodded a reluctant approval but withheld forgiveness. Mr. Annenberg owns and publishes Click, a really hot picture magazine, so hot that it could singe the pants off a Boccaccio. Click, for several years, has been fighting Life with a bedroomy policy that includes everything but sound effects. Click must become an organ of piety, the Philadelphia gauleiter of the Black International decreed, and Mr. Annenberg, who has been a model prisoner, jumped to obey. He gave orders to have Click switched to something between the Ladies Home Journal, Senator Capper's Household and Hearst's Good Housekeeping. Three editors quit one after another just like that. But Annenberg, who had caught the rustle of angel's wings, was adamant, and the publishing world is holding its breath until Click turns up again in its new ribbons, chiffon, and halo. Thus did the Blackintern strike down Click and Haldeman-Julius in one blow. But enough of these digressions. Let's get to the questions. Yes, newspapers accepted the 3-page Little Blue Book advertisement, as follows:


It's my suspicion that others will follow. Meanwhile, the magazines are being given the works. The February and March issues of Popular Science Monthly carried a full-page advertisement of my Little Blue Books. The management has forwarded a few of the typical letters of protest that were obviously inspired by the Blackintern, as follows:
Evelyn Beddard, Philadelphia, Pa.: "Would you please be so kind as to inform me of the reason your company accepts the Haldeman-Julius advertisements for their sacrosanct and vicious little "white books"? It should only take a person a few moments, even from their titles, to see that these booklets are not offered to the public for their intellectual and spiritual betterment, but rather to sow the seeds of distrust and hatred among various groups."

Theodore J. Malley, Aurora, Ill.: "Kindly cancel my subscription to Popular Science. Advertisements from Haldeman-Julius are not accepted by first-rate periodicals."

Joseph F. Copes, Easton, Pa.: "The Haldeman-Julius Co. is well-known for its Little Blue Books, which attack religion so bitterly and are so corruptible to the morals of the nation. I regret to see you accept their advertising. In order that my protest may have as great an impact as possible, you may cancel my subscription with the current issue, for a magazine that advertises like this is not welcome in my home."

James A. Murphy, Boston, Mass.: "I think the Haldeman-Julius literature is awful. I and my friends think it not good consumption for U. S. citizens. If we see the ad in your magazine again we will stop buying it."

When things get bad with me I go out and shop for a new pipe. It may interest my readers who enjoy statistics to know that during the past six weeks I've bought seven pipes, which shows the state of my jitters. But the pipes were good ones and my genial nature soon reasserted itself, so that I'm back in the editorial ring with louder and more belly-shaking laughs. But, seriously, I'm aching for a chance to tell my whole story from a public forum. If The Philadelphia Inquirer sues for the space I've refused to pay for, I'll be the happiest man in the country, for I'm all set to go to court with a bulging file that will prove beyond debate that the Black International is in a conspiracy to suppress my publications. Catholics have a right to refuse to read my publications but the hiracketeers certainly haven't a right to terrorize publishers into suppressing announcements of books that have, for 20 years, enjoyed the fullest postal privileges. Thus far my comments have been held down to an audience of my own readers. This isn't enough. I want to tell my story to the American people, and a public trial is needed for such an audience. I want to be able to tell my complete story to the intelligent portion of our people who still love freedom of expression."

Were the ancient Egyptians the first people to make maps?

Yes.

I agree with you that we must defeat Germany, Italy and Japan, but don't you think we're going far beyond the needs of the crisis? We've appropriated a billion dollars a day since December 7, and I'm writing this on February 18. Mark you, I'm not saying we should be stingy, or even economical, but why not try to create enough armament to do the job well instead of setting about to make a surplus that can never be used?

You can't make too much war material in the present situation. Here I'm reminded of the sound words of Marshal Lyautey, who once said: "When I prepare for an expedition I ask the experts to figure out what is needed. I multiply that by two, then multiply that result by two, and it is not enough." Almost two years ago I wrote a piece in which I said we would be getting a great bargain if we could defeat Hitlerism at a cost of only $100,000,000,000. That was my minimum figure. I'm ready to revise that sum today. If we can do the job on $250,000,000,000 we'll be doing well. As Morgenthau said, it wouldn't do us any good to save money and lose our country. If we were to spend even $500,000,000,000 and still have our country, the money would be wisely spent. Let's avoid talking about expense. That's the least of our problems. Our task isn't to save money but to save ourselves from slavery."

How many Americans have colds at one time?

During February, 1942, according to a Gallup survey, 23,000,000.

All loyal, patriotic Americans should thank you for the way you have been exposing the Nazi-loving Coughlinites, who are sniping at Uncle Sam while he is engaged in the most perilous war in his glorious history. Keep your eyes on Father Edward Lodge.
Curran, of Brooklyn, who is every whit as dangerous as Father (of what?) Coughlin. I have heard several of his speeches and I can say that he is an out-and-out enemy of the cause of democracy.

My reader is right in branding Father Curran, of Brooklyn, as a leading spokesman of the Nazi cause in the U.S. Father Curran is Coughlin’s chief echo in the Eastern sector of the American division of the Black International. The two are leading a vicious fight against our government and our free way of life. The Black International is seeking the downfall of democratic America and the erection of a totalitarian state along the lines of Catholic-Fascism in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other priest-ridden centers. On March 17, 1942, Father Curran appeared in Boston to speak at what is described as Evacuation Day. This is celebrated mainly by Irish Catholics to mark the evacuation of Boston by the British on March 17, 1776. At a time like this, when the U.S. and Great Britain are fighting to save themselves from destruction at the hands of the Fascists, the Black International is organizing anti-British demonstrations in this country. The purpose is to divide the United Nations and thereby bring about the domination of the world by Catholic-Fascism. Curran was brought to Boston for the third time in six weeks in order to advance the Black International’s program of anti-Semitic, anti-Roosevelt, anti-Allies, anti-British and anti-war propaganda. Everything connected with President Roosevelt’s foreign policy is anathema to Father Coughlin and his echo, Father Curran. The enemies of our traditions and Constitution are now making war on our policies, which can mean only one thing—our defeat is sought by the gauleiters of the Blackintern. One of their main demands is that we cease giving help to Great Britain and Russia, which is exactly what Hitler wants us to do. Recently Father Curran announced to his followers that he was organizing a National Irish Race Convention which would demand that the U.S. Government give “proper” recognition to the Irish people in America. This is the line that Hitler followed in Czechoslovakia, where the “oppressed” Sudeten Germans were made the excuse for the ruin of the Czech republic. It’ll be news to millions of Americans when they learn that the Black International takes the position that our Irish-Americans are an oppressed minority. The motive here is plain—the Jesuits (the Gestapo of the Blackintern) seek for America what Hitler succeeded in establishing in miserable Europe. When Father Curran went to speak in priest-ridden Boston he did so with the approval of Cardinal O’Connell, for no priest is permitted to address meetings outside his own bailiwick without the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities in the community where he is to talk. The celebration committee was headed by another Jew-baiter, William B. Gallagher, described as the foremost Jew-baiter in Massachusetts. He is the man who always refers to our President as “Rosenfelt,” the name the Nazis use. His favorite argument is the old lie about the Jews “controlling a vast majority in this country.” After repeating this lie, at an America First meeting, West Roxbury, Mass., on November 25, 1941, Gallagher said:

“If I be accused of being a Jew-baiter, well, so be it.”

Jew-baiting is the favorite device of the Nazis to bring about disunity and chaos in countries marked for destruction. A Jew-baiter is always a Fascist. At the meeting just referred to, Gallagher said:

“I hope our good friend Adolf (Hitler) will give Joe (Stalin) the spanking of his life.”

The U.S. is an ally of the Soviet Union. When the Black International says it wants Hitler to whip Russia it’s the same as saying it wants him to defeat the U.S., for both are in this fight together. In another speech (Roxbury, Mass., December 29, 1940), Gallagher again repeated Nazi propaganda by saying that “Germany and Italy are fighting a just war for bread and to break the shackles of a gold standard. The struggle is between the two philosophies, labor and gold.” This is what Hitler said in his speech of December 10, 1940: “Two philosophies are in conflict, two philosophies of life... gold vs. labor.” After attacking our Presi-
dent in one of his speeches (November 24, 1941), Gallagher cried:

“If this be treason, then send me back to my beloved Dublin.”

There are the men who are sabotaging America’s war effort, and their connections prove plainly that the Black International is now in full swing to destroy Americanism and bring about the victory of our enemies. It’s important that we know who our enemies are in these critical times. The Black International would knife Uncle Sam in the back, but the American people, on guard, will resist the efforts of such disloyal and treacherous elements. At this point it would be well for patriotic Americans to give thought to Father Coughlin’s instructions to his followers, especially in the Eastern States. Over his own signature, he sent word to all militant Coughlinites that they should join up as air-raid wardens. It doesn’t take much imagination to figure out why Father Coughlin wants to dominate such important centers of authority. In times of panic and disorder air-raid wardens, if controlled by the Black International, could be used for a quick stroke against the Republic. All the Blackintern seeks is an opportunity for direct, violent action. Otherwise, why should the leader of Catholic-Fascism in this country tell his followers to take particular pains to occupy certain strategic positions in the days when our civilians are being attacked? All these things add up to this: The Black International hates Americanism and would crush it.

What is the meaning of the Pope’s move in establishing a Japanese mission at Vatican City?

Everything that Joseph McCabe and I have been saying about the Black International’s tie-up with Japanese Fascism is now receiving official confirmation. We know now that the hierarchy in the Philippines is cooperating with the Japanese invaders, which means that the Blackintern is helping to kill the brave American boys who are fighting under our hero, General MacArthur. It’s clear now that the Japanese, anxious to reward the Black International for its moral help in spreading reaction and tyranny, is rewarding the Vatican with exclusive propaganda privileges in the Far East, thereby increasing the influence and “prestige” of the Holy See. On March 13, 1942, the U.S. State Department sent its second request to the Pope, asking that no Japanese mission be established in the Vatican. The first message was ignored. Up to this writing (March 16), the second request also remains unanswered. Great Britain has made similar representations, which also weren’t noticed. The establishment of a Japanese mission in Vatican City means that the machinery is being organized to spread the influence of Catholicism in the Far East, with the approval and cooperation of our Japanese enemies. Such a mission is a subtle way of telling the world that Japanese invasions and the enslavement of hundreds of millions of people have the holy endorsement of the hierarchy. This is an important issue, and yet our standard press is so terrorized that it doesn’t discuss editorially a subject that carries grave threats against the fighting democracies. Our press feels free to attack Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese aggressors, but it fears to say a single word of criticism against the Jesuits (the Gestapo of the Black International) in their efforts to help the would-be destroyers of freedom. The average editor’s cowardice is known to my readers, who have been given numerous object lessons. The standard publishers are bowing to the demands of the Blackintern and throwing out my Little Blue Book advertising, after they had printed hundreds of pages of my advertising during the past 20 years. Since the Black International is in full action in the world-wide war on democracy, it protects its rear by gagging our newspapers. By suppressing criticism here in the U.S., it makes easier the job of betraying our country in foreign lands and helping the totalitarians put over their conspiracy against free institutions. I’ve given the facts from the record, which makes it absurd for anyone to dismiss my case as the hysterical outpourings of a professional alarmist. The Black International is helping the forces that are using violence against liberty and liberal-
ism. And our press—which is supposed to defend the blood-bought liberties of our people—is standing by and suppressing one of the most significant phases of the present situation. The Black International has won every battle thus far. But there will be a response to all the bludgeoning of our ideals of Americanism. Ways will be found to bring the full truth to the deluded, blinded American people. The sacred frauds are having everything their own way now—with our standard press paralyzed by abject fear—but the truth will be made known to the thinking portion of our population. The Black International will learn, in time, that free editors and writers are still able, under our Constitution, to tell the citizens the facts they should know about vast public issues. And the readers themselves will join in this struggle for the right to spread the truth. They will give the fullest moral support to those editors who stand ready to print the full record. I feel confident that enlightened readers will see to it that their friends and neighbors, by means of word-of-mouth advertising, will spread the full story into every section of the community.

Have you been keeping tab on the activities of Fascist agitators inside the U.S.? Yours volumes of “Questions and Answers” show up all of them since the beginning of Fascist propaganda in this country, but naturally they don’t follow through to their activities after Pearl Harbor. What is their line? Have they gone into the silences in the interest of national unity?

The same Fascist agitators that I exposed before we were forced into the war are still carrying on an offensive against our democratic institutions, the Bill of Rights being used as a cloak for their disloyal propaganda. Some are stupid, some are cunning, some are brazen, but all champion the rotten Axis cause, with Father Coughlin heading the pack of traitors. In the case of Father Coughlin it isn’t accurate to call him a traitor to Uncle Sam because the priest isn’t and never was an American citizen, though he pretends to be one. He was born in Canada and never took out naturalization papers in this country. He claims he’s an American citizen because his father was an American citizen working in Canada at the time of his birth. This would be a good argument if Father (of what-) Coughlin could show that his father registered American citizenship for his son at the nearest American consulate. But he didn’t do this, so Father Coughlin is not a citizen of the U.S., despite the fact that he votes in our elections and participates in our national, state and local politics. Now that the Government has disposed of George Sylvester Viereck, why does it keep its hands off this alien priest who is using his immense powers to undermine our political and social liberties? Why does the FBI smash one group of Fascists and then leave the biggest Fascist propagandist free to poison the American mind so that we’ll lose the war and thereby fall into the clutches of the Fascists? Is the Black International too powerful to touch, even when its gauliteers are openly disloyal and subversive? Americans everywhere should demand that something be done to protect democracy against the organized war now being made on it. To prove that our Fascists are doing their worst let me quote from the record, every utterance having been made after Pearl Harbor. First, the worst—Father Coughlin, Fascist, anti-Semite, anti-democrat, foremost Gauliteer in the American section of the Black International. In the January 5, 1942, issue of Social Justice, Father Coughlin came to the defense of the Japanese aggressors, as follows:

In Japan there live 75 million persons. Japan is smaller than California. It is one-twentieth the size of Australia. Japan is almost barren of natural resources. Her people are prolific. Is there not another law, mightier than the “Atlantic Charter,” which permits a people to expand to unused territories? Is it not true that “the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof?”

Japanese propagandists in the Far East made effective use of the above quotation in order to show Asia’s millions that even Americans see the “justice” of Japan’s course. It’s plain from the above that Father Coughlin thinks Uncle Sam should let Japan alone to expand and even-
tually, with Hitler, dominate the world. Doesn't this tie in with my articles which show that the Black International in the Philippines is working openly in support of the Japanese "New Order"? The Catholic Church is giving aid and comfort to the Fascists everywhere including Japan. This means that the Blackintern wants the United Nations to be defeated, and Father Coughlin is helping in this despicable work. The collapse of the United Nations, especially the U.S. and England, would put the world back into the Dark Ages—and that would be fine from the viewpoint of the Blackintern, which always functions more effectively in an environment of ignorance, backwardness, superstition, cultural darkness, economic reaction and organized bigotry and persecution. Father Coughlin, America's most prominent Fascist, is deliberately trying to sabotage Uncle Sam's war effort. Here is additional proof, also taken from Father Coughlin's paper:

As for the common people, we are wondering where our most dangerous national enemies reside. Are they in Berlin, Rome or Tokyo? Or are they in Washington, New York, London and Moscow?

Think of asking, when we are at war with Berlin, Rome and Tokio, if our own friends aren't really in those cities instead of in the United Nations? If that isn't sabotage then I don't know Catholic-Fascist propaganda when I see it. A quotation like the above can cause nothing but glee in Fascist centers. Another conspicuous Fascist propagandist who is sabotaging our war effort is William Dudley Pelley, of Noblesville, Ind., and publisher of a Fascist magazine that follows the propaganda line of Father Coughlin and the German-American Bund. At this writing, Pelley is in prison for fraudulent stock manipulations, but his propaganda continues, which leads one to believe he is doing his writing from behind prison bars. Here's how Pelley opens one of his blasts against our war effort:

This war is quite all right! It is going to work the economic and social miracles that never could have been otherwise, and all of us are going to be a personal part of them.... Get over your doldrums if you have them....

In short, Pelley, like Father Coughlin, looks on this war as an opportunity to destroy democracy and establish Fascist rule. Pelley's fellow Fascist, George W. Christians, of Tennessee, three weeks after Pearl Harbor, sent the following confidential memorandum to the members of the Crusader White Shirts:

It (the plan) is very simple. Here it is. Since this Monstrous Civilization, based upon Gold and Greed, seems determined to commit suicide, I think we should all pitch in and help it do the job quickly and thoroughly. Even in wartime we are permitted to ask questions, so on the reverse side of this page is a list of them which are designed to finish the demoralization and disintegration of the existing order and create a REIGN OF TERROR.

The above is a direct appeal to violence. The questions Christians refers to are the kind that keep coming out of Goebbels' propaganda machine. Here are a few of them, all bearing clear marks of Axis propaganda:

Do Germany, Italy and Japan have the right to fight for freedom from our economic strangulation? Is Military Aggression more brutal or immoral than the Economic Strangulation of the Tyranny of Gold? Are we fighting to make Roosevelt the Dictator of the World?

After the above, which shows ideological sympathy with Hitlerism, Christians' White Shrit Crusaders puts out the following cry for mob violence:

When the MAD MOB gets in MOTION make sure that they dig all of the blood-sucking bankers out from under their piles of steel. Line them up against a wall and SHOOT them. See that they run down all the Political Parasites. Depose a single Politician, big or little. Just HANG them to the nearest tree or lampost.

Let's return to Pelley, who, since January 1, 1942, gave out Fascist utterances like the following:

It is futile to plead that American territory and property were wantonly attacked in the Hawaiis. The attack obviously resulted from a baleful and provocative diplomacy which appeared to neglect no opportunity to make actionist en-
emies of all major countries on the globe but England.

It is a fact that nobody in the whole United States had a flicker of feeling—one way or the other—against Japan or Hitler—excepting racial blocs of refugees, evicted from their financial sinecures abroad.

The second thing is ... to divide the globe into three spheres of influence. First should be acknowledged the Aslatic under a Monroe Doctrine supervised by Nippon; second should be conceded a Pan-European supervised by Germany; third a Pan-American supervised by the United States.

With the Nipponese controlling our western coast, mayhap Hitler will be welcomed not as an enemy but as a friend.

L. M. Birkhead, director of the Friends of Democracy, Inc., N. Y. C., has collected samples of Fascist propaganda from various sources, including William Kullgren, publisher of the Beacon Light, California, who wrote in his publication:

And before this year is very old, Dictator Roosevelt will make the last pronouncement, after which your opportunity for liberty under the law will be gone; the thinker will be in the concentration camp; military power will be in control. Then your only recourse will be violence... and thus will come about a civil war as an aftermath of a declaration of war by the executive, or Congress, or both.

Dr. Birkhead found the following in the printed matter issued by Elizabeth Dilling, Patriotic Research Bureau, Chicago:

In my opinion the U.S.A. has chased around Asia long enough trying to boss the yellow races. This policy has now evoked the long-desired-and-worked-forward.

And here are a few more Fascist expressions that Dr. Birkhead found in his studies of the Fascist press. First, Francis P. Moran, director of the Christian Front of America:

Were it not for the unwarranted interference of Mr. Roosevelt in foreign affairs that were none of our business, and his refusal to grant to the Orient the same right of self-determination that we ourselves demanded... the Japanese government would have had no incentive to attack us.

Then comes a sentence from Count Asher, publisher of The X-Ray, Muncie, Ind.:

I believe it was the meddling of the new deal; the secret manipulations of the Jew money powers that brought this war about.

Here's a quotation from Charles Hudson, publisher of America in Danger, Omaha, Neb.:

Government statistics prove our foreign trade a net loss, particularly in the Far East; therefore our first job should be to rescue our nationals there and give up possessions outside our hemisphere.

Some of these quotations are silly, others are shrewd, and all are appeals to the elements that would bring about the nation's betrayal. For this purpose, America's Fascists have numerous organizations and periodicals. Here are a few of their leading mouthpieces now being published and distributed in the U.S.:


Notice the religious panoply. The first five listed above show how religion is used by the Fascists. Some are edited by crackpots, but most of them are directed by outright subversive agents of the Axis, particularly Father Coughlin, Pelley, and Christians. These poison-peddlers are trying to bring about America's defeat. We must keep exposing them. The American public must be kept informed regarding their activities. Their false assertions must be refuted. We mustn't let the enemies within our gates deliver our country to the Fascists. Democracy has the right to defend itself. ♡ ♡ ♡

Goebbels is, as you say, an innately, insidiously clever gangster, but do you think the German people believe all his propaganda?

Even the cleverest propaganda can't produce complete results. There are always individuals of intelligence who know how to use their brains, and such can resist propaganda's sway, but most people aren't mentally strong, which makes them easy dupes. They tell a story about a tailor to illustrate this, a story, by the way, which sounds a lot like the yarn I told about the wild-catters who dash around the
Southwest looking for oil. The tailor just mentioned lived in Catto-
witz, a small Polish town, where he had several competitors who made
business hard to get. He finally hit
on the scheme to approach them one
by one and whisper: "I understand
that there's a great need for tailors
in Vilna." His rivals left town one
by one. After they were all gone,
his wife came home one day to find
him packing. When she asked him
where he was going, the little tailor
replied: "I'm going to Vilna where
I understand business is booming."
Please comment on the new war that's
been declared on New Deal social re-
forms?

Soon after the Pearl Harbor dis-
aster, Wall Street, its newspapers,
the radio, the union-hating capital-
ists, and the miscellaneous riff-raff
that marches under the anti-New
Deal banners of the Roosevelt-haters,
began an organized fight on the so-
cial reforms put through by our
President. The discovery of a few
racketeers in the labor movement
(representing less than one-tenth
of 1 percent of the leadership of
the unions) was used as an excuse to
compel Congress to repeal the Fed-
eral law which justly compels em-
ployers to deal with unions that
truly represent a majority of their
workers. Radio windbag Kaltenborn
took command of the division whose
job it is to kill the 40-hour week.
To listen to Kaltenborn (who grows
"oratorical" even when he announces
the time of day) one would imagine
it's illegal for anyone to work more
than 40 hours a week. Kaltenborn
and his lieutenants want what he
calls a "standard 48-hour week."
That means straight time for 48
hours. Why stop there? What's to
prevent a 58-hour standard week?
Or a 65-hour standard week? Work-
ers can be employed 48 hours or
even more today, but under the law
they must be paid time and half
for the eight hours over 40. What's
wrong about that? Why should em-
ployees be expected to work beyond
40 hours each week at straight-
time? This law was one of the
finest things done by the Roosevelt
New Deal. It wasn't revolutionary,
as the labor-baiters would have you
believe. It was just a humane act
in favor of an underprivileged,
abused, exploited class. It's to be
hoped that Roosevelt will turn on
these anti-laborites who want to
use the war as an excuse to kill
the labor reforms of the Roosevelt
administration. The President could
expose and destroy this anti-progres-
sive campaign with 50 words.

As you say, our Fascists of the Cough-
lin, Lindbergh type are giving no hos-
tages to democracy now that we are at
war. However, the present situation
will compel them to adopt new slo-
gans and work out new formations in
their own war on liberty and democ-
acy. Are there any signs that show
the drift of things?

Our Fascists are reorganizing
their ranks. They haven't given
even a hint of support for democracy.
It's only a question of time before
they resume their efforts in support
of Hitleristic economics and social
dogmas. And it seems as though
the stage is being set for the revival
of Technocracy, which may prove to
be the rallying ground of all nazified
anti-democrats. Technocracy, which
sounds scientific, has been dead for
about eight years. Back in the depth
of the depression, it had its day of
daffish glory, only to linger by the
roadside and curl up for what seemed
to be the coma of disuse. But
something's happened during the
past two months. Technocracy has
found its angels. Money is being
pumped into its veins. During Feb-
uary and March, 1942, full-page
advertisements for Technocracy ap-
ppeared in The New York Times, The
Cleveland Free Press, and other
newspapers. From what I've seen of
the publicity campaign, it's my guess
the newspaper space alone cost
about $65,000. Tons of expensive
pamphlets and broadsides are being
distributed. Daniel Bell, of The
New Leader, reports that the Tech-
nocracy advertisements aren't the
same in New York as they are in
the interior cities. In the Times,
for example, the announcement
(which cost $2800) discusses only
the economic aspects of Technocracy,
but in the other newspapers a pic-
ture of Howard Scott, head Tech-
nocrat, appears over copy that calls
for his appointment to the office
of Director-General of Defense. The
pictures shows him in a uniform.
His assistants in the various head-
quarters also wear uniforms, sug-
gesting the formation of storm-
troopers. This new Technocracy publicity delivers blows at democracy and liberalism. The country is to be ruled by an elite, nominated by the head technocrat, after the formula worked out by Hitler. In the Technocracy publicity, entitled “America Must Show the Way,” democracy is swept aside with these words:

“In a power age of high energy consumption and rapid social and industrial change, democratic ideals and methods have demonstrated themselves to be inadequate. ... Biology has proven it to be a fallacy that all men are created equal. ... Heredity and training determine who shall be best fitted for leadership, or otherwise perform the necessary kinds of work much more effectively than can popular opinion. ... The rapid rate of industrial operation and the need for rapid social adjustment to our changing conditions make democratic methods obsolete.”

Technocracy is anti-foreign, in the sense that Hitler advocates. There is racism in Technocracy’s advertisements. All aliens are to be bailed. All publications and broadcasts in foreign languages are to be suppressed. All Asians are to be put into their place, which includes the people of China, India, and other countries. Technocracy in its new dress, calls for a total state. The whole business looks like a hurray-up job improvised by a lot of well-financed Fascists. Watch events carefully. If native Fascists, come out for Technocracy in the near future, you can be sure that our Nazis have organized a new party line and that the old propaganda is to be resumed under fresh labels.

The sinking of so many of our oil tankers along the Atlantic seaboard moves me to ask how many tank cars of oil a tanker can carry, on the average?

200.

Do you approve of the help-the-war suggestion to save canceled postage stamps from which the government can extract useful and expensive dyes?

The government doesn’t intend to extract dyes from used postage stamps. The scheme was hatched by some well-meaning persons who don’t know what they’re talking about or who are enemy agents bent on wasting the time and energy of some of the civilians.

Why do the Northwest Indians, when drying their winter’s supply of salmon, hang the fish on trees 33 feet above the ground?

This is done to protect their catch against flies. Long ago the Indians discovered that flies apparently don’t rise more than 32 feet above the ground. One would imagine the flies would strain themselves for an extra foot, but they don’t. The “whistle” always blows at 32 feet and they quit cold. We humans also stick pretty close to our routines. Take, for instance, the manageress of a fancy establishment who was visited by a man who said: “I want Maud brought out, but first I want to know if it’ll be all right for me to bring you the money next pay day.” “That’s all right,” the obliging Madame assured him, “I’ll bring Maud out on your next pay day.”

Do you believe our draft boards are doing the right thing in insisting on high physical standards?

No. There are many places in the armed forces that can be handled competently by men who don’t happen to be perfect physical specimens. This reminds me of a linotype operator who was being examined for a place in an army printing office. Hundreds of linotype operators are used on our battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, in office positions in Washington, and in numerous posts. This fellow I’m telling about has been holding down a typesetting job for seven years, setting his usual string each eight hours. He’s a member of the union and is recognized as a full journeyman, and yet the board turned him down because his eyes aren’t up to the standards demanded for fighting men. If that compositor’s eyes are good enough for eight hours of hitting the keys each day, why couldn’t the army see the common sense view and accept him for a job that he can do like an expert? I understand our draft boards are rejecting 38 percent of all registered men. It’s my notion that more than half of these men could be taken into the armed forces, if only the men at the top would arrange to find the right jobs for the men who aren’t up to their un-
necessarily-strict standards. Take, for example, the 15,000 men rejected for hernia in 1940. Most, perhaps all, could do clerical or other light duties. Hernia shouldn't be regarded as a cause for rejection. Also, it isn't necessary for a man to have most of his teeth in order to make a good telephone operator or dishwasher. Why can't a flat-footed man shave the covers off spuds? What's to prevent a too-tall man from making beds in an army hospital or a too-short man from putting rolls of toilet paper in the latrines? Dr. Logan Clendening, who shares my views in the matter of over-strict physical standards for draftees, says physical fitness is not necessarily the key to national security. He shows from the record that a great many of the world's greatest captains would have been rejected by our draft boards. Here is his suggestive list:

Name                      Reason for rejection  
George Washington         False teeth  
Bismarck                  Overweight  
Napoleon                 Ulcer of the stomach  
U. S. Grant               Alcoholism  
Julius Caesar             Epilepsy  
Horatio Nelson            One eye, one arm  
Cromwell                  Precancerous dermatitis  
Mohammed                  Fugues  
Frederick the Great       Postural kyphosis, suicide obsession  
Alexander the Great       Oedipus complex  
Charles XII               Tuberculosis  
Kaiser Wilhelm            Withered arm  
Genghis Khan              Paranoia  
Duke of Wellington        Underweight  

The explanation is simple. The fault rests with the brass hats. To them, the army is a dress parade affair. They judge an army by its looks, not by its efficiency. My readers may recall that in my volumes of "Questions and Answers" I showed how ridiculous it is to spend hours each day teaching men how to parade and go through complicated formations that can never be used under fighting conditions. If a general were to send his men into battle in the way that he trains them to march down Main Street he'd be shot—or at least he should be shot. I see now, at last, that some of the big fellows in Washington are being won over to the view that drills that make for snappy parades are nice and cute in peace times but haven't a dime's value while fighting. Instead of drilling men so many hours each day in parade-ballets we should make fighters and workers out of them. And while we're at it let's give thought to the foolish practice of insisting on almost perfect physical standards.

* * *

Does Goebbels use a group of super-psychologists who have mastered the science of controlling the masses of Germany and occupied countries like so much putty?

The Nazis like to give the impression that they are supermen. As for psychology, this is a myth which deserves to be exposed. Russia has already disposed of the myth of Nazi military invincibility. The Association for Advancement of Psychoanalysis, in N.Y.C., reports that Hitler's psychologists don't know a single thing that isn't commonplace to American scientists adding:

"The German propaganda group has merely tried to disseminate the same aroma of invincibility about their psychologists as they have about their military forces. It is as important to debunk the mythical irresistibility of German psychologists as it is to recognize the actual vulnerability of the Nazi armies."

Nazi bluff must be called wherever it shows itself.

* * *

How do you react to the Fascist system of giving cash rewards to mothers of large families in order to expand the birth rate? Hitler and Mussolini both make such payments. Could the democracies follow suit without committing themselves, directly or indirectly, to endorsement of Axis ideology?

The democratic countries don't have to ape the Fascists. We know how to get our jobs done. True, Hitler came out with $25 rewards for increases in the birth rate, which in his case means only a method of getting a bigger crop of cannon-fodder. Mussolini turned jealous and hiked the award to $50. Then Roosevelt looked the situation over and asked Donald M. Nelson, of the War Production Board, to make a constructive suggestion. Nelson, after putting a number of experts to work, reported back that the simple thing to do would be a $500 reward to each mother whenever a baby is born. After all, a man who's spending money in the Nelson way doesn't
corners torn off. I don't know just what this means. Twenty-four percent is a sizable minority, but far from a majority, and yet it represents a lot of superstition, albeit the harmless, eccentric kind. Such a foible should cause one only to smile. It's no reason for anger. A little more serious is the spectacle of a charming gentleman like Boris Karloff (who is both an artist and a magnetic personality) refusing to appear with "Information, Please," on a certain evening because it fell on a Friday the 13th. He consented to show up on the following Friday, when he put on a good show and got off several witty remarks. To go a little afield, I was disturbed when I saw President Roosevelt, in a newscast some months after his mother's death, wearing a mourning band on his sleeve, something I hadn't seen in years. People out here don't go in for such foolishness. I used to see a lot of it when I was a boy in Philadelphia, and even then I thought the custom silly and vulgar. If F.D.R. weren't doing such a good job as commander-in-chief of the war effort of the United Nations I'd make this part of my article somewhat caustic. I'll forgive him that mourning band if he'll go ahead and whip the tar out of the Nazis. All these little practices aren't important enough to get mad about, but when a magazine like Liberty prints a series of articles boosting the Lourdes miracle-cures, I feel a steep hike in my blood pressure. And when a Dr. Alexis Carrel joins in the chorus of approval for the Lourdes tripe I want to bust loose. For such superstitions do real and lasting harm to the public. They poison minds, destroy realistic thinking, and encourage hieracketeering. Did you ever hear of a Pope or a Cardinal, or even an Archbishop, going to Lourdes for a miracle-cure? They're too smart for such foolishness. Besides, they'd be attracting public attention to the idiotic aspects of the profitable project. When a Pope gets sick he usually calls in leading figures in medical science. He leaves Lourdes for the dupes.

Hearing a lot about Darwin, Australia, in the news these days keeps reminding me of a song I used to hear sung by Australian soldiers in the Far East.
years ago. Each stanza ended with "bloody, bloody, bloody." Can you give it to me?

Darwin, Australia, is filled with beer-guzzling, kind-hearted, generous, football-playing people. They play a fanatical, furious football, in which even the bloody aborigines join, but who, lacking jerseys, paint their identifying colors from bloody shoulders down to the bloody cheeks of the bloody rump. The bloody ballad, which gives Aussies' opinion of bloody Darwin, was written by some bloody, anonymous bard in the bloody Australian army and goes like this:

This bloody town's a bloody cuss;
No bloody trams, no bloody bus,
No one cares for bloody us,
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody roads are bloody bad,
The bloody folks are bloody mad,
They even say "You bloody cad!"
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

No bloody clouds, no bloody rains;
All bloody stones, no bloody drains;
The council's got no bloody brains,
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

And everything's so bloody dear,
Two-and-nine for bloody beer—
And is it good? No bloody fear!
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody flicks are bloody old,
The bloody seats are always sold,
You can't get in for bloody gold,
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody dances make me smile,
The bloody bands are bloody vile,
They only cramp your bloody style,
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

The best bloody place is bloody bed,
With bloody ice on bloody head,
And then they think you're bloody dead,
So bloody, bloody, bloody.

I am fond of fairy stories. Can you tell me one?

The handsome knight approached the king's palace, where he was met by two ladies of the court, one of whom he was to choose. The first had a beautiful body and an ugly face. The other had an ugly body and a beautiful face. Which did he choose? Neither. He went in for the king's company. Remember, you asked for a fairy story.

I see, in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers," that you list the great historian Lecky as a relentless critic of the Catholic Church. Can you give your readers a sample of his case against the Black International?

William E. H. Lecky's works are crowded with material attacking the Catholic Church. His historical works are useful sources of material for Freethinkers who would know the appalling record. Back in 1865, Lecky wrote:

"Certain it is, that the period when the Catholic Church exercised a supreme ascendancy, was also the period in which Europe was most distracted by wars; and that the very few instances in which the clergy exerted their gigantic influence to suppress them, are more than counterbalanced by those in which they were the direct causes of the bloodshed. Indeed, they almost consecrated war by teaching that its issue was not the result of natural agencies, but of super-natural interposition. As the special sphere of Providential action, it assumed a holy character, and success became a proof, or at least a strong presumption, of right. Hence arose that union between the sacrosanct and the military spirit which meets us in every page of history."

Another reader says he's interested in my article (in one of the volumes of my "Questions and Answers") on President James Madison, in which I show him to be an anti-clerical thinker who isn't afraid to speak candidly about the hierarch-eteers. Since writing that piece I've come on another quotation from Madison, which students of American history, the Catholic Church and Freethought will want to read and digest. What's quoted below was written by Madison in 1785. Can you imagine any President during the past generation expressing himself as frankly and critically? The policy today is one of hush-hush in matters touching on the sacred utensils of Gawd. Try to get the editor of a standard newspaper or magazine to print a passage like the one I give below. Try, if you have time to waste. Our leaders have become cowards and compromisers. They have fallen far below the Founding Fathers—men who weren't afraid to express themselves about the evils of clericalism. Here's Madison's blast:

"Experience witnesses that ec-
At about the same time a Tokio short-wave broadcast, according to the February 4, 1942, issue of The New York Times, praised the Jesuits in the Philippines for helping the Japanese invaders, adding the revealing news that "the Catholic bishop of Manila and the papal representative in the Philippines had joined in cooperation with the Japanese for creation of the 'new order' in Asia, and had urged island Catholics to like action." Thus are we given the alarming spectacle of Blackintern chaplains being employed with our armed forces, who, in turn, are fighting an invader who is getting moral and material aid and comfort from another arm of the Black International. In the Philippines we find that 70 percent of the population of 17,000,000 are Roman Catholics, which means that the Church's leadership and treason can result in our eventual defeat in that theater of war. Joseph Ralston Hayden, in his "The Philippines, A Study in National Development," says 50 percent of the entire Philippine population is illiterate. This is as we might expect, for the record shows disheartening illiteracy wherever the Blackintern is in control. Illiteracy and Catholicism have always been pals on the international scene. We now know that Vatican policies have done immense deeds in support of Japan in the Philippines. Following this interesting trail further we find, according to the January 29, 1942, issue of The Los Angeles Times, that Federal Grand Jury in Southern California indicted Frederick V. Williams as a Japanese propaganda agent in this country. The record shows that Williams was the director of public relations in the U.S. for the Eucharistic Congress that was held in Manila in 1937. Mr. Williams, according to George Seldes' In Fact, was publicity director for the Western Province of the Dominican Fathers. The whole melancholy business fits together, and the tragic meaning of it all is that the Blackintern, true to its traditions, is ever willing to help destroy our ideals of liberty and tolerance, our democracy, our Americanism, our Constitution, and our Bill of Rights.

I was pleased, while reading your set of "Questions and Answers," to find...
a sentence on freedom from Somerset Maugham's "Strictly Personal." It appears to me that the next two sentences are just as important in these days of Fascist aggression, so please do your readers a favor by quoting the entire passage.

It's a good idea to study Maugham's bit of truth. It's in classic form. Read it carefully. Let its simple good sense take root in your consciousness. And pass it on to others. I'm a great believer in doing missionary work whenever I come on something that hits me in the right place. And I always like to appeal to the missionary impulse in my readers. For instance, consider the way I not only beg for subscriptions to the first and second series of "The Black International" but my habit of appealing to my readers to see that McCabe's magnificent study gets the circulation it deserves. In the same mood I ask you to get the following thought the consideration it ought to have:

"If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too. And when a nation has to fight for its freedom, it can only hope to win if it possesses certain qualities: honesty, courage, loyalty, vision and self-sacrifice. If it does not possess them, it has only itself to blame if it loses its freedom."

Too many of us have been taking our blood-bought liberties in a casual way, as much as to say that since they're here they'll always be with us. We must shatter that dangerous notion. Our liberties can be destroyed as thoroughly as the way the Catholic-Fascists destroyed Liberty in France. As a writer, I consider it the biggest part of my job to keep repeating this sermon, for I don't look on my presses as machines for the production of literary escapism. I prefer to print realistic expressions from the soundest and most logical thinkers. Such rationalistic educational work can do nothing but good. As a part of this prodigious job, I like to take little debunking excursions into the realms of hokum, supernaturalism, and bunk in general. It's a good idea not to serve one's readers as a critic but as a guide as well. Some of these little exercises in debunking have quick and useful results. My readers may recall a piece in which I spoofed the publishers of the Modern Library for issuing a new edition of that classic of bunk, "The Oracles of Nostradamus." I showed that it was idiotic drivel. Such constructive criticism often has useful results, and in the present case I can point to a small victory. Brought to his senses by the case against books like this melancholy tone by Nostradamus, the editor writes:

"Do we consider Nostradamus literature? Great Jehoshaphat, no! But thousands of people seem to be deriving an unholy amount of comfort from interpreting the old sage's renderings to fit their own hopes and aspirations and we saw no harm in bestowing the Modern Library accolade upon him. If the public disapproves we'll send Nostradamus packing."

I don't think the editor should wait until the public asks him to send Nostradamus packing. He should do it on his own. After all, he knows the book is pure bunk, so why wait until the public catches up with him. There's always the danger of winning thousands of readers to the nonsense of one of the world's greatest bunk-shooters. There isn't too much clear thinking in our world, and what little there is of it has a hard time getting by because of the mountains of trash turned out by standard publications, priests, and other charlatans.

How many keys do you carry around with you? I have a theory that judges how worried a man is by the number of keys he hooks onto his key-ring.

I have three keys on my ring. First, my postoffice box key. That isn't carried because I'm afraid to be robbed, but rather to make it possible to get my mail during the hours when the postoffice windows are closed and the carriers are off duty, especially on Sundays and holidays. My second key opens the door to my office. The third gets me into my home. And that's all.

Oh, yes, when I park my car somewhere, I usually remove the key, but this I carry loose in a pocket where it gets down below a dozen matches, coins and a pocket-knife. The theory that great worriers have great strings of keys is sound. Show me a man
loaded with keys and I'll show you a guy who is close to being somewhat neurotic about his possessions. They own him. Another type that gives me a smile is the man who carries his loose change in a purse. Most such fellows are conservatives, and, they're usually past 45. This cautious type often goes in for both belt and suspenders. Speaking of purses, I can't tolerate a woman who, while seeing a movie, keeps snapping the snapper that holds her bag shut. She's usually a psychopathic, or at least a neurotic. The habit's as bad as knuckle-cracking. But to return to the keys, Fred C. Kelly, the humorist, noticed the same thing my reader mentions, holding that "no matter how simple your life may be you have to carry a few keys, the penalty we pay for being civilized... Among 100 men, the one with the most keys will likely look the most worried, because he has the most to worry about." Usually, the fellow with a lot of keys also carries one of the coin-catchers mentioned above. He's afraid he'll either lose a dime or be robbed of something. I've never met a man with a coin-purse who'd offer to buy a drink. The wallet type is different. I've never carried a wallet for my bills, but they look rather nice. I'm always impressed when a man opens one to draw a bill from his flattened roll. It's especially impressive when he selects the bill from a dozen or more, giving fleeting, lifting glimpses of fives, tens and twenties. Wallet-carriers often buy drinks. But for bigness of character pure generosity, give me the man who jumbles his folding money and coins into a pants' pocket. I know this is so because I happen to be such a person. Extroverts carry wallets. Introverts carry coin-purses. The wallet-toting extrovert usually uses his wallet to show off a lot, keeping it crammed with all sorts of identification cards, which he shows to any and all. I met a Babbitt type of salesman recently who carried all sorts of things in his wallet besides his paper money and blank checks. This fellow had a Western Union Collect Card, Credit Cards from at least eight big hotels, membership cards in the Automobile Association of America, the American Legion, and the Elks, a good-luck coin, pictures of his ex-wife and their three half-grown children, his driver's license, his Federal car tax certificate, a couple of telegrams he'd received during the past few weeks, a book of three-cent stamps, a half dozen toothpicks, receipts showing he'd paid his casualty insurance premium, a couple of postoffice forms to show he'd sent some registered, insured letters, a year-old medical certificate showing that his Wassermann was negative, a card telling where to ship his body in case of accident and the persons to be notified, a friend's paywritkeen taken as security for a small loan, several crumpled memos covered mainly with penciled telephone numbers, a few aspirins, a notice to catch up on his car payments, two pipe cleaners, a few stray matches that got in unknowns to the owner, a book of paper matches that also crashed the gate, a couple of theater stubs, a free ticket to a movie he'd won in a contest several months before, a half dozen check blanks, a tiny bankbook, and a snapshot of a loud blonde. There was no mistaking him for anything other than a busy, important man of the world who gets around.

What attitude did Henrik Ibsen take toward the Jews?

Ibsen—dramatist, poet, anarchist and Free-thinker—showed, in his letter to the famous critic, Georg Brandes, that he admired the Jews; calling them "the nobility of the human race." He then asked how the Jewish nation (whatever that means) preserved itself—"isolated, poetical—despite all the barbarity from without." The answer, according to this philosophical individualist, is found in the fact that the Jews weren't burdened by a state. "Had the Jewish nation remained in Palestine," said Ibsen, "it would long since have been ruined in the process of construction, like all the other nations. The state must be abolished!" Ibsen believed that the state should be undermined and that "willingness and spiritual kinship (shall be) the only essentials in the case of a union—and you have the beginning of a liberty that is of some value." He opposed the mere changing of forms of government. This, he urged, "is mere toying with degrees—a little
more or a little less—folly, the whole of it." He saw other things fall beside the state—"all religion will fall," said this forthright Atheist. The rise of the Prussian state and its program of ruthless domination frightened him and moved him to urge the removal of all forms of the state. The idea of a liberal, democratic, freedom-defending state was only beginning to take hold. We in America have by no means attained perfection in our form of government, but at least we have the machinery for liberating man from his economic as well as his intellectual and cultural overlords. A state doesn't have to be an oppressor. Just because the states Ibsen knew were tyrannical in more or less degree doesn't mean that we must abandon the ideal of a state that protects instead of subjects its people, that strives to achieve humanitarian goals, that seeks to serve instead of to enslave its individuals. All this may be a pipe-dream, but it's a beautiful ideal to work toward and I'm optimistic enough to believe that it can be won, if only the individuals that go toward the making of a state assert themselves as human beings instead of savages. A state with a Hitler at its top can't be anything but hell; a state with a Lincoln-like character as its living symbol can create an environment friendly to civilized living in all its phases, including the work of making a living, of decent forms of living, of free thinking, of tolerance, of culture, of scholarship, and of justice. I don't mean by this that we should look for a Lincoln to drop from the clouds. As democrats we must look within our own ranks, but first we must build our minds, hearts and bodies through self-improvement, self-discipline, and mutual good will. After all, Ibsen himself, like Lincoln, was largely self-taught. He was a man of the people. He had little formal education, but he developed his mind and became a great artist and character, all through the art of reading, a medium that's within reach of every individual in any country that still respects the rights of free culture and freedom of the mind. I was only a boy when I first became acquainted with the great dramas of Henrik Ibsen, and they've had a lasting influence on my cultural life, what there is of it. I was inspired by his dramas—"The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder"—and later, when opportunity came my way and I was able to translate my modest ideals of culture into pamphlets, I early made those plays important parts of the series of little books I've been publishing the past few decades. It's for issuing such works that I'm attacked and persecuted by the Blackintern, which knows that my ideals of culture and truth can never be reconciled with the bigotry and dogmatism of the hierarchists. I'll never live to hear a word of praise from a Father (of what?) Coughlin, but if I should then you'll know I've deserted my principles and sold out to the pious frauds who have been holding humanity in intellectual slavery. I take the abuse of the Black International as the greatest compliment that could be paid to one who seeks only to serve his fellow humans with the flowers of science, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy and freethought. The Blackintern is right in putting me down as one of its enemies. I am anti-clerical have always been, and hope to be strong enough to remain that way until I go to my eternal reward. One of the tests of a man's intellectual integrity is how acceptable he is to the obscurantists. If he's the least bit acceptable, he isn't a true guide to those who would absorb free culture. If he's poison to their rotten minds, he looks pretty good to me, and if he knows how to expose their lies, forgeries, dishonesty, pretentiousness, cruelty, meanness, narrowness, and stupidity (along the lines of a Voltaire, a Paine, an Ingersoll, or a Joseph McCabe) then I say there goes a real soldier in the liberation war of mankind. Damn the infamous outfit! I hate and loathe the sight, smell and sound of the scummy, cancerous gauliters of supernaturalism, obscurantism and social reaction. I can debate and disagree with many intellectual opponents and still feel cordial and friendly, but when I come into contact with the Blackintern I don't feel anything short of hatred. The thing is a disgusting,
loathsome disease that has caused mankind endless suffering. The cancer must be cut out of the social body if it's to become a healthy, strong thing. Catholicism is an intellectual cancer. All decent lovers of truth, fairness, justice and freedom must fight this scourge. The human mind will never be completely unshackled until it has first rid itself of this puss-saturated sore. The struggle of Voltaire and the other mind-liberators must be continued until the infamous thing has been crushed.

In your caustic criticisms of the standard press you say that at least 90 percent of the editors are Freethinkers or indifferent to religion. Would you say that the late Arthur Brisbane was a Freethinker?

Privately, Brisbane was not only indifferent to religion but rather scorned it, and as for Jesus, he often said he was one of history's greatest failures. Stanley Walker, in The Saturday Evening Post, February 28, 1942, says Brisbane frequently placed Nero above Jesus, holding that he "was not only successful but had a lot of fun." In my own conversations with Brisbane I found him familiar with the best Freethought literature of the last few centuries (Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, McCabe, Gibbon, Huxley, Darwin, Voltaire, Spencer, and many others) and scornful of orthodox thinking. But when we come to the $260,000-a-year-Hearst-stoog we meet entirely different personality. Here he preferred to forget his Agnosticism. "Many times," says Stanley Walker, who worked with and knew Brisbane intimately, "Arthur Brisbane wrote approvingly of religion." The explanation, says Walker, was the usual one that Freethinking editors of standard newspaper resort to. Brisbane boosted the dogmas of the Ethereal Esquire "because he regarded it as a sort of merciful illusion which sustained people and comforted them when they might otherwise have had nothing on which to lean. In the conduct of his own life, he had little use for clergymen, particularly Protestant clergymen, many of whom he regarded as nuisances." In short, the Brisbane view held that religion was a crutch for mental cripples, which can't be taken as much of a compliment for supernaturalism. Brisbane, according to Walker, had "a large autographed photograph of Cardinal Hayes in his big room... so placed, whether intentionally or not, that it was one of the first objects that a visitor—let us say a potential big advertiser—would observe." Brisbane, like most editors of the standard press, was intellectually dishonest. He was crooked in little as well as big things, misusing his editorial powers for personal or commercial reasons. Let's look at one of the little things. Once he broke into print in The New York Mirror and lambasted the American people for not being sufficiently goat-conscious. Without the least hint of embarrassment he did a series of editorials in which he urged motorists, "when starting on a long journey, to carry along a Toggenburg nanny goat in a box. When night came, he suggested, the goat could be milked, then tethered by the roadside to graze. In the morning, more goat milk, and another happy day." The pay-off was in the fact that Brisbane had too many Toggenburg goats on his big farm and wanted to get rid of them. He figured that his plugs for Toggenburg goats would help the entire Toggenburg market and thereby indirectly help the Toggenburg sales at his New Jersey farm.

I like the way you heap coals of fire on those deadly bores who take too much time hemming and hawing before they can say some commonplace thing like "good morning." That piece attracted my attention soon after I dipped into your volumes of "Questions and Answers." I'm going to reprint it on a business card, if you don't object.

Slow talkers will always give me the fidgets or the jitters, assuming there's any difference. They remind me of the two salesmen who met after not seeing each other for several years. "Jim," said one to the other, "the war program since Pearl Harbor is speeding everything up but you still talk just as slow as ever." "Well," said Jim, "if—you think—I—talk—slow—you should hear my stenographer. She used a—date—the other—night—and—her—boy—friend—parked—on the—way—home. And—be-
fore — she — could — say — ‘I'm
not — that — kind — of — a
— girl,' — she was.”

Do you believe that we should put
one man in charge of our army, navy
and air force?
Technically, we already have such
a unified command in the office of
the Chief Executive, but the Presi
dent can't exercise his authority in
the field. That should be delegated
by the President to the responsible
officer. Pearl Harbor proved the
necessity of such a reform. We paid
heavily for the jealousies, hidden
antagonisms and uncooperativeness
of the men in command in Hawaii.
Another proof of the danger of
divided authority was shown when
the Normande started to burn. The
coast guard and the navy couldn't
make up their minds which was ex-
pected to put out the fire.

Recently I got into a discussion with
a person who patronizes Astrologers.
His main argument was that they
often make predictions that come true,
I didn't know how to answer that
point. Knowing, from your volumes of
“Questions and Answers,” that you
have been exposing Astrology for
many years, I turn to you for help
in my predicament.

Voltaire (1694-1778) disposed of
that unsound piece of reasoning
as follows:

“Let two Astrologers be consult-
ed on the life of an infant, and
on the weather; if one of them
say that the child shall live to
the age of man, the other that he
shall not; if one foretell rain and
the other fair weather, it is quite
clear that there will be a prophet.”

Some defenders of Astrology make
frequent use of what Voltaire called
a “wretched argument,” to the
effect that “there are false prodigies,
therefore there are true ones.” A
person who resorts to such shoddy
logic, said the great Frenchman, is
neither a philosopher or a man
acquainted with the world. A much
truer maxim, he argued, is “That
is false and absurd, therefore it will
be believed by the multitude.”

What do you think of man's use of
chemicals in his war on insects?
Poisons that are sprayed on crops
and fruit trees often do as much
harm as good. They kill many en-
emy insects, but they also kill the
friendly ones. I know of a farmer
who lost most of his bees by poison-
ous sprays. Arsenic on apple trees
poison many human beings, for the
growers make no attempt to remove
the chemical from the ripe fruit.
We'll learn to make better use of
chemicals in time, but we always
have available the best insect-de-
vourers of all, the birds. If we
were to take better care of our
bird life we could bring insect pests
under better control. The U.S. Bi-
ological Survey recently gave some
examples of what our small birds
can do in the matter of destroying
bugs. This was done by examining
the contents of their stomachs,
which showed:

A cedar waxwing—100 canker
worms; a cuckoo—250 caterpillars;
a chickadee—460 plant lice; a
flicker—900 chincha bugs; a scarlet
adder—650 gypsy moth caterpillars;
a Maryland yellow-throat—
3,000 plant lice.

The above sounds like terrible
stuffing, but we must remember
that birds have to eat a lot because
they live such strenuous lives. One
scientist watched a wren for an
entire day, during which she made
1,475 trips to her nest with bugs
and worms for her hungry family.
They must eat plenty because they
burn up their energy so rapidly.
It's common for a bird to digest and
absorb a stomach full of food in
something like 120 to 150 minutes.

A New York publisher offers to mail
me a book entitled “Nudism,” which
contains numerous pictures of nude
men and women. Would it be legal
for him to send me the book?

Ronald Jump, editor of The Open
Road, quotes a court decision which
answers the above question. When
the U.S. Court of Appeals for the
District of Columbia heard the
Parmelee case it decided that pic-
tures of the nude human figure
were not in and of themselves ob-
scene and “when utilized in connec-
tion with a text on nudism could
not be held to fall within the ob-
scenity statute unless by some fea-
ture or character in addition to the
mere fact of nudity they could be
held to be lewd or lascivious.” This
holds, in plain words, that pictures
of nude men and women cannot be
described as obscene because they
are nude. This decision, as Mr.
Jump says, is a milestone of prog-
ress in the struggle for a free press. I've never published pictures of nude men and women, but as a believer in a free press I stand ready to defend others in their right to issue such reproductions. I don't refrain from publishing such material on moral grounds. It merely happens that I don't feel qualified to edit such works of art or near-art. Others are much more competent in this esoteric field. The word obscenity has never frightened me. I agree with Havelock Ellis, who tells us that obscenity is as necessary to adults as fairy-tales are to children, that it "is a permanent element of human social life and corresponds to a deep need of the human mind.... It definitely exists and is recognized among the peoples we often call primitive, and it is joyfully manifested by the greatest men of genius.... When, indeed, we consider the recognized part which it has played on the most admired stages of the world, it is astonishing that it should still be necessary to justify obscenity."

Can you give me the bit of poetry which lists five reasons for taking a drink? The thing is several hundred years old.

Henry Aldrich (1647-1710) got the idea from John Sirmond (1589-1649) who first put the notion in Latin in his "Causae Bibendi":

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
Good wine—a friend—or being dry
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

I've long admired the late Sir James Frazer, author of the great work, "The Golden Bough," and therefore was glad to read, in your volumes of "Questions and Answers," that he is one of your admirations. As you say, Frazer belongs with the Freethinkers and to help prove your case I am enclosing a sentence in which the distinguished English scholar pays his respects to the Ethereal Esquire.

I'm glad to pass the Frazer quotation on to my readers, most of whom, thank God, are Rationalists, Skeptics, Freethinkers, Agnostics, Atheists or all-round debunkers. Here's the sentence:

"We must always bear in mind that the gods are creations of man's fancy; he fashions them in human likeness, and endows them with tastes and opinions which are merely projections of his own."

Theodore Schroeder calls attention to a similar expression made by Robert G. Ingersoll, which I'm sure my readers will find valuable:

"The Negroes represented their deities with black skin and curly hair. The Mongolian gave to his a yellow complexion and dark, almond-shaped eyes. The Jews were not allowed to paint theirs, or we should have seen Jehovah with a full beard, and oval face and an aquiline nose. Zeus was a perfect Greek, and Jove looked as though a member of the Roman Senate. The gods of Egypt have the patient face and placid look of the loving people who made them. The gods of northern countries were represented warmly clad in robes of fur; those of the tropics were naked. The gods of India were often mounted upon elephants; those of some islanders were great swimmers, and the deities of the Arctic zone were passionately fond of whale's blubber."

The dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London got to the heart of his religious racket when he admitted, with disarming candor:

"A religion succeeds, not because it is true, but because it suits its worshipers."

How true are the words Peter Bayle, in the 18th Century, represented as the doctrine of Xenophon (570-480 B.C.):

"If brutes could paint, they would represent the deity in the shape of their species."

For this quotation I'm indebted to Theodore Schroeder, who says he found it in Bayle's Dictionary Historical and Critical, London, 1738, Vol. 5. p. 575.

When did medical scientists discover how to use castor oil?

Dr. Logan Clendenning says the oldest book in the world, the Egyptian Ebers Papyrus, which is a treatise on medicine, mentions the use of castor oil, even telling how many castor beans should be squeezed out for a dose.

I find your volumes of "Questions and Answers" full of articles endorsing the use of drugs. You should expose the medical profession's unnatural methods of treatment.

I don't see anything unnatural
about drugs. They’re as much parts of nature as water, air and mountain
oysters.

Some time ago there appeared an article in a Danish newspaper here on the
Pacific Coast, stating that “Georg Brandes, while in a hospital in Copen-
hagen, had repeatedly asked his nurse to read the Bible for him and espe-
cially the birth of Christ.” In other words, the author of this article want-
ed to bring out that Brandes repented before dying; have you any informa-
tion to that effect?

Whenever a well-known Free thinker dies, the pious religious dinner invari-
ably cook up a story about some sort of a recantation. They’ve been tacked on Voltaire, Thomas
Paine, Ingersoll, Luther Burbank, Georg Brandes, and dozens of other
heterodox thinkers, and I’m sure that when I and Joseph McCabe
kick off, stories will be circulated on how we screamed for salvation,
begged to be saved from Hell, and prayed for an eternal reward that
included harps, halos and heavenly honey. I’ve exploded dozens of such
fakes, as may be seen by referring to my 25 volumes of “Questions and
Answers.”

In addition to bad teeth, what other ailments did George Washington have
to endure?

Dr. Frederick Arthur Willius and Librarian Thomas Edward Keys,
both of Mayo Clinic, studied Wash-
ington’s medical history and found
that in his 67 years he suffered from:

- Measles
- Diptheria
- Small-pox
- An “infectious disease of uncertain nature,” dysentery, malaria, rheu-
matism, pneumonia, a carbuncle,
- Influenza, conjunctivitis, recurrent
- Headaches, bad eyesight, a tremor
- Of the hands, and decaying teeth.

You say the brain cannot feel any pain
when it is cut, and yet we have head-
aches. Doesn’t this prove the brain
can feel pain?

The brain feels no pain during a
headache. Headaches cause pain in
the veins and arteries which feed the
brain and scalp. The membranes
that cover the brain also feel pain,
as do some of the nerves of the
head and neck. When the brain’s
blood vessels are dilated (from such
causes as infections, high blood pres-
sure, bad ventilation, drunkenness,
etc.) we have what’s called a head-
ache, but the brain itself, as I’ve
shown before, feels no pain even
when it is crushed, cut, punctured
or burned. A brain tumor, which
drags at the blood vessels, will also
cause headache.

Are lightning strokes more severe in
the high mountains than in valleys or
near the ground?

L. M. Robertson, of the Public
Service Company of Colorado, W.
W. Lewis, of the General Electric
Company’s Central Station Engi-
eering Department, and C. M.
Foust, of the latter company’s en-
gineering laboratory, have studied
the behavior of lightning and report
that the popular notion that light-
ing strokes are more severe in
high places lacks foundation. They
found that if you go high enough,
where freezing temperatures pre-
vail, the formation of lightning will
be limited. They hold that “the-
oretically the lightning-stroke current
decreases with the increase of alti-
titude from sea level to 18,000 feet,
at which point the value is zero.
The mean temperature taken at an
altitude of 13,500 feet conforms
closely with the temperatures at cor-
responding altitudes in free air as
obtained by trial balloons.” Thus is
another popular bunkette smashed
to atoms.

Let’s suppose there are two ripe apples,
both of the same size, on a plate. One
is yellowish green, the other is rosy-
cheeked. The average person picks the
rosy-cheeked apple. Why? Is the col-
or-splashed apple better than the
plain one?

We are always attracted by splashes of color. The women learn-
ed that a long time ago, which ex-
plains why they splash their cheeks,
lips and other parts of their some-
times—pretty faces. But in the case
of the rosy-cheeked apple, it happens
that it’s a better individual than
the yellowish green apple. Dr. Lin
Kung-Hsiang, of Cornell, found out
why. First of all, he says, the
blushing apple usually puts on color
on the face that’s turned to the sun.
And that isn’t all. The rosy-cheeked
apple is the one that “contains most
sugar, most juice, most nitrogen, most
pectin. And the pectin resists at-
tacks of organism that bring about
decay." Dr. Lin Kung-Hsiang avoided the guesswork by allowing apples to rot under controlled laboratory conditions and says he "found that the rosy face was less vulnerable to attack by destructive fungi."

Can you tell me who perpetrated the enclosed stanzas?
I can't identify the poet, but maybe some reader can. Here's the esthetic thing in all its superb beauty and exquisite charm:

I would I were beneath a tree
A-sleeping in the shade,
With all the bills I've got to pay,
Paid.

I would I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write,
Wrote.

I would I were on yonder hill
A-baking in the sun,
With all the work I've got to do,
Done.

What became of that to-do about gelatin giving us more pep?
About a year ago we heard much (especially in advertising copy) about the way an ounce of gelatin at 5 in the afternoon will give us that 7:30-out of bed bounce. Readers who have followed my volumes of "Questions and Answers" may recall that I spoofed the idea in several pieces. The whole business isn't even discussed any more, because the idea is a bust. Gelatin won't increase endurance any more than will an equal amount of any other ordinary article of food.

How many birds are there in the United States?
Almost 6,000,000,000, according to Roger Tory Peterson, of the National Audubon Society.

What happens when a husband in a movie tells his wife he'll never, never do a certain thing?
The very next scene shows him doing that thing. Another scene has a character say he can never be put in jail for a certain thing and the very next scene shows him in jail. Also, whenever a character hides in a fireplace always be sure someone's job will be to start a fire in it. But it's been years since I've heard a husband in or out of the movies, say: "Meet the ball and chain." I met such a ball and chain recently and she was one of those hostesses who has flower petals floating in the finger bowls.

Where is the shortest distance across the U.S.?
From Charleston to San Diego, 2,150 miles, but don't tell the Japs.

What is the yardstick by which psychiatrists judge human behavior?
By a person's ability to adjust himself to society.

Do we think with words or with thoughts?
Psychologists are yet to learn the answer to this question.

Does Carl Sandburg oppose poetry that rhymes?
So far as I know, Carl Sandburg's poetry consists only of free verse, but this doesn't mean he's prejudiced against rhyme. The author discusses free verse versus rhyme in the preface to the one-volume edition of his poetical works, holding there should be no argument about relative merits. He says:

"If it [poetry] jells into free verse, all right. If it jells into rhyme, all right... Free verse goes back to primitive man, when it was created spontaneously and without the contrivance of the later sonnet, ballad and verse rhymes."

To poets and readers Sandburg exclaims:

"You go your own way. You ride whatever horses you want to."

What about fellows who prefer the sturdy mule of prose?

What is an idiot's mental age?
About two years.

How tall was George Washington, and what did he weigh?
Six feet three, 220 pounds.

When was the U.S. free from debt?
During the administration of Andrew Jackson, in 1835, 1836 and 1837.

How do the anthropologists reconstruct the total creature from a footprint left in stone?
They don't. They say they do, but they lie, damn them, they lie.
“DRILL ON THE NERVE!”

The April 4, 1942, issue of the most prominent organ of the Jesuits in the U.S. branch of the Blackintern, America, prints a letter from a Jesuit, E. G. Brunner, Clayton, Del., in which the gauleiters of the Black International are told to give American publishers the Drill-on-the-Nerve tactic in order to compel them to ban the paid announcements of E. Haldeman-Julius. The letter:

I just finished reading: “Anti-Catholicism in the Blue Books,” (America, March 21). The author concludes with the question: “What can we do?”

It struck me that newspapers and magazines which publish ads of Haldeman-Julius, et id genus omne, are legitimate targets for the Legion of Decency. The Legion made the movies sit up and take notice; it is doing the same with the magazines. Why not add the newspapers?

The pocket-book nerve is a very sensitive one. In fact, about the only one the newspapers seem to have. Why not set the Legion’s drill after it?

The situation calls for attack—not defense—and the Legion has the guns.

Notice that the appeal is strictly to violence, blackmail and boycott. The newspaper is to be drilled until the publishers cry for relief, which will be granted only when they agree to the suppression of the Haldeman-Julius publicity. This is an undemocratic, un-American, illiberal, bigoted tactic. It refuses to enter the arena of public controversy, which is the American way of getting at the truth. Instead, it cries for instruments of torture. Jesuits, needless to say, are experts in such instruments. During centuries, the Jesuits and other hieracketers killed millions of heretics, dissenters, Freethinkers, skeptics, and others who gagged at the dogmas of the supernaturals. Thousands of their instruments of torture are still to be found in public and private collections, gadgets guaranteed to break bones, gouge eyes, boil human flesh in oil, pull out tongues, burn living bodies so that not a smear of blood or fat will remain, strangle, and in hundreds of other ways torture and crucify. Many of these devices could be changed over easily to the task of drilling a nerve. If necessary, new ones could be fabricated. Here we have the Blackintern in its formal, routine maneuvers. Critics aren’t to be met with civilized discussion and debate. They’re to be treated like condemned criminals. The American people don’t accept that savage philosophy. They continue to believe in freedom of voice, the press, and the search for truth. A complete file of all such material is being kept, for I feel confident the day will come when we Freethinkers will enjoy the right to present the facts of this huge conspiracy before the American public. For the present I must be satisfied with this modest forum, but later, I hope, conditions will permit a series of actions that will expose and condemn the entire crew of gauleiters. These hieracketers are conspiring to deny me my constitutional right to a free press. My publications are legal and mailable. No action has ever been taken against any of them during the decades of my publishing career, in which I distributed more than 200,000,000 books. And yet these medieval throw-backs would torture publishers until they are driven, in desperation, to boycotting my advertisements. This is a direct blow at a free press. These Catholic-Fascists have every right to expose my “lies.” They can turn out pamphlets and articles answering my arguments, if they have a case. But they have no right, under the American system, to organize a boycott in an attempt to terrorize publishers of standard newspapers and magazines into rejecting my paid announcements. This is on a par with the Goebbels routine of burning offensive books. The Blackintern anticipated Goebbels by centuries in ugly acts of violence against publications and writers who dare speak their minds against the anti-social policies of Rome. Suppression is as old as the Vatican. It not only has burned millions of books but has killed tremendous numbers of heterodox thinkers. The American idea was to get away from such filthy stuff. That’s why the Constitution established the principle that we have the right to a free press, and anyone who interferes with the free exercise of that right is doing serious damage
to American citizens. The Blackintern press makes much of the fact that I print sex books. The mere fact that authors like Joseph McCabe, Sigmund Freud, William J. Fielding, Havelock Ellis, and other leaders of thought and research, discuss problems of sex is supposed to brand me, as their publisher, as something to be scorned and punished. The Blackintern is hypocritical here. It isn't worried about my discussions of sex. It hates me for my free discussions on various aspects of Catholicism. For 20 years my books on Sexology went out by the millions without creating a ripple of protest. It was only when men like Joseph McCabe got down to telling the truth about Catholic-Fascism that it was discovered that Haldeman-Julius is a wicked, evil person who aims to corrupt the minds and bodies of our people. Such twaddle doesn't frighten me. I know how sexual subjects may be discussed and publications on them distributed. Many of my books on social hygiene, especially those on the problem of venereal diseases, are based on government publications which Uncle Sam distributes by the millions to the general public and especially to members of the armed forces. Uncle Sam isn't a puritan when it comes to keeping his nephews and nieces healthy. Dr. Parran's U.S. Department of Health issues hundreds of books and pamphlets on such subjects as sexual hygiene, syphilis, gonorrhea, and the like. Uncle Sam not only prints sexological pamphlets for his soldiers and sailors, but buys and distributes millions of rubber devices that are intended to keep his fighting men from catching venereal infections. Is Uncle Sam immoral? Of course, not. He is doing a civilized, humane, educational work, and is to be praised for his realism and scientific attitude. But the gauleiters of the Blackintern pretend they're shocked by such behavior. They say Uncle Sam should do nothing about venereal infections. Let the men rot so that their sufferings will serve as warnings to those still lucky enough to be healthy. The American people don't accept that dogma. The Blackintern scolds Uncle Sam from time to time, as may be seen by referring to articles in my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers," but the Catholic-Fascists aren't strong enough to do anything more than complain. But when it comes to E. Haldeman-Julius, the gauleiters become militant and frankly demand suppression and boycott. If my publications are legal (and I know they are) then these swine are striking at my rights as an American citizen when they resort to their dirty, suppressionistic tactics. There are ways of hitting back.

**GESTAPO OF THE BLACKINTERN CONTINUES ITS BLITZKRIEG**

As my readers know, it's my practice to print everything the Blackintern's press says about my work as an editor and publisher, for I want my readers to know the worst that's being written about me. I have faith in the intelligence of my readers. All I expect is the chance to reply to my enemies, if they're wrong, and the opportunity to reform, if they're right. The Black International, on the other hand, ignores everything Joseph McCabe and I write in criticism of the hierakteers. Its editors never reprint our charges. All they do is yell, in phrases packed with mayhem, that we both are congenital liars. But our "lies" are ignored. That's an old tactic of the Jesuitical rogues, who take the line that the enemies of clericalism must be smeared and their arguments never discussed. This is proof of the fundamental rottenness in the Blackintern's putrid mentality. The Black International's press gives me considerable space, and that being so, why not follow up their assertions about my immorality and untruthfulness with clear-cut evidence? One wonders why Catholic readers don't demand to be told in what way Joseph McCabe and I are lying about their sacred institution, but the answer is at hand—the intellectually-hooched Catholics take whatever the priests tell them to believe. It's a sin against the Holy Ghost and sure cause for hell-fire to read what the opponents of the Roman Church have to say about the Blackintern. *America*, the foremost organ of the Jesuits in this country, is again after this hemorrhoid of Satan. Its March 21, 1942, issue contains
another article by Father Clarence McAuliffe, professor of Dogmatic
Theology, St. Mary’s College, St. Mary, Kansas. The article is entitled,
“Anti-Catholicism in the Blue Books,” and is reprinted in full below:

Unlike the ferocious grizzly bear that slaps down his unsuspecting prey
in the warmer months and digests it during the winter’s sleep in his den,
Haldeman-Julius does peacefully on his 160-acre farm at Girard, Kansas,
during the summer and comes forth each January with bare printing-
press claws to devour the Catholic Church. A year ago he launched a
malicious advertising campaign for his 610 Little Blue Books. Some of
these were good, others indifferent; many were immoral and many more
were anti-Catholic. He engineered his campaign well. One week you would
gaze at his full-page advertisement in a Kansas newspaper; next week you
would see it appearing in New York.

Now he is on the warpath again, more blatant, more ruthless than
ever before. On Sunday, January 11, he inserted in the Wichita Beacon of
Wichita, Kans., not a one-page advertisement of the Blue Books, but three
full pages. Last year he was willing to vend only 610 of them at the bar-
gain price of two and a half cents apiece; this year in the interests of
public education he lets down the bars. He offers “our entire list of 1,758
Blue Books at special, sensational amazing price of two and one half cents
each plus one cent per book for packing, handling and carriage.”

In its issue of last April 26, AMERICA contained my article, “Haldem-
man-Julius’ Blue Books are Bigoted and Immoral.” In this I named various
immoral and anti-Catholic Blue Books. All these are, of course, comprised
in the latest advertisement. But in addition, many others crammed with
falsehoods about the Church have been included. To take an objective look at the audacity of this man who dares
in this hour of national peril to slander the Catholic Church and all re-
ligion. Our President has recommended that all true Americans offer up
each day for a moment a silent prayer to God for victory; yet this man is
indoctrinating the American people with fool’s babble that God is non-
existent. Any patriot today knows that we need most perfect unity in this
mortal struggle for national existence; yet this man is publicly striving to
stir up dissension by slandering Catholics and Protestants alike.

Turning now to the newspapers that accept his advertising, let us try
to make an impartial appraisement of their conduct. Without them it would
be impossible for Haldeman-Julius to spread such immorality and anti-
Catholic bias.

They can offer but one line of defense: “This is a democracy. Hence
every man has a right to express his opinions. Newspapers accept much
advertising with which they themselves do not agree, but they do so in the
interests of free speech. When they print the advertisements of Haldeman-
Julius, they are merely following out that principle to its logical conclusion.”

The assertion that in a democracy every one is at liberty to express
his thought, can be and should be distinguished. Nevertheless, suppose we
pay homage, just for the sake of argument, to this popular assertion as it
stands, can we STILL prove to a newspaper editor that he should not admit
the Haldeman-Julius advertisements?

We can. According to the tenet that every American has a right to di-
vulge his own opinions, Haldeman-Julius would be allowed to expose his
opinions on divorce, sex, religion and even atheism. But is a slanderous
attack on another religion or all religions the same as exposing one’s own
beliefs? Would the editor of a newspaper feel himself justly treated if he
were calumniated? Would he not rankle with just anger if this calumny
were publicized to the whole country by the daily papers? Or to make the
parallel more exact, let us assume that some one traduces the editor’s own
newspaper by denouncing it publicly and falsely as unfair to his employers.
Suppose this slanderous charge is advertised in all other newspapers of
the country. Would the editor say that they were merely abiding by the prin-
ciple of freedom of speech? That they were doing no injustice in dissemi-
nating an injurious slur upon the reputation of his own company?

Yet, of precisely this action are these newspapers guilty that print the
Haldeman-Julius advertisements. Many Blue Books obviously defame the
Catholic Church. The newspaper that brandishes them before the public
eye is collaborating in the slander of an innocent victim; it is not cham-
pioning any reasonable interpretation of the right to freedom of speech;
it is championing injustice in the form of brutal, unfeeling calumny.

But do these Blue Books reach an appreciable audience? Are they mere
blank cartridges that never explode to the Church’s harm because they are
never bought? Haldeman-Julius is a businessman. His ultimate aim is to make money. He himself confesses in his newspaper "The American Freeman," that his sex booklets are the most popular of all Blue Books. If anti-Catholic booklets did not sell, he would not be printing them.

Haldeman-Julius confesses that his series of advertisements of last year were most profitable. He succeeded in inserting them in “almost every newspaper of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and a few others.” They appeared in New York, Topeka, Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha, New Orleans, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and “dozens of papers in cities in Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama and Georgia.” He goes on: “In the case of The Chicago Tribune, the page that cost me $2,100 brought in $7,600 worth of orders... The Chicago Times, which cost me $1,000, brought in $3,800.” In other words, The Chicago Tribune alone sold approximately 215,000 Blue Books.

What can we do? We can point out for all that Haldeman-Julius Blue Books are a source of disunion and dissension when national harmony is imperatively necessary.

Father McAuliffe cuts me to the quick when he suggests that I'm only a January publisher who hibernates peacefully on his farm the other 11 months the year. I'd have this pure voice of eternal truth know that I'm also a July publisher, and a September publisher, and every other month, managing to distribute many wicked books during every working hour of every day, including some Sabbaths and holy days. And in doing this work of mass-enlightenment I know that I'm not a source of national disunity. I seek to preserve unity, which explains why I attack the real sources of dissension—Catholic-Fascism, Father (of what?) Coughlin, Curran, the Jesuits, and the rest of the crummy, hateful crew of social scavengers and intellectual buzzards. Father McAuliffe, who is a gauleiter of the Jesuits (the Gestapo of the Black International), is sure I print booklets on the Catholic Church because, being a businessman, such publishing must be profitable. I want my readers to know that such booklets have never shown a penny of profit. In fact, most of them register steady losses. If one title pays its way I consider it something of a miracle. The truth is, I'm not a businessman. I happen to be an artist who's in business. If I were a businessman I wouldn't publish so many heterodox works. The truth is they cost me money every business day. Religion, Anticlericalism, Freethought, and similar subjects, are not profitable ventures. The public prefers books on better English, self-improvement, practical "How To" books, books on Sexology and related sciences, realistic stories, honest discussions of love and life, and forthright realism in fiction. I publish hundreds of books that are financial duds, including titles by Shakespeare, Moliere, Plato, Euripides, Goethe, Dante, Victor Hugo, Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Aristophanes, Pushkin, Rabelais, Charles Dickens, Upton Sinclair, Chekhov, Poe, Longfellow, and scores of others. My new publication, "The Black International," is a moral success, but my figures show that after Joseph McCabe was paid, after the books were set and printed, after postage, labor, advertising and other bills were met, my net loss was exactly $80, after five months of unpaid work on my part. But I was pleased with this showing, not discouraged, because this represented a loss of $16 per month when I'd been looking for a deficit of at least $200 per month. Even at this late date, after more than a year of steady attacks in the Blackintern's press, not a single issue of "The Black International" has been taken apart and exposed as a mess of lies. Not a Little Blue Book has been shown to contain falsehoods. The attack on my little volumes are based on their titles, not their contents. If McCabe and I are writing nothing but lies about the Black International, wouldn't it help the case of the Jesuits if they were to point out some of them, or, if that's asking too much, just one lie? But here, let me repeat, I'm wasting my breath. I try always to be fair, even to my enemies. As my readers may recall, three months ago I offered to print 10 Little Blue Books written from the viewpoint of the Catholic Church, paying for them at the same rate I'm paying Joseph McCabe. I asked that the Mss. come from men who hold positions high enough to entitle them to speak authoritatively on this eccentric and esoteric subject. But there hasn't been
a hint of acceptance. If the Blackintern has a case, here's a chance to present it, but I reserve the right to issue other booklets discussing these works from Catholic sources, for I'm always a firm believer in controversy. Without controversy intellectual progress is impossible. I believe every subject that's of public interest should be discussed and debated. That's heresy in the eyes of the Vatican. The Blackintern rejects controversy, preferring to kill and jail Freethinkers in Catholic-Fascist countries, and malign them and yell for the police in countries that still respect freedom of speech. If my unorthodox books are to be suppressed by the Blackintern then into the fire must go the works of such unorthodox thinkers as Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Clarence Darrow, Havelock Ellis, Dr. Sigmund Freud, Joseph McCabe, Bertrand Russell, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Thomas Jefferson, Tolstoy, H. G. Wells, George Brandes, Bernard Shaw, Robert G. Ingersoll, Voltaire, Anatole France, Isaac Goldberg, Gorki, Ernst Haeckel, Spinoza, Herbert Spencer, Lester F. Ward, Thomas Huxley, Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Paine, and scores of others. Civilization would be poorer without them. Literature could never spare them. The fires of bigotry always reach for them. Like all the Freethinkers on whom I've drawn for material, I've never written a line attacking any person because he was a Catholic. As I've explained before, I am not an anti-Catholic, but I do expound Anticlericalism. There's a difference. One who attacks Catholics as such is nothing more than a Catholic-baiter, but one who devotes himself to exposing the political, economic and cultural crimes of the hierarchetees is doing a public service. I haven't written much more than a couple of pages of copy on Catholic religious notions, because this subject is one that rarely draws my attention, and when it does I handle the theme as humor, on which I can pour my most delicate, urbane and charming whimsywhamsy. I don't care what Catholics believe. I'm interested only in what the hierarchetees do. It's the political, economic, social, cultural and educational aspects of the Blackintern that command my pen. Readers who want to check on this are asked to refer to my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers," in which they'll find hundreds of articles castigating the Black International, but hardly a half dozen paragraphs spoiling the religion of Catholicism. Father McAuliffe says I am "indoctrinating the American people with fool's babble that God is non-existent." It's plain from this that our Jesuit doesn't bother to read the outpourings of this Freethinker, for here's a Rationalist who follows the traditional approach of logical Agnostics and other species of skeptics. I have never said, "There is no God." Instead, like so many other Freethinkers, I have often said (see the volumes mentioned above) that those who accept the idea of an Ethereal Esquire are unable to present logical reasons for their God-idea, that Theists are unable to prove the existence of a God. The burden of proof is placed on the persons who speak affirmatively on religious ideology. It isn't the Freethinker's job to prove that God is non-existent; rather is it the Theist's job to establish his existence, something they've never been able to do. Jesuits like Father McAuliffe attack Freethinkers in these melancholy days on the ground that they are destroying harmony. And, while on this subject of my "striving to stir up dissension" in these days when "we need most perfect unity in this mortal struggle for national existence," let's mention that on the day I write this (March 21, 1942), word comes from Australia that the Japanese invaders were being guided through the vast jungles of New Guinea by Catholic missionaries who had been working the field for decades, during which they exploited the natives and surveyed the territory for an emergency as the United Nations are facing these terrible months. All this ties in perfectly with the campaign of the Philippine hierarchetees to help the Japanese establish their "New Order" among the people they conquer. At the time that we are facing our greatest struggle for national existence, the Blackintern is stabbing General MacArthur's brave fighters in the back. I refer my readers to Joseph McCabe's first series of "The Black International" for the amazing record of Catholic-Fascism throughout the world, of its tie-up with Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese Fascists, of its world-wide conspiracy against democracy and freedom,
E. Haldeman-Julius

of its design to re-establish the worst horrors of the Dark Ages, of its malicious collaboration in bringing about the destruction of the French Republic through its Catholic-Fascist pawn, Petain, of its backing of Franco in Spain and the destruction of the liberal, democratic Spanish republic, of its campaign against Uncle Sam's "paganism" in the Latin American countries, and of its hatred of freedom in every section of the world. In this matter of teaching and practicing disunity, I invite my readers to study my collected writings, in which I present an elaborate record to prove that the Blackintern is the world's oldest and greatest source of disunity. I can't begin to cover the case in this article, leaving the subject to readers who surely know the appalling record of the Black International as a source of organized ignorance, superstition, supernaturalism, bigotry, medievalism, social backwardness, unprogressiveness, illiberalism, intolerance, persecution, torture, destruction, science-hating, and whatever in hell else the hierackteers have been doing these many centuries in order to maintain the wealth, power and prestige of the world's most reactionary force. Notice the Jesuitical touch in the McAuliffe assertion on the issue of a free press: "... suppose we pay homage, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, to this popular assertion as it stands, can we still prove to a newspaper editor that he should not admit the Haldeman-Julius advertisements?" "We can," says this Jesuit. In short, he can, for the sake of argument, grant validity to the Constitutional right of free speech and at the same time show how one son of Satan can be squelched. When these same Jesuits are asked about the anti-Semitism and Fascism of Father (of what?) Coughlin we are told how the One and Only Church believes in free speech, and for that reason can't shut off Coughlin. The truth is, Father Coughlin couldn't spout anti-Semitism and Fascism for a week without being unfrocked, if what he said were objectionable to the hierackteers. Put it this way: How long would Father Coughlin enjoy free speech in the Catholic Church if he were to come out for Communism? Jesuits say free speech shouldn't be the excuse for saying unpleasant things in fields that are touchy and controversial. Say what you please, but don't attack the hierackteers. That's a caricature of free speech. The Constitution, in guaranteeing a free press, doesn't say that all public questions except religion and the political policies of the Blackintern may be discussed. Nor does it say that one must accept religious ideology if one is to enjoy the right of publication. Under the Constitution, we can support any religion or reject all religion, and still have the right to a free press. The Catholic weekly, The Advance Register, published at Denver, Colo., and Wichita, Kans., says in its March 20, 1942, issue that "one editor, called to task by a Catholic crusader (for printing a Haldeman-Julius advertisement) took refuge behind the 'freedom of the press' screen. But every intelligent American knows that freedom of the press does not mean the right to publish matter that is an insult to millions of law-abiding citizens. What American would argue that freedom of speech gives the anarchist the right to denounce our government?" I disagree with this Catholic editor on both his arguments. First, if a publisher is to be suppressed because he prints material that is disgusting or insulting to millions of Catholics (whipped into action by their priests) then it follows that Catholic publications could be suppressed because they print endless streams of trash that is offensive, disgusting and insulting to millions of intelligent Americans. Consider how Father Coughlin insults millions of Americans who oppose race-baiting, love democracy and hate Fascism. As for the anarchist's right to denounce our government, many intelligent Americans know that decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States say specifically that anybody has that very right, provided he doesn't commit an overt act against the government. Any anarchist can bawl out our government so long as he doesn't resort to acts of violence. I know of no anarchist who has denounced our free government with the vigor and malice of Father Coughlin and other leaders of the Blackintern. These two arguments are the main ones resorted to by Catholic editors and writers who are searching for a means of getting around the Constitutional right of free speech.
and put an end to this Haldeman-Julius stuff. There are laws to protect people against libel. If I am libelling the Blackintern, it knows as well as any of us that civil or criminal action can be taken against offenders. The Blackintern isn't averse to using the courts when it is being libelled. When the Knights of Columbus Oath was being exploited by the Know-Nothing press, about 20 years ago, it issued a formal warning that it would sue the next editor who published it. Of course, I never gave space to the thing, for I knew it was a fake and was among the first to expose the hoax in print. I've never permitted my presses to be used to spread lies and forgeries, even about my enemies. But look at that great Catholic leader, Father Coughlin, and see what he's been doing with that rankest of rank forgeries, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, a hoax that has done the Jews immeasurable harm, even causing hundreds of thousands of them to be murdered and millions of them to be ruined and turned out, homeless, with a few rags on their backs and maybe a crust of bread to keep them going. Father Coughlin knows that the Protocols are forgeries, but it suits his propaganda for anti-Semitism to keep the lie alive. And when a publisher turns his presses to works of education and mind-liberation, he and others, including the Jesuit McAuliffe, organize a campaign against me and terrorize newspaper publishers into suppressing my paid announcements. Being a person who isn't given to despair, when I am faced by a new problem I try to work out some sort of a solution. Wringing one's hands doesn't get one anywhere. Bellyaching about my suppressed advertisements won't help me bring my literature to a wider public. This situation can be overcome if something like 10,000 readers were to back my publishing projects with the material and moral support they deserve. One of the best, easiest and most effective remedies, at this moment, is for each friend of my publications to see to it that his friends learn about the work I'm doing. Such word-of-mouth advertising can do much to overcome the conspiracies of the hierarchettes. I urge immediate, unselfish and generous support for this simple suggestion. There's no reason why my readers should take without counter-action the blitzkrieg of the Blackintern. Instead of surrendering to what appears to be a superior force, we should counter-attack along the lines suggested. Get out and talk, talk, talk. Tell your friends everything you know about this despicable attempt to destroy a free press. And then follow up your words with deeds, thereby getting new tens of thousands of readers to study publications that the Black International seeks to gag. I can't pay for this cooperation. It has to be done without thought of reward. Remember, I am all alone here in Girard, facing the combined assaults of the most brilliant gauleiters in the American section of the Black International. I have no organization behind me. There are no dues-paying members. There are no rich financial backers. I'm just a lone American standing up for my right to keep my presses free. I can whip these enemies if at least 10,000 readers were to spring to action. The Blackintern can be whipped.

You're right when you say Father Charles E. Coughlin, of Royal Oak, Mich., speaks for the Black International when he promotes anti-Semitism and propagandizes Fascist ideology. And you're dead right when you say the Fascists in Europe look on him as one of their own. I am enclosing a clipping from the January, 1942, issue of "La Controcorrente," in which the statement is made that Fascist Italy admires and respects the gaulicen of Catholic-Fascism in the American branch of the Black International. Please give your readers the facts.

The clipping says that Robert Farinacci, former Secretary-General of the Italian Fascist Party, in an article in his Cremona newspaper, "Regina Fascista," September 10, 1940, paid tribute to Father Coughlin for "his understanding of Fascist principles." Farinacci added:

"Father Coughlin takes a firm stand against Jewish democratic propaganda in the United States. A few days ago Coughlin wrote in his magazine, 'Social Justice,' that Mussolini is the world's wisest statesman."

Readers of my volumes of "Questions and Answers" may recall Father Coughlin's statement, quoted
therein, that, "Fascism is better than a decadent democracy." Since all democracy is considered "decadent" by the Catholic-Fascists, since they have always looked on democracy as the work of Satan, this means just what it says—that Fascism, in the opinion of Father (of what?) Coughlin, is better than democracy. The better a democracy works the surer is the mounting horror and hatred of the Catholic-Fascists, who have, true to the ancient policies of the Blackintern, always accepted the idea of totalitarianism. By a peculiar irony, the mere fact that I report such undeniable facts as the above brands me as an anti-Catholic bigot. If the facts are straight, then I am performing a public service in giving them wider publicity; if they're not straight then I deserve to be exposed. The Blackintern doesn't pay any attention to my data. It simply rejects me entirely, denies me the right to even discuss the facts of the records, and terrorizes publishers, especially of newspapers, in order to keep them from letting me buy space in their columns for the sale of my little booklets on science, history, poetry, drama, philosophy, Freethought, and the like. I am yet to see a single paragraph in which I am criticized for being an inaccurate writer on the current situation. In fact, of the millions of words I've printed against the anti-social and reactionary policies of the black international not 10 have been singled out for analysis and criticism. Why is this? It's because the Blackintern hasn't anything to gain by answering arguments. It has no answer. It stands convicted of medievalism, of obscurantism, and the cruel exploitation of several hundred million dupes. I'm a horribly immoral person because I insist on saying what I know is the truth about the Black International. What I say isn't discussed. I'm abused for saying it, but the words themselves are never quoted and exposed as falsehoods. The Jesuits and their lesser manipulators of propaganda have succeeded at last in making it absolutely immoral to even refer to the awful record of the rotten Church.

What's your opinion of creams, hair oils, cosmetics, and the like that are claimed to give the user skin or scalp vitamins? They're worthless. I've seen many advertisements offering users an easy way to "absorb" various vitamins, usually A or D. Even if a cold cream, let's say, contained such vitamins there's no evidence that its use on the skin would result in its absorption. If applied locally absolutely no benefit to the system could result. The FTC ought to crack down on such brainiac and crooked fakes.

Since Russia won't let us hit at Tokio by way of Eastern Siberia what have we to gain by supplying it with bombers, tanks, and the like?

I haven't the slightest doubt that it's only a question of time before the Soviet Union will be fighting Japan. So long as Japan at this moment doesn't care to take on the Russians, it seems prudent to let them alone for the time being while Moscow keeps fighting its greater enemy, Hitler. This unwillingness to take on an additional opponent shouldn't prejudice us against the Soviet Union, especially since it's doing such a grand job in knocking down hundreds of thousands of Nazi fighters. The American people are strongly in favor of our government's policy of giving generous help to the Soviet Union, especially in the matter of heavy bombers, one of the weapons sorely needed in Russia. At the same time they want our flying fortresses to bomb Tokio, in just retaliation for Pearl Harbor. For the present, at least, it isn't feasible for our heavy bombers to leave one of our Aleutian Island bases and make the round trip. Why wouldn't it be a workable idea to send a thousand flying fortresses in the near future to one of these Aleutian bases, load them with bombs, fly over Tokio, bomb that city, and then continue on to Vladivostok, where the empty aircraft could be delivered under our Lend-Lease commitments? Such a procedure would be acceptable to Russia and, what is important, wouldn't enable the Japanese to assert that the Soviet Union is acting unneutraly. Russia could remain neutral in the Pacific as long as she sees fit, get heavy bombers from us, and still have to carry none of the blame for the bombing of Tokio and
other important Japanese objectives. The delivery of a thousand bombers, under such a tactic, would mean 5,000 tons, at least, of bombs on Japan. At the same time we would give Japan an object lesson in American aid to Russia. This would be on such a scale that it might deter the Japanese from attacking the Soviet Union in Eastern Siberia. The Russians, in turn, could release many of their bombers in the Far East for action against the Germans. This whole idea, it seems to me, is simple, workable and constructive—from the viewpoint of the United Nations.

[Needless to say, the above was written before our bombers attacked Tokyo and other Japanese cities—a month before, in fact.]

How's the farm coming along?

I've been getting a lot done, but the big-time job's been around the chicken range. I now have about a thousand young 'uns and they're doing fine. All are White Plymouth Rocks, one of the best chickens I know of. And, boy, are they layers of big, heavy, beautiful eggs. Until last week I had been putting all eggs in the incubator, for I want to enlarge the flock this year. Now I have plenty of eggs to sell. I'd like to see the readers who feed their brains with the products of my presses also feed their stomachs with the fruit of my hens. It'd be swell to have hundreds of my subscribers and book-buyers (including those who ordered The Black International) buy their eggs from my farm. I'll be glad to hear from readers interested in this suggestion. If it's all right to send books by parcel post, what's wrong with sending fresh eggs to consumers by the same route? Besides, it's easy to buy eggs direct. In order to put the business on a sound basis it'll be necessary to insist on minimum orders of four dozen eggs, which I mail in a carton that doesn't have to be returned. I prepay all carriage charges on shipments of eggs from the Haldeman-Julius Egg Farm. Also, the full amount of money must accompany orders, but I guarantee all shipments to be right or they can be returned for full refunds. Fresh Haldeman-Julius eggs by mail—that's the idea—and I believe it'll work like a charm. It'll make me feel good to know that hundreds of my subscribers are sitting down to breakfast every morning with hearty appetites doing ample justice to fine, fresh eggs deposited by splendid hens on the writer's farm. As stated before, there's no charge for postage. Eggs are divided into three classes—large, medium and small. During the coming week the prices are: Large, 50c per doz; medium, 47c per doz; small, 40c per doz. Customers are kept informed on price changes from week to week. The prices will hold for only seven days at a time, because of market conditions. These prices prevail for customers anywhere in the U.S.A. No orders accepted from outside the States. Come on, friends, let Haldeman-Julius be your brain and egg man.

I'm glad to be able to inform you that your monthly collection of wit, wisdom and wickedness has never missed getting here thus far. That is quite a feat, considering that so many submarines are stalking the Atlantic between your country and my Merry England. I am making a collection of your odd expressions, including the strange words you use—strange because they are unfamiliar to my English ears. Your volumes of "Questions and Answers" are being mined for verbal twists and turns. Frankly, many's the time they have me baffled.

Some years ago I heard a story which touches on Americanese as it strikes our English cousins. Two Americans were in a crowded streetcar (tram) in England, and had to stand. At last an oldish sort of woman and her elegant daughter gathered their numerous parcels together, preparing to get off. Before leaving their seats, however, the elderly lady whispered: "Ann, when we get off do exactly as I do. Back down out of the way. I'll explain later." The daughter did as instructed, backing her way down to the street. Her mother did the same. At last, when they reached the curb, Ann asked her mother to explain her strange request, for it embarrassed her to keep aiming her rear end all the way out of the tram. The mother explained: "You saw those two Americans, didn't you? Well, just before we started to leave I overheard one American say to the
other: ‘When these two dames get off we’ll pinch their seats!’”

Do conductors of symphonies take about the same time to play a symphony?
The time varies, according to Freling Foster, who timed conductors of symphony orchestras, and found, for example, that “some have played Dvorak’s From the New World symphony in 40 minutes, while others have required 68 minutes, or 70 percent longer.”

To me containers are all cartons, but I’ve noticed that some commodities are shipped in boxes or barrels with odd names. For example, lard is sent to market in tigers. Can you name a few others?

Plums are shipped in suitcase lugs, cabbages in hampers, rice in pockets, tangerines in straps, and Hitler will be shipped in a coffin.

I am interested in your comments on Boris Brasol’s reactionary activities in the U.S. Can you tell me something about his background?

Boris Brasol’s life reads like something from the pages of E. Phillips Oppenheim. His history shows him to be an arresting personality who has followed a unique career from the steppes of Russia to the skyscrapers of N. Y. Boris Brasol has spread the net of his activities over three continents. Starting out in life on the staff of the Czarian Minister of Justice under whom the famous Mendel Bellis ritual murder case was cooked up, he was appointed to a position in our Department of Justice during the regime of Harry Daugherty; in the Czar’s Secret Service at one time; in our F.B.I. at another; introducing into the U.S. of the historic forgeries, “The Protocols of the Elders of Zion”; indefatigable anti-Semitic agitator; looked up to in certain circles as an authority in such diverse fields as international relations, criminology and police administration, and Russian literature; author of some 13 books, one of them sponsored and introduced by Prof. Thos, N. Carver of the Economics Department of Harvard University; another by Prof. John H. Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School, one of our leading writers on the law of Evidence, a third by Prof. Manning of the Department of Slavonic Languages at Columbia University, Brasol is a working member of the Advisory Board of the America First Committee. He organized the Russian-American National Committee maintaining an office at 2 West 46 St., New York.

Now a full-fledged American citizen, he pours forth a steady stream of articles and letters in newspapers and periodicals on the one theme that “our national honor and traditions” forbid us to have any truck with the existing regime in Russia. He is a self-constituted champion of “our American honor and traditions.” One would think from the tone of his writings that his ancestors had bled at Valley Forge and Bunker Hill instead of wielding the knott on serfs in “Holy Russia.”

Brasol was born in Poltava, Russia, in 1885. He got a degree in law at the University of St. Petersburg and in 1910 became prosecuting attorney attached to the St. Petersburg Supreme Court. A supporter of the most reactionary element in the Czar’s Court, he worked with the secret police in throttling liberal movements among the Russian people. In 1916 he came to the U.S. as the Russian representative to an inter-allied conference in N. Y. When the Russian Revolution broke out in 1917, he decided to remain here and took out citizenship papers; ultimately became a member of several secret clubs, inculcating himself with leading bankers and society people of the extremest reactionary type. The Hour, January 17, 1942 says of him:

“For years Brasol has been collaborating with pro-Nazi White Russians, Japanese agents and native Fifth Columnists. Himself a key man in the Russian Fascist movement, he has served as a focal point in the U.S. for international intrigue. His specialty is fomenting race hatred and his accomplishments in this field have won him world-wide notoriety. His writings are used as source material by the Reich Propaganda Ministry. It is his brutal boast that certain of his books ‘have done more harm to the Jews than ten pogroms.’”

Long ago Petrarch wrote a piece which I came on recently and which I have copied for The Freeman. It follows:
A fool saw a regiment of soldiers marching forth. He said: "Where are they going?" "Why," said a bystander, "they are going to war with Persia." "Oh," said the fool, "after the war won't there be any peace?" "Yes," said the bystander, "but now they must fight." "Well," said the fool, "if there will be peace after the war, why not make it before they fight?" Nobody answered because only a fool could ask such an intelligent question.

The reader who sent me the above quotation, is a Naturalist and a sincere Pacifist. I respect this young man's honest sentiments, and I admire the brevity and effectiveness of his quotation, but it seems to me Petrarch's fool was really somewhat foolish in his other-worldly idealism. The pacifist assumed both sides of the controversy were rational. What is one to do when one side is absolutely insane? Surely one can't sit down and reason with a Hitler? And what about the Japanese? Mussolini doesn't count, of course. Every effort was made to appease these aggressors, but without constructive results. Every gesture of friendliness was interpreted as weakness. Every inch of concession was stretched to a yard of acquisitiveness. There was only one way to achieve a state of peace with Hitler, and that was to surrender to him. Petrarch's fool had a humane idea, but to make it work one must put it up to humane people, and who would describe Hitler as humane?

BIGOTS STILL BLITZING

Because a March, 1942, issue of Look printed an advertisement listing some of the Little Blue Books, the Blackinton's periodical, Our Sunday Visitor, in its March 22 issue, throws another fit. "Look magazine," writes the editor, "is the latest publication to lower its standing with fair-minded and decent people by carrying the ad for the Little Blue Books published by the notorious Haldeman-Julius outfit." The editor admits that the ad appeared "with the worst pamphlet titles taken out. But the point is, when a reader orders some of the classics and innocent titles, he gets further ads for the whole works: Little Blue Books, larger pamphlets and full length books, many of which are either obscene or anti-Catholic or both. A writer in Columbia, I note, characterizes the books 'Little Blue Pills of Poison.' He's right."

It happens that I'm in distinguished company here, for the next column contains a sharp attack on Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for having said she doesn't believe in the Adam and Eve myth "on the basis of science." The first thing you know Mrs. Roosevelt will be accepting the long-attacked notion that the earth is round, which'll be the same as going over to Bolshevism. ∗ ∗ ∗

Please comment on the report that Charles A. Lindbergh has joined Ford in Detroit.

When Lindbergh joined the staff of Ford's Willow Run bomber plant it wasn't because of his ability as an engineer. Lindbergh was a good flyer, but he has had no technical training as a designer of planes or an executive in charge of mass production. The best Lindbergh can do would be to serve as a test pilot of some sort, something that many other men could do much better because of greater experience. No, Lindbergh isn't joining Ford as an industrial engineer, for here he knows no more than the next fellow, but as an important part of the machinery of American Fascism. Henry Ford, Father Coughlin, and Lindbergh, all working together in Detroit, will prepare the way for their chosen roles of Super-Quislings. All three of them are anti-Semites, pro-Nazi, labor-haters, anti-democrats, copperheads and traitors. All of them loathe Roosevelt. Their task is to organize surrender in case of serious setbacks in the Far East, and elsewhere, at which time public morale might hit new lows, thereby making our President's position still more difficult. Such a crisis could be brought to a head by a "generous peace offer" from Hitler. As a result, confusion might divide the country and make a triumph for Catholic-Fascism comparatively easy, though it's my notion the American people aren't going to turn deaf ears to our President should he warn us against such a melancholy situation, which he certainly would do. The enemies of Americanism—Ford, Coughlin and Lindbergh—are conspiring to deliver our democratic, liberal country to Catholic-Fascism. The Blackinton, as I've been showing for years, is determined to meet
the issue of democracy now, for it's a case of destroying this philosophy of life now or perhaps lose the battle for economic and social reaction for centuries to come. In such a counter-revolution Lindbergh would be the Man on Horseback, Coughlin would see to it that the Black International got what it wants in wealth, power and prestige, and Ford would become the economic dictator of the country. Ford would do anything if he could get revenge on the labor movement for having compelled him to sign a contract recognizing unionism. He feels that only Fascism can give him the power to destroy free labor and enslave the workers everywhere, along the lines of Hitlerism in Germany and the occupied slave-pens of Europe. Father Coughlin's Social Justice is helping by lining up hundreds of thousands of Irish-Catholics and others for action against a free America. Look what happened in South Boston recently, when his henchmen held great demonstrations against our war policies, against our British and Russian allies, and for victory for the forces of reaction and Fascism. Henry Ford's money is paying for most of this. Father Coughlin's stooges are trying to undermine Roosevelt's position. Coughlin and his Fascist aides keep calling our President "Mr. Rosenfelt," in order to arouse anti-Semitism and thereby make it easier to establish Fascism's reign of terror in the U.S. Lindbergh, the 'hero,' is to be the Man of Action, the Doer, the Militant Leader. The setup is here. The platform has been drawn. The lines of advance have been planned. Against all this stands our President. Lovers of democracy everywhere must stand by Mr. Roosevelt in these dark months. He is the true and tried leader of the armies of democracy. He is the man who can whip the wolves of Fascism—not only our Super-Quislings, but Hitler himself, along with the Nipponese and contemptible Mussolini. But he'll need the backing of every sincere American. Don't let the forces of Catholic-Fascism separate you. The American Fascists are resting their case on your expected disunity. Stand by the President as he prosecutes this immense war. With such sup-
port we can't do anything but win, though the struggle will be hard. Our country is literally fighting for its existence. The enemies outside the country are powerful and unscrupulous. The enemies inside the country are ready to do anything in order to establish Catholic-Fascism and thereby throw us back into the Dark Ages. Roosevelt knows the Super-Quislings. He knows how to defeat them. Support the President to the limit of your powers. As I see the situation, Money-Bags Ford will keep out of the picture as much as possible. Lindbergh will remain mum until the circumstances 'demand' that he assume national 'leadership.' The talking and actual organizing of Fascism is the job of Father Coughlin. In more ways than one he's to serve as the Goebbels of American Fascism. He has already shown that Coughlinism is copperheadism. For years I've been exposing his activities (see my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers" for the complete record of this gauchoer of the Blackintern) and now that we are actually at war (and in peril) Father Coughlin is warming up to his anti-American activities. His utterances since Pearl Harbor have been pro-Axis and anti-American. Father Coughlin, in his Social Justice, has actually gloated over Japan's victories and the loss of our boys in the Pacific. In the March 10, 1942, issue of his publication, Father Coughlin wrote that "a world-wide sacred war" was declared against Germany nine years ago, one of the greatest lies uttered in his long career of lying. In the same issue, Father Coughlin again attacked Roosevelt for giving aid to our allies, especially the Soviet Union. Father Coughlin also painted the British as "savages" for having bombed French munitions plants known to be making airplanes, tanks and trucks for Hitler. Here are a few more Coughlinisms:

"Unless the German forces can overcome Russia and successfully invade England by the end of September, there is every evidence that the entire world will have elected to experience a blood bath the like of which was never imagined by the most poetic minds."

"It has been the practiced policy of the Roosevelt administration to favor the Chinese in their war
against Japan. This policy has rankled in the hearts of the Nipponese war lords who are devoted to the policy of Asia for the Asiatics, a policy which, after all, is nothing more than an expression of our own Monroe doctrine."

This is pure copperheadism. This is treason against the Republic. The Black International's foremost voice for American Catholic-Fascism is convinced that Uncle Sam is afraid of him, afraid because of the powerful Catholic Church's support of Coughlin's propaganda. As I write this (on March 27) there are no indications of action by the government against Father Coughlin, but it's my conviction that since he has already gone all-out in his pro-Axis propaganda it's only a matter of time before Attorney General Francis Biddle will be compelled to deal with this plot to sabotage our efforts to defend ourselves against the Catholic-Fascist elements that would cause our defeat and destroy democracy.

Is Japan's plan of aggression an offshoot of Hitler's grand strategy?

Japanese militarism is older than Hitlerism, so I see no reason for accepting the notion that Hitler put the Nipponese up to their present series of grabs. I don't believe that Hitler worked out Tokio's surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The whole thing was planned a long time ago and worked out carefully over a period of years. For decades the Japanese have been studying the problem of how to destroy the United States. Their publications are crowded with discussions on how and why such a thing must be executed. Prof. Douglas G. Haring, of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y., calls attention to a passage in an address delivered in 1924 in Tokio, by a naval authority, S. Kawashima, as follows:

Whether Japan will win or lose in the forthcoming war depends on how we move in case the American fleet should move to Hawaii. In other words, it will depend on our diplomacy; that is, it will depend on the timing of the declaration of war. We might also be able to surprise Panama, our submarines might attack the American fleet en route to Hawaii from Panama—but the most important thing is the decision of our diplomats as to the time of starting the war.... But I fear that our diplomats are unequal to so effective a decision of the timing. They may even hesitate about the decision until after the American fleet has started to rush to Hawaii. If we do not open the fighting the moment the American fleet turns west from Hawaii, we may lose the war right at the start.

Prof. Haring also calls attention to remarks made by Japanese students who attended his classes in English while he was teaching in Japan, the point of which was that they sought to learn English because they wanted "to be able to run America after we conquered it." He used to laugh when he heard such remarks, but now he believes they were speaking their real feelings. Japanese militarism is hungry for spoils, and has been that way ever since it learned how to apply mechanical technique to violence. Hitler didn't have to win them over to his way of thinking. They were ready-made and anxious to go. Hitler helped establish a situation that led the Japanese to the idea that there was better than a gambler's chance to get away with robbery on a grand scale.

Your long fight with the Blackintern is dramatic, and I predict that books will be written about it in years to come, despite the fact that your voice is the only one now fighting your great cause. I feel certain you will win. You've won every other fight for democracy, tolerance, free speech and free press, so I permit myself the pleasant feeling that you aren't going to be whipped now. You were the first editor to expose Father (of what?) Coughlin in an orderly, consistent manner. I recall your numerous articles about this Fascist back in 1933 and 1934. Your early volumes of "Questions and Answers" are crowded with anti-Coughlin material. Each of your 25 volumes contains numerous articles on this Catholic-Fascist. He is now being exposed by magazines like "Life" and "The New Republic," and in newspapers like "PM." You blazed the way. And now your warnings about him are being taken seriously by the postoffice department and the U.S. Attorney General. You were the first writer to put the finger on the paid Nazi propagandist, George Sylvester Viereck, and he's now in the pen, where he belongs. Your exposures of William Dudley Pelley (printed years ago) also brought results, for I see he has been arrested.
You also exposed George W. Christian's fifth columnist, and he also has been arrested. You exposed Ellis O. Jones, of Los Angeles, and he's indicted for sedition. I believe your long fight has lined up all followers of American traitors as your enemies and that they are having a great deal to do with the way you are being boycotted by so many standard newspapers and magazines. They work in close harmony with the Blackintern. While fighting these elements why don't you make use of the publications of the Left, such as "New Masses," "The New Leader," and the like?

The Communist magazine, New Masses, is just as afraid of the Blackintern as is the standard press, a fact I've learned from real experience. After a recent issue of Look contained a half-page advertisement offering 220 of my Little Blue Books, I asked my advertising agency, the Harrison-Rippey Company, St. Louis, Mo., to offer the same advertisement to New Masses. On April 8, 1942, Mr. Rippey wrote me as follows:

"'New Masses' rejected the 'Look' copy which I ordered in space of a half page. The publication says the following titles are objectionable [here Mr. Rippey listed the titles which had to be eliminated in order to have the Little Blue Book advertising copy accepted by the publishers.]

Let's look at these eliminations—from a Communist magazine, mark you. The first book thrown out by New Masses was Theodore Dreiser's No. 661, "Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse," a serious study of mass psychology. Dreiser, as is generally known, is a Communist who has written hundreds of articles in support of the Soviet Union and Communism. Dreiser's booklet, because it discusses an aspect of America's emotional life, was thrown out. Two volumes of short stories by Boccaccio were also eliminated by New Masses. The publishers think that anything carrying the name of Boccaccio must be obscene. They don't know that the stories in my two volumes are classics which don't contain a single word of pornography. But they had to go out. Then came No. 6, a volume of De Maupassant's greatest short stories—masterpieces of literature. That volume also was condemned by New Masses, which I'm sure didn't take the trouble to read the book or any of the others that were prejudged by Communists. They think it's important not to do anything to offend the Blackintern. Then came another elimination—Montaigne's famous essay, "On the Nature of Love." This is getting tragically comical. Then came the ban on No. 888, "Memoirs of Madame de Stael," a work that is serious in tone and doesn't even touch on love, romance or sex. The word "Madame" looked wicked to New Masses. The manager thought she might be running a brothel. Poor Madame de Stael—one of the greatest women of her generation. No 987, "The Art of Kissing," was given the bum's rush, perhaps because art applied to kissing suggests something sinful and erotic. So be it. No. 988, "The Art of Courtship," by Clement Wood, was given the boot, along with No. 1249, "Best Jokes About Lovers," a harmless piece of escapism. No. 1320, "How to Get a Husband," was thrown out of the chaste columns of New Masses. So was No. 1342, "Typical Love-Problems," a serious, dignified, scientific discussion of marital situations, not a line of which was off-color. After this I wasn't surprised to see banned No. 864, "Confidential Chats With Husbands," another book that's intended to be big-brotherly and helpful. Under the heading of "Social Hygiene," all books by William J. Fielding were censored, including No. 190, "Psycho-Analysis Explained"; No. 536, "What Women Beyond 40 Should Know"; No. 655, "What Young Women Should Know"; No. 656, "What Married Men Should Know"; and No. 657, "What Married Women Should Know." "Eugenics Made Plain" was also kicked into the ashcan. After this I wasn't surprised to see No. 726, "Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases" given the gate. In short, New Masses, like the Blackintern, believes that Every Human Being Should Know—Nothing. And there you are. The radical press is just as rotten and contemptible as the most conservative—rottener, in fact, because quite a few publishers of standard newspapers and magazines
are standing by the principle of a free press and giving space to my advertisements, as they've been doing for more than 20 years. The striking fact about this controversy is that publications which have been running my advertisements for 15 to 20 years suddenly, in 1941 and 1942, turned squeamish and began to cry for elimination of certain titles or threw me out entirely. But some, let me repeat, are standing by me, despite the fact that every time the advertisement appears they're compelled to handle letters of protest from enemies who complain without taking the trouble to read what the "objectionable" books really contain. They pre-judge me solely on the basis of the titles as listed in the advertisement. For example, *Popular Science Monthly* gagged at all my titles under the heading of "Religion," which meant I had to eliminate No. 61, Tolstoy's "What is Religion?"; No. 184, Tichenor's "Primitive Beliefs"; 533, "As a Man Thinketh," (a religious classic); No. 600, "The Essence of the Bible," (an objective, non-critical digest of the Old and New Testaments); No. 636, "The Greatest Thing in the World," (another religious classic); and No. 684, "Essence of Judaism," (a digest that presents the facts without the slightest comment or suggestion of bias). This was done because *Popular Science Monthly* had received letters complaining about my advertisements in previous issues, the main points being that I am a "disreputable" publisher, and a low scoundrel and rogue in general whose aim is to turn all lust-enslaved males loose on the world for the purpose of having every innocent woman and child raped. But the fight goes on. I keep smiling, even after I take many blows below the belt. And I feel certain the day will come when the publishers—both of the Left and the Right—will realize they've been terrorized by a crew of bigots, fanatics and enemies of culture. They will be ashamed of themselves for having permitted the Blackintern to put over one of the most criminal attacks on a free press in the history of our Republic.

I wish you would clear up some ship terms for me. I'm always puzzled by the differences between a cargo ship, merchantman, freighter, troopship and transport. Please set the straightening-out machinery to work.

The U.S. Maritime Commission explains the differences, as follows:

Cargo ship—A ship carrying cargo only, no passengers.
Merchantman—A combination cargo-passenger ship.
Freighter—A slow-going cargo ship.
Troopship—A naval auxiliary used to transport troops with naval men at the controls.
Transport—An army ship, manned by non-naval ratings but carrying troops.

A Missouri editor advises readers to save burned out light bulbs. What can they be used for?

**During blackouts.**

Is the cocoa bean the source of both chocolate and cocoa?

Yes.

When did potatoes become a common item of diet in England?

During the reign of George III.

What's the meaning of my name, Keith?

It means a cow pasture.
ANSWERS TO UNASKED QUESTIONS

Bright sentence in Lewis Browne's book, "Something Went Wrong: A Modern Summation of Modern History"; "Most of the landowncrs continued to act like typical sons of riches, sitting on their backgrounds and twiddling their titles."

Hegel, in a cynical moment: "The only lesson which history teaches is that history teaches no lessons."

Witty title for a chapter in a recent book: "From Watt to What?"

Lewis Browne, who dabbles in semantics, reminds us that "lords" were originally "loafwards" - i.e., breadkeepers and therefore bread-givers. "Masses" originally meant dough to be kneaded. "Treaty" is derived from "tracto," meaning to drag violently. "Foreigner" means a person on the other side of the "foris" or door. "Pagan" means from the "pagas" as countryside, as against the city.

When I get a too-enthusiastic letter from a super-charged reader who is obviously too violent in his admiration, I don't let myself get puffed up for I've learned that such people are always ready to jump to equally extreme abuse.

Radio commentator: "The Japanese are inching ahead in Malaya, foot by foot." Another took Androcles and turned it into Androckoles.

George M. Husser, manager of the Kansas City, Mo., Better Business Bureau, and author of my informative racket-debunking book, "Rackets that Get Your Money," recently broadcast a talk in which he emphasized there is no scientific basis for astrology's astonishing forecast (but are often used to further a swindle). A few days later a woman telephoned Mr. Husser and asked: "I heard your talk on astrology. Which astrologer do you recommend?" Her attitude explains why so many rackets thrive - even when they've been exposed, prospective dupes look around for new opportunities to be fleeced. Mr. Husser adds that the war is bringing a flock of new rackets. Here are a few: agencies which promise for a fee to obtain certificates for persons born in other states or countries; fake doctors, sometimes in Army uniforms, who offer selective-service registrants advance physical examinations for a prepaid $2 fee; plumbers who "prepare furnaces for air raids," supplying parts at fat profits; and peddlers selling sand "specially tested" for its effectiveness in extinguishing incendiary bombs.

My piece on toilet paper, in the April, 1942, Freeman, moved one of my readers, Lloyd Emerson Sibrell, Cincinnati, O., to pass on my comments to Dard Hunter Paper Museum, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Dard Hunter replied: "I have to thank you for the treatise on toilet paper. As a matter of fact, this commodity was in use in China as early as the 9th Century, as recorded by two Arab travelers in the Celestial Empire at that early period. Toilet paper came into use in Europe as a general thing about 1800 and in America a little later. In Japan even today paper is not used for this purpose as its use is considered uncleanly. (Reader Sibrell, by the way, is editor of "Imprimatur," a folio of personalities, impressions, and observations. Readers who are interested in news and views about books, ask Mr. Sibrell, P. O. Box 83, Cincinnati, O., for a sample copy. His February, 1942, issue contains an amusing reply to Gene Tunney's pious blast against Lady Nicotine. Tunney, the ex-pug who plugs Shakespeare, is sure the filthy, poisonous weed can lay out its victims before they reach 40, the age at which Professor Pitkin says life really begins. According to that, I've already grabbed off 12 years of borrowed time. The way I feel, I ought to be able to bum around for another couple dozen, ever full of godliness and grease, sanctimoniousness and sauerkraut, holiness and hot tamales, virtue and mountain oysters.)

A laborer, leaving a political rally, defined oratory this way: "If you say black is white, that's foolish, but if you say black is white, and beller like a bull, and pound the table with both fists, that's oratory."

Comedian Vic Oliver: "Bills, bills, more bills! Never did one man owe so much to so many!"

The Freeman specializes in burning off mental fat.

A Washington debutante ended a war talk with the slogan: "Remember Bar Harbor!"

Daniel T. Brigham, N. Y. Times:
The optimists in Italy say, 'We're going to lose this war,' and the pessimists say, 'Yes, but when?'

Atwood H. Townsend, Department of English, New York University: "You are still doing a swell job with The American Freeman—despite sinister opposition."

One of my readers, J. Sephton, Brown Mills, N. J., tells me the late George Russell (A.D.C.), Irish poet and publicist, tilting a sharp lance against certain book censors, a few years before his death, said: "Morality on the scent of evil will perpetrate any villainy in the name of God.... They create nothing and their publications do not rise in literary merit beyond the penny tract. I will believe in no prophet of the Lord unless his words, even in anger, break in a foam of beauty on the ear."

Sign on a Kansas garage: "Prices are born here and raised elsewhere."

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "With all due regard for your linotypist's knowledge—and I haven't a doubt he's miles above the average—he nevertheless seems never to have heard of 'materiel' for he ruined your intended witticism thereon by spelling it 'material'; April issue, page 2, col. 1, item 2." [Here's how I wrote it: "A writer who splashes in with the word 'materiel,' when 'war material' would do the job better, is trying to show off."

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "The next time you're full of divinity and devil's food you can tell that fellow who wants some new tires that there's one other way besides marrying a visiting nurse: he can get him a preacher for a brother-in-law. The country's morale won't stand letting the widows and orphans—especially the widows—go without the preacher's ministrations. And what preacher wouldn't accept the loan of his brother-in-law's car long enough to get it equipped with new tires?"

Melinda Alexander, Washington, D. C.: "I have long regarded the work which you are doing as one of the outstanding contributions to American cultural life."

Joseph Lewis, N. Y. C.: "When Lincoln delivered his immortal Gettysburg address, the words 'under God,' were not included. They were inserted afterwards by Lincoln's overzealous religious advisers."

Whenever I meet a man who regards matrimony with exceptional piety I'm sure to meet a bore.

A member of a hidebound congregation told me recently that his col-

leagues in Christ were having a jumpy time with their preacher because he'd been seen in the red-light district of a neighboring city. The parson's defense was: 'I went there to fight temptation. He didn't say how the scrap came out, which led my informant to conclude he probably fought to a draw."

Bill Lewis, CBS vice president, on radio audiences: "Even if it's good, they'll listen."

In presenting a speaker, the Rome radio announced that this was "in accordance with the Fascist policy of free expression of opinion by those qualified to hold it."

Scientific medicine has produced a new specialty—the therapy therapist, who administers to the consequences of some modern treatments. For example, pneumonia can be cured with one of these big-named chemicals, but the patient may get the disease back in several weeks. That's pretty fine stuff—therapy therapist—and there's always the possibility that there'll be still another specialty, an expert whose job it will be to act as therapist to the therapist who specializes in a therapy therapist."

Confucius: "To know that you do not know is the beginning of wisdom."

George Jacob Holyoake: "A man has no claim to free speech unless his object is to utter true speech and to maintain veracity among the people by example."

Ernst Renan: "The essential thing in education is not the doctrine taught, but the arousing of the faculties."

M. S. Laing: "The subjects which the theologians profess to have such an exact knowledge of are, for the most part, subjects respecting which nothing is or can be known."

An old maid, who insisted that her mama cat never leave the house nights, took a Southern cruise last Winter and wrote home: "I'm having more damn fun......met a swell gentleman on the boat......P.S.: Let the cat out tonight."

FRED KOHNMEYER, Winona, Minn.: "Your big and little books have been a valuable supplement to my college education, perhaps more valuable than the college 'courses' themselves, which are frequently a disappointment. In the three years of my attendance at a small liberal arts college I have carried around many expensive textbooks, but must acknowledge that most of my literary acquaintance, and artistic intelligence can be attributed to the enlarging nature of a sufficient quantity of your publications. E. Haldeman-Julius is incurably my favorite.
editor. I have found Joseph McCabe's historical point of view particularly enlightening, and Clarence Darrow and Isaac Goldberg real discoveries in thought and judgment. I get more of the 'real thing' in one Little Blue Book than days of sitting through class hours.

A short story in The New Yorker has a fellow insert an olive in his sweetie's navel.

A Nazi painter's still life was banned because it included a banana, a non-German fruit.

He was strolling with a young lady. A bird bombed her new hat. She uttered a disgusted little cry and said: "Oh, dear! give me a piece of paper quick!" "What for?" he asked, "that bird's probably half a mile away by now."

A subway passenger kept moving his lips, smiled, then made a disgusted gesture with his right hand, and then went through the whole process again. Another passenger finally worked up his courage to ask what it was all about. "Oh," said the man, "this is a tiresome ride, so I'm telling myself dirty stories. Trouble is, I've always heard them before."

Geo. W. Watt, Clearwater, Fl: "If you will look in the introduction to George Sylvester Viereck's 'The Strongest Friendship in History' (1922), you will see that Fulton Oursler of 'Liberty,' was a very close friend of Viereck's. And he has never repudiated Viereck. Goebbels' paid American mouthpiece. Why?"

Julian Huxley, addressing Birth Control Federation of America: "Planned parenthood is a democratic ideal; forced parenthood is a slave ideal."

When you hear men knitters told off as sissies try to remember that George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were knitters.

The correspondent, T. R. Ybarra, while covering a South American revolution, heard of a stupid henchman whose job it was to go into the interior for the leader. His job was to receive shipments of arms. Knowing his subordinate's thick-headedness, the arch-plottter warned him before his departure: "Never mention in your letters to me either soldiers or rifles, for your letters may be read by the enemy. Instead of soldiers say cows and instead of rifles say cigars." In a few days the leader received this note from the henchman: "The cows arrived, but they have no shoes. Also received the cigars, but there are no bayonets on them."

I'm curious to know if anyone has ever discovered a coffee shop table that had four legs of exactly the same length.

Line from the new Katherine Hepburn Spencer Tracy picture, "Woman of the Year": "Women should be kept illiterate and clean, like canaries."

I wish people were to finish my sentences, it's hard enough to make myself clear with completed sentences without being chopped off before I've finished my verbiage. Here I recall the husband, just back from the office, saying: "I'm beginning to feel my new typist—" Wifey (sharply): "What!" Hubby: "I was saying, I feel my new typist will have to go."

Clarence Darrow: "I never wanted to see anybody die, but there are a few obituary notices I have read with pleasure."

I sometimes apply to Joseph McCabe the words of Lord Byron: "A drop of ink may make a million think." McCabe does his books in long hand, using a fountain pen given him by Marcet Haldeman-Julius when he visited here in Girard. She took in exchange McCabe's old pen, an ancient device still in good condition. He'd used that 25-year-old relic to turn out millions of words that went into more than 200 books, all of which moved their readers to consideration of the problems of science, religion, history, Freethought, and the like. McCabe has done wonders during a writing career that has gone on for more than 50 years, but it's my notion that he's doing his most powerful and significant work today with The Black International. He has poured drops of ink into these booklets that promise to make millions think. Other drops of ink will break the shackles of supersturalism for millions of minds. Other drops of ink will bring millions of readers into the healthful atmosphere of Freethought and Rationalism. McCabe never poses. He never uses 54 words when 20 words will do the job. He is always simple, direct and candid. He brings the best culture to the man in the street, using understandable and unpretentious language. Here he reminded of an up-state New York school superintendent, obviously a man with a sense of humor, who gave the following as an example of the educational changes he had noticed in the last 40 years: "About 1900, a teacher at the university brought a hen to class for teaching purposes. While this was an innovation, the hen was simply a hen. By 1910, this hen was a 'problem.' In 1915, it had become a 'project.' Around 1919, the hen was a 'unit of work.' By 1925, it had become an 'activity.' In 1930, it was the 'basis of an integrated program.' And lo, in 1935.
the poor hen had become a ‘frame of reference,’ and as 1941 drew to a
close, ‘an area in a workshop.’ True, our problems are becoming more com-
plicated each year, but the wise teacher insists on presenting his hen as a hen
and not as ‘an area in a workshop,’ a method always used by my ancient
colleague and friend, Joseph McCabe.

George Milburn, Pineville, Mo.: ‘Let
me thank you for Isaac Goldberg’s
book, ‘What We Laugh At—And Why.’
It’s the best treatment of the subject
I have ever read, and I’ve read every-
thing about it I could find.’

A. M. Paschall, Army Air Base,
Albuquerque, N. M.: ‘The great prob-
lem confronting Donald M. Nelson:
whether to classify platinum blondes
as precious metals or common ores.’

Reader: ‘The following limerick had to
be about a Yale man because Cor-
nell, Princeton and Harvard would
knock out the meter because of their
over-supply of syllables:

A learn-ed alumnus of Yale
Was telling a wonderful tale;
The point was so bright
That we roared with delight...
But it never could go through the
mail.’

‘America,’ organ of the Jesuits, is
one of the important mouthpieces of
the Blackintern. In fact, the
Jesuits are the Gestapo of the Black-
intern. Recently, according to ‘The
Nation,’ a clerical correspondent wrote
a piece for ‘America,’ in which he
called attention to the appalling fact
that the rubber priorities which ‘pro-
hibit the manufacture and sale of tires
to civilians have not been applied to
other goods, of whose use the church
disapproves.’ It happens that Uncle
Sam himself is ‘the world’s largest pur-
chaser and distributor of the rubber
goods whose use the church disap-
proves.’ He buys the handy little
things for his soldiers and sailors,
the aim being to hold down the spread
of venereal infection. These sensible
devices have helped the army and navy
to save hundreds of thousands of lives
and show by official figures that our
fighting men have less gonorrhea and
syphilis than at any previous time in
our history. But we know what the
church thinks about such gadgets. They
may be used by men who are more
interested in a good time than in the
preservation of good health. Therefore,
away with the sinful worldly gadgets.
What difference does it make if hun-
dreds of thousands of men rot with
venereal diseases. Morality is more
important than health—that is to say,
the Blackintern’s canceorous ideas about
morality. What burns up the hierarch-
eers is that their own dupes are not
averse to using the hated rubber ar-
ticles. The Church teaches its victims
to reproduce like rabbits, but even
the Catholics rebel. The birth control
clinics in strong Catholic centers like
New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and
Chicago are attended as readily by
Catholic women as by Protestants or
persons unaffiliated with any religious
organization. The birth rate among
Catholics is hardly any higher than
among other religionists, which is an
awful blow to the thunderers of the
Blackintern, which is always eager for
a steady, sure supply of dupes. Back
in the middle of the last century,
Cardinal Hughes worked out the Blackint-
ern’s policy for the U. S., his aim
being an immense flow of Catholic im-
migrants to the large cities, where it
was thought they could be herded and
watched over by the hierarcheters. The
Church was afraid to let its human
freight go into the rural sections of
the country, because that might mean
exposure to liberal, progressive, non-
Catholic influences. That’s why it was
decided to leave the country to the
Protestants and take the big cities for
the Catholics. Now the Catholic cities
aren’t doing any more for the birth
rate than are the centers of Protest-
antism, and the still-unbanned rubber
devices have a lot to do with the
situation. Little things like that can
have immense social consequences.

The following ad, in The Washing-
ton Post, shows how we are develop-
ing a passion for patriotic sacrifice
in the tense war situation: ‘Lovely rm.
in prv. home; twin beds; share young
lady. $4-$5.’

The late Fred Fisher, popular song-
writer, lifted many of his successes
from the classics. Once he told a flip
producer: ‘When you’re recording a
song, you’re buying Chopin, Liszt, Mozart. You’re
getting the very best.’

I hate, loathe and despise fancy sta-
tionery.

Arthur Outram Sherman, Mahone,
N. Y.: ‘Mike Hooley once said: ‘Whin
I first came over and got me a job
with a pick, they called me Mick, but
when I become foreman of the gang I
was Michael. Then whin I become
ward leader I was Mr. Hooley but whin
I was elected alderman and wint to
mass last Sunday I came into Church
and all stood up and says—Hooley!
Hooley! Hooley! Lord God Almighty!’

For something like a year I’ve had
brief chats with a 19-year-old bus-boy
in the saloon at the Hotel Connor,
Joplin, Mo. I was attracted to him by
what struck me as an interesting face
and in fact that he was a beginning
reader of good books, several of which
he commented on intelligently. I prom-
ised him one of my own books, so when I got back to my office I sent Jack Holman an autographed “Outline of Bunk”—and the grease took fire. When I saw him again he actually trembled as he thanked me for my thoughtfulness. The fact that I’d written a book impressed him, but my rejection of religious tripe and obscurantism frightened him. He whispered, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, that he was a Catholic—a converted Catholic. I then told him frankly, but with all politeness, that I was disappointed in him, that I thought I had a right to expect something better from him than religious nonsense, especially the tripe of Catholicism. He seemed to stand his ground, so, as is my habit, I let him go his way. This is one of the few times that I’ve even stopped to argue with people about religious ideas. I always prefer to do my arguing in print. I’m a writer, not a tutor.

The other night, while at a highball, he slipped me a sheet of paper, on which he’d written a poem. It isn’t the kind of poetry that could be included in one of my Little Blue Book anthologies, but I’m going to pass it on to my readers because it gives the honest notions of a sensitive, alert charming boy about a bad, wicked Freethinker. The thing’s called “Upon Haldeman-Julius” and follows in full:

There lived a man of stately mien
His mind the best declared by schools,
Who said that God was but a dream
That all who worshiped were but fools.

He lived his life this thought in mind
No hope of heaven, no fear of hell.
He flung a challenge to mankind
Who has seen God? No tongue could tell.

I felt that I could take the glove
Plunged down by him who thought such things.
I told of God, His wondrous love
Of martyred serfs, of saintly kings.

But failed in speech when quick he asked
Who made this God that made me two
And why His face forever masked
From those of yore and now we too.

I sank defeated, no answer found
His words ring now a maddening song,
I ponder deep in my brain spins round,
For who can say he’s right or wrong.

You see, my young Catholic acquaintance has caught a whiff to the heady cocktail of Skepticism. Doubts have begun to bother him. I imagine he’ll throw off his supernaturalism and fears before long.

George Milburn, Pineville, Mo. “The Freeman is a feast.”

Upton Sinclair’s “Dragon’s Teeth” is close to a masterpiece. In this almost great novel he pictures, on a vast canvas, the sicknesses of our generation, but his own religious ailments persist, with the result that what could have been an authentic triumph must stand before Rationalists as something messed up. The trouble with Sinclair is that he can’t stand up to Sinclair the artist. The man’s creative impulses are gigantic, his inventiveness is prodigious, but his thinking apparatus is third-rate and nothing can be done to straighten him out. Think of a novelist of Sinclair’s superb talents giving time and effort to sympathetic reports of the muddled and mystical cavortings of a Polish spiritualist. Think of going goggle-eyed over a parade of ghosts and spirits. Sinclair, one of his lesser books, actually tells of how some intellectual cockroach came to his home and proved his supernatural powers by making a piece of furniture rise from the floor and float out the window. That doesn’t happen in “Dragon’s Teeth,” but other things as idiotic are put into too many pages. The pathetic goof is sincere about his spooks, and that’s what makes his hopeless. But, don’t let me discourage you about this new piece of literature. It’s worth while because it brings to life figures like Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and the other villains who have poisoned a world that wasn’t perfect but at least was livable until they rose to power. In the international tragedy Sinclair is on the right side.

Joseph McCabe, Golders Green, London, England: “Naziland is a madhouse run by the inmates.”

How Paul Revere would do his stuff now: ‘T’ll be back in a flash with a flash. First let us hear a word from our sponsor.” Another voice: “Throw off your middle-aged bulge and rank armpits by taking Beechcomb’s Vitamin B, colored, sanitized and fumigated,” etc., for 57 seconds. Paul Revere again: “Saluting Beechcomb’s help to suffering humanity and with lotions of love I wish to thank Public Motors for relinquishing part of their time so we could bring you the news that the British are coming. Middlesex farmers, attention. Attention, Middlesex farmers. The British are coming. With lotions of love and with the reminder that it acts like calomel but contains no calomel, I repeat for the benefit of Middlesex listeners who have just dialed in that the British are coming. That is all.”

Reader: Thanks for the autographed
photo of yourself at your typewriter. I knew that you always do your own thinking and that you are just the opposite of a "stuffed shirt." And this photograph proves it if there are any doubts, which there aren't."

Good title: "He Who Laughs—Lasts."

Reader: "A 10-year-old walked into a recruiting station and said boldly to the recruiting officer: 'I wanna join the Army.' The amused officer asked: 'You want to fight the Japs? Little boy: 'I can fight the Japs but they got kids, ain't they? Well, I can lick the kids!'

A castaway on a desert island, followed another shipwreck, pulled ashore a girl clinging to a barrel. 'How long have you been here?' asked the girl, 'Thirteen years,' said the castaway. 'All alone—then you're going to have something you haven't had for thirteen years,' said the girl. 'You don't mean to tell me there's BEER in that barrel,' said the castaway.

Joe Goodman, Chicago, Ill.: "In this world conflict I wish to remain neutral. I don't give a damn who kills Hitler."

Like television and cellophone, zip-pers-on-the-fly are here to stay.

Arthur G. Cromwell, Rochester, N.Y.: "I think Joseph McCabe's Black International is one of the best writings on international politics and religious intrigue I have ever had the happy experience to read. And, McCabe has the wisdom to prove and back up all his statements by unimpeachable evidence, facts and figures. What a set of black, dastardly bandits and rogues the Hitler and Vatican combine is! If only every public school in America and Great Britain had this McCabe set for a must-text-book. (Reader Cromwell's letter also contained an order for six subscriptions to The Black International. Other readers should follow Cromwell's lead.)"

Bernard Shaw: "The fickleness of the women we want is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women we don't want."

One of Theodore Roosevelt's children on the Rough Rider: "If father goes to a wedding, he thinks he's the bride; if he goes to a funeral, he believes he's the corpse."

Theodore Roosevelt on William Howard Taft: "Taft is a very large body entirely surrounded by men who know just what they want."

Reader (in U.S. Navy): "We boys feel that we'd go after the Jap fleet in a rowboat with a 22 rifle if necessary."

When Theodore Roosevelt's book about his adventures and exploits in the Cuban war was reviewed by Finley Peter Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley," he suggested the title should have been "Alone in Cuba."

Eugene Field, after seeing a certain performance of "Hamlet," wrote: "We can settle the question now of whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the play. Let the graves of both be opened. The one who turned over in his grave last night was the true author of 'Hamlet.'"

Lauren V. Schon, Chicago, Ill.: "I admire your persistence and outspokenness. Stay that way!"

The late Heywood Broun once let loose on Dorothy Thompson this way: "She is greater than Eliza, because not only does she cross the ice but she breaks it as she goes. Moreover, she's her own bloodhound."

One-sentence reviews that carry heavy socks: George Jean Nathan on "Tonight or Never": "Very well; I say Never." Brooks Atkinson: "When Mr. Wilbur calls his play 'Half Way to Hell,' he underestimates the distance."

Erskine Caldwell, who writes candid, realistic novels about the South, met a professional "Southern gentleman" once who began berating the author: "There are no citizens of the South who even remotely look like the dirty perverts and idiots you describe!" he yelled. Turning to another Southern author, Nunnally Johnson, the angry son of Dixie asked: "Did you, suh, ever see any people like Caldwell's characters in your home State?" Johnson answered: "In my part of the South, suh, we regard Mr. Caldwell's people as the country club set!"

Gertrude Stein, Jacob Epstein and Albert Einstein are the targets of this deadly limerick: "There's a wonderful family called Stein—There's Gert, and there's Ep, and there's Ein; Ein's poems are bunk, Ep's statues are junk, And no one can understand Ein. Reader: 'The first law of repartee—better never than late.' Mrs. Priscilla Priss-y-Pratt: 'I am NOTeatty, and I HATE women who talk this way, BUT—'"

Dorothy Parker, on Katherine Hepburn's acting: "Miss Hepburn runs the whole gamut of emotion from A to B."

Dorothy Parker, when told that Calvin Coolidge had just died: "How can they tell?"

Groucho Marx: "My brother Chico isn't an Italian; he just looks that
way because his mother and father are Italians." In another scene, Groucho is washing his paws when an evil-looking stranger edges over and keeps looking at his watch near the basin. Groucho picks up the watch and throws it into the water-filled basin, remarking: "I'd rather have it rusty than missing."

A Racine, Wisc., man of letters is offering to write this booklet: "How to Keep Up with the Joneses and Also Act Nonchalant."

Sign seen in a bookstore early last December: "Buy your gift books now so you may finish reading them by Xmas."

Waitress (shouting an order for wheat cakes to the cook): "Batter up!"

Reader: "A careful reading of your 25 volumes of 'Questions and Answers,' shows you always strike while the iron is hot and that you have taken all knowledge as your Bacon."

Mussolini: "There ARE elections in Fascist Italy. Of course, we do not elect in the English or American way from the bottom up, but in OUR way, from the top down."

Squire Perkins: "The parson preached on 'Faith' Sunday, but he took up the collection before he delivered the sermon."

Harriet Guthrie Lewis, Hot Springs, Ark., was the first reader to come in with the solution of the late Dr. William Henry Welch's puzzle, as follows:

(O)RTH(O)D(O)X \ (O)XF(O)RD
D(0)NTH\KN\W \G(0)(O)D \D(0)LD
P(0)RT \RN \M \L(O)\G-W(0)\D.

A police-car cop, sent to a certain corner to take care of a traffic problem, reported: "Car blocking alley. Lady stripped her rear end. She will have it removed."

Clifford R. Pearson, Minneapolis, Minn.: "I enjoyed Joseph McCabe's 'Getting the Most Out of Life' to such an extent that I will order copies later so I can spread his swell philosophy out over America and help make it a better place to live in."

Harriet Guthrie Lewis, Hot Springs, Ark.: "I love your Little Blue Books—have many of them."

H. R. Knickerbocker, in his book, 'Is Tomorrow Hitler?'": "The anti-Semite is a friend of Hitler. The friend of Hitler is the enemy of the United States."

United we stand, divided we crawl.

Reader: "What's the name of the Unknown Soldier?"

W. C. Field: "I'm going on the wagon today; no good will come of it."

Robert G. Ingersoll: "The moment it began to be apparent that prayers could do nothing for the body, the priest shifted his ground and began praying for the soul."

A British Ministry of Information carrier pigeon was flying leisurely to its destination when it was jostled by a second pigeon, which bawled: "Get a move on. I've got the denial!"

Jimmy Durante (commenting on a sworn enemy): "I couldn't warm up to that. He never sat up right in my act together."

A submarine commander, in a movie, suddenly sees the enemy and barks: "All hands on deck! We're going to submerge!"

Rochester, asked how he financed his $25,000 home in Los Angeles, answered: "Ah didn't finance this house—ah paid for it."

Ring Lardner: "The only exercise I get is when I take the studs out of one shirt and put them in another."

Taking her exam at the university a cute co-ed came to the question, "How many times does the human heart beat in a minute?" and answered: "That depends on where I am and what I'm doing."

When a lady returned from Big Moose, her husband exclaimed, "What the devil?"

I am quite reconciled.

To the call of the wild, But where did you get the papoose?"

St. Peter and St. Paul put aside heavenly business and settled down to a game of poker. In the first hand St. Peter held four queens, which St. Paul topped with four kings. In the next hand, St. Paul held four aces, which St. Peter topped with a low straight flush. In the third hand, St. Peter held a king-high straight flush, which St. Paul topped with a royal flush. "For Crissake, Peter," said St. Paul, "let's cut out the miracles and get down to honest poker."

Mark Twain, who always made his characters live and breathe, insisted "that the personages in a tale shall be alive, except in the case of corpses, and that always the reader shall be able to tell the corpses from the others."

Jeremy Bentham: "Lawyers are the only persons in whom ignorance of the law is not punished."

A Missouri saloonist, angry with patrons because they failed to produce sales tax tokens (which go to old-age pensions) put up this sign: "Please pay mill tax—you're getting old."

One of the French horns in a symphony orchestra let loose with a prolonged blare during a long pause in
the music. The conductor demanded an explanation, and was told: "Ach, Maestro, it was a fly on my score—and I played him."

It's been months since I've seen a critic use the word "jejune," but "intriguing" is still drifting around.

Sign in front of a Scotsman's house: "Salesmen and canvassers barred—except those with free samples."

John Barrymore (on his newly-acquired double chin): "Yes, that profile was so successful, I decided to expand it."

A Kansas small-town grocer meets salesmen near the back door, where they see this sign while waiting: "Merchants should remember when dealing with a Supersalesman that, as in shooting at a target, they must allow for the wind."

Sign in the buying department of a big Kansas City store: "The typical buyer is a man past middle life, sparse, wrinkled, intelligent, cold, passive, non-committal, with eyes like a codfish, polite in contact, but at the same time unresponsive, cool, calm, and damnably composed as a concrete post or a plaster-of-paris cast; a human petrification with a heart of fieldspar and without charm or the friendly germ, minus bowels, passions, or a sense of humor. Happily they never reproduce and all of them finally go to hell."

Heard in passing: "He always shifts his mouth into high gear before his brain is turning over."

At least a dozen books in my library were bound by the great English binder Sangorski, an artist who commanded the deep respect of my father, himself a fine bookbinder. Once my father told me that Sangorski did a $3,500 job for an English capitalist who, soon after the splendidious book was delivered, rushed back to Sangorski's establishment with the complaint that the precious binding had cracked straight down the back. Sangorski grabbed the book nervously, examined it quickly, and turned on his customer with this cry of rage: "You low-down no-account, you've been READING this book!"

Ruby Ruth Randall, Dayton, O.: "It is gratifying to know there is one publisher in this country who cannot be intimidated by the vicious power of the Black International. I am gaining a world of knowledge on this vital subject from Joseph McCabe."

A melancholy scribbler once said: "Hollywood is a warm Siberia."

John Adams' sentences on the New York City of the 18th Century could be applied to the Hollywood of 1941 without changing a word: "With all the opulence and splendor of this city, there is little good breeding to be found. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and all together."

Mr. Anon's comment on Orson Welles: "There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

Dorothy Parker: "The only 'iam' Hollywood believes in is plagiarism."

Renan, on French society: "Their ignorance gives one a rough sense of the infinite."

Bernard Shaw takes this bit of Fundamentalists who argue about the "comfort" they get from religion: "The fact that a believer is happier than a skeptic is no more to the point than the fact that a drunken man is happier than a sober one. The happiness of credulity is a cheap and dangerous quality."

Maurice Maeterlinck: "Show me how a nation spends its leisure and I can tell you the standard of its civilization."

Yes, time can be relied on to establish truth, but a little extra printer's ink won't hurt.

A proofreader let pass the LIEBESRAUM that a man went looking for—a room to love in.

Kin Hubbard: "In order to live off a garden, you practically have to live in it."

Joseph McCabe, Golders Green, London, England: "A cockney husband and his wife were running into an air-raid shelter to escape Nazi bombs. The wife was slow and the 'usband 'offered to 'er, 'Are you coming? 'Urry! 'Urry! 'I can't find my teeth,' she 'offered back. 'You won't need 'em,' he answered. 'What do you think they're dropping—sandwiches?'"

Reader: "Many men keep their noses to the grindstone so their wives can turn up their noses at their neighbors."

William S. Knudsen, the Great Dane on the OPM, gets off quips that have come to be known as "Knudsenese."

Asked once why factories are so slow in getting into full production, he answered: "Nowadays you have venderful hospitals and specialists and anesthetics, and it still takes nine months, don't it?" More Knudsenese: "An expert is a mechanic away from home. "Mass production is the art of getting a lot of small pieces to fit together in the right place at the right time."

My old admiration, Mark Twain, was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to a couple of fellows who were putting on airs and ordering the waiters about in a bossy way. When
one gave his order he told the waiter to be sure to tell the cook it was for him. "Yes," said the other, "tell the cook my name, too, so as to make sure everything will be all right." Mark Twain over the enemy of smoothness—called the waiter and said in a loud voice, "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."

A Hollywood movie executive was told by the president of the company to hire a new scenario editor and to make sure he was a college graduate. Later, the president asked his associate what luck he'd had, and the answer was in the affirmative. "Did he show you his diploma?" demanded the president. "No." "Then how did you know he was a college graduate?" "I made him say me a big word."

Irvin S. Cobb, explaining why he has quit writing fiction: "I couldn't do these things they publish now, with no beginning and no end and a little insect in the middle."

A newly-elected mayor promised that during his administration he would lay aside politics and be, "like Caesar's wife, all things to all men."

There was an old Fellow of Trinity, A Doctor well versed in Divinity; But he took to free-thinking, And then to deep drinking, And so had to leave the vicinity.

There was an old man of Boulogne, Who sang a most topical song. It wasn't the words Which frightened the birds, But the horrible double entendre.

There was a young lady of Kent, Who said that she knew what it meant When men asked her to dine, She knew what it meant—but she went!

There was a young man of Devizes, Whose ears were of different sizes; The one that was small Was no use at all, But the other won several prizes.

James Branch Cabell, in "The Silver Stallion": "The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true."

Paul Stout, Evanston, Ill.: "The Black International is great stuff, as is all that Joseph McCabe does."

Did you ever stop to think about the identity of people who become affiliated with saintly obsessions, religious hysteria and paranoia? Look carefully and you'll see a line of yokels, servant girls and ignoramuses in general. You never see members of the hierarchy in such sociable and bellicose company. The cardinals and archbishops are too shrewd, cunning, realistic, materialistic and practical to become victims of their articles of superstition. They always keep their feet on the ground, leaving the clouds as dancing floors for their dupes.

Comments of a small town banker: "I don't see why anyone should pay any attention to that fellow's ideas on religion and economics. Of course, any man has the legal right to be a Freethinker, but that fellow never made more than $12 in any week, so why should he expect people to listen to him?"

Marinetti, Italian fururist and Fascist: "The word 'Italy' should be more important to the Fascist than the words Freedom, Genius, Culture—you, even more important than Truth."

James McNeill Whistler, when told by a woman that a landscape reminded her of his works of art, said; "Yes, madam, Nature is creeping up..."

On another occasion a newly-introduced female enthusiast said to him: "I know only of two painters in the world, yourself and Velasquez." "Why," asked Whistler, "why drag in Velasquez?"

Fanatical Nazi: "When this war is over I plan to take a bicycle tour of all the Fuehrer's great empire." Luke-warm German: "What will you do in the afternoon?"

Bishop Beerbelch: "You Freethinkers would deprive mankind of their hope of eternal damnation."

Robert G. Ingersoll: "An honest God is the noblest work of man. . . . "In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments—there are consequences."

One night, some 50 or 60 years ago, the great Sarah Bernhardt was playing Cleopatra in a London theater. When the slave brought her the bad news of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium, she stabbed him. She screamed. She raved. She wrecked half the scenery in her fine frenzy, and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering, convulsive heap. As the applause died, a middle-aged British matron was heard to say to her neighbor: "How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen Victoria!"

Bishop Beerbelch (full of beans and benevolence): "The choir will sing The Hallelujah Chorus," after which there will be a collection for the repairs to the roof."

Bishop Beerbelch (full of unction and omniscience): "I'll need an extra supply of water this morning, because the baby I'm to baptize is named Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfer Van Christopher Jones."

Favorite joke of filling station attendants in Northern Minnesota: Said one bug to another (after first bug had hit windshield of an auto going 60):
“It’ll never have the guts to do that again.”

W. C. Fields likes to tell of the time Mr. Casper Milquetoast was standing on a street corner in a big rain, his moustache drooping and his clothes sodden. Finally he perks up his backbone and, after looking at his watch, says: “I’ll wait one more hour—and if he doesn’t come by then he can go and borrow the hundred dollars from somebody else!”

Down in Brazil, two workmen stopped to look at a huge electric transformer which filled most of the space on a flat car. “What can that funny looking thing be?” one asked. “I’m not sure,” said the other, “but it might be a North American canary cage. These Yankees always make things as complicated as possible.”

Professor Mary Ellen Chase, who teaches English Literature at Smith College, was riding in a lower berth one night when a man in the upper passed down his card, on which was written: MADAM; Shall I come down? Do not come down. “Almost more than my terror at this moment was my horror at the monstrous use of the semicolon.”

Slogan of R. A. F. bomber crews: “See Naples and—dive.”

Relief administrator: “Do you owe any back house rent?” Woman applicant: “No, we got modern plumbing.”

Bob Hope: “Oh, I know Clark Gable very well. I call him Clark—and he calls me ‘Hey you!’”

Will Rogers (who was part Indian): “My folks didn’t come over on the Mayflower, but they were there to meet the boat.”

Ted Cook: “The narrower the mind, the broader the statement.”

George Ade: “There are only three basic jokes, but, since the mother-in-law joke is not a joke but a very serious question, there are only two.”

W. C. Fields: “As a writer I am a stylist, and the most beautiful sentence I have ever heard is, ‘Have one on the house.’” “Yes, I like children—if they’re well cooked.” “If elected President I shall bring these two items before Congress: (a) Political baby-kissing must come to an end—unless the size and age of the babies can be materially increased. (b) Sentiment or no sentiment, Dolly Madison’s vash MUST be removed from the East Room.” “I recall the movie executive who said at a pep meeting, ‘Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not always right—but I am never wrong.’ “Mae West, once a sexatorial-leading lady of mine, gave this classic advice: ‘Girls, the best way to hold a man is—in your arms.’” “William Howard Taft used to tell about a boy who killed his mother and father—then pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan.”

Fred Allen (on his fellow comedians): “They are intellectual midgets living on borrowed minds.”

Walter Winchell: “I usually get my stuff from people who promised somebody else that they would keep it a secret.”

Eddie Anderson (alias Rochester): “My face looks as though I slept in it. Someone once asked me if it was original face or a retread. I wear my hair departed in the middle. Once I was even too lazy to walk in my sleep—so I hitchhiked.”

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (after visiting in 1717 a Turkish bath full of naked slaves and ladies): “I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I had often made, that if it was the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed.”

A group of men went off to the mountains on a hunting and fishing trip. It was to be strictly a male party. They would do their own cooking, washing, etc. However, an Indian guide hired for the occasion brought his squaw along. After several days one of the men, tired of camp duties, demanded to know “why the hell that ugly squaw was there and why didn’t she do the cleaning up around camp.” The other replied: “We just brought the old gal along so when you guys start looking at her and begin thinking she isn’t so bad it’s time to head for home.”

Guest, in lobby of hotel: “Everything in this hotel is cold but the ice water and everything sour but the pickles.”

Bookmaker (a 325-pounder) to his doctor: “I just pick up a bet here and there, then I phone ’em in to a fellow what can pay off when he loses. Well, I do my business in a telephone booth, and the last couple days I can’t squeeze myself in no more. So I gotta get me down, see? If I don’t reduce, I’ll starve!”

Reader: “After reading all you have written during the past 25 years I have come to the opinion that you should be called the Sagebrush Thoraeu.”

Charlie McCarthay (to W. C. Fields): “Are you eating a tomato or is that your nose?”

Seen on wall of “the place” in a Canadian filling station: “We aim to please. You aim too, please!”

Writers who speak of a “vital necessity” could strike out the word “vital” and be ahead.

A writer who splashes in with the
word "material," when "war material" would do the job better, is trying to show off.

It's all right to have one's say about the Yellow Peril, the Red Menace, the Brown, Silver and Black Shirts and so on, but it's considered "bad taste" to tell the truth about the Black International.

Popular wisecrack: "The reason Hitler always looks so glum and sour is that he gets up on the wrong side of the Channel every morning."

Keith Jennison, in his book, "Vermont is Where You Find It," goes in for little colloquies, one of which follows: "How far is it to Fairfax?" "Dunno." "Does this road go to Fairfax?" "Dunno." "Say, you don't know much do you?" "No, but I ain't lost."

Clarence Darrow, long one of my pet authors and long popular with my readers, once was twitted about his appearance by reporters, which moved him to reply: "I don't understand what makes you fellows look so different from me. The same tailors make your clothes and mine. I pay as much. I buy my ties and other haberdashery at the same stylish shops you buy from. The only explanation I can hit on is maybe you dudes take off your clothes when you go to sleep at night."

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "Like most of us, I suppose, Upton Sinclair has had his 'queer' moments. But in that 'Letter to an Isolationist' in the March, 1942, number of The Freeman he's as hard-headed a logician as any I've ever read. Then, that terrific indictment of the Boston branch of the Catholic hierarchy by Franklin P. Collier, Jr., was juicy reading too. And when I came to that piercing satire by A. M. Paschall, on the vagaries of the Ethereal Esquire, I laughed till I wept. Mr. Paschall should have given Chapter and Verse, though, in his quotation from Holy Writ; a few of the faithful might thus have checked up on him—and possibly have been shocked into a common-sense and rationalist view of such gruesomeness. In order to review it, I looked it up myself. It's in the 15th Chapter of Numbers, verses 32 to 38."

A cartoon shows a small-town yokel propostioning a girl with this line: "I ain't got much to offer ye, Martha, unless 'n ye want to count them 26 free games I got comin' on the pin game down at Doc Salter's drugstore."

Whenever I hear talk about business ethics I'm reminded of the old story about the merchant who was asked by his son to define ethics. "Well, I'll show you," said the father. "Suppose a lady comes into the store, buys a lot of goods and pays me $10 too much when she goes out. Then ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my partner?"

Henry C. Draver, Kansas City, Mo.: "I congratulate you on the work you are doing to free the mind from the curse of superstition."

Some revenue agents finally caught up with an old mountaineer who had long been running a still. Asked his name, the aged whisky-maker replied that it was Joshua. "Any relation to the Joshua who made the sun stand still?" "No, suh. Ah ain't got nothin' to do with dat Joshua. I'm de Joshua dat made de moonshine still."

E. E. Mauck, Lincoln, Nebr.: "I am taking you up on that autographed picture of yourself, for which I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. I am curious to have a look at the one man that can take it and give back better than they send. All without the usual bellyache. More power to you. But I wonder if modesty is not your fault. My reading has come from your plans for all the years you have been there."

Archie Musick, Colorado Springs, Colo.: "As an appendix to C. A. Lang's sensible observation on highway murder, I quote from a Colorado rancher who made his statement, and thought no more about it: They make 'em to go too damn fast."

Just as I was getting ready to rub goose fat on my chest I came on this observation by the economist with the home-made moustache, the Rt. Hon. Groucho Marx: "Your tax dollar goes right down to Washington, where, contrary to popular impression, it is finally and destroyed by the Potomac by a dollar-a-year man who first bites it to see if it is counterfeit. The bite is put on you."

Harry D. Rickard, Norwood Park, Ill.: "My favorite author is that intellectual giant and purveyor of all knowledge, Joseph McCabe. He is, in my opinion, one of the sanest of writers whose works I have had the pleasure of reading. At times I suffer emotional instability due to discussions with well-meaning Fundamentalists. After such ordeals I retreat to my shop and drag out one of McCabe's books. This rational act always has the same result. There is a complete return to mental equilibrium. The therapeutic value of rationalistic literature is (in my case) inestimable. I owe you a great debt of gratitude for making it possible to acquire a Freethought Library at little cost. Your books are a luxury I cannot deny myself, even with a deflated wallet."

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "So
Dr. Morris Fishbein's daughter uses your name in vain! Tsk! Tsk! Here would be real grounds for a scholarly effusion on infant damnation by the Brooklyn 'Tablet.' But why do you de-fame trip, a perfectly wholesome and palatable food, by applying its name to the catachismal ravings of said 'Tablet' over infant baptism and pre-communion fasts? Here's a place where heifer-dust should have been featured.

Robert G. Ingersoll once said that if you mention the name of Voltaire in the presence of a priest, you immediately make a declaration of war.

Congressman Lee Patrick, of Alabama, one of the most original geographers in the House: "Japan is never satisfied. First she goes after Siam and now she's attacking Thailand."

The Literary Guide, of London, reprints the following from the N. Y. Truthseekers: "How typical of Joseph McCabe! From London this distinguished Atheist writer has quietly been having a little trouble for a few weeks, but he had a shower of fire-bombs in my little street last week. I put out a couple and returned to reading a novel." His letter states that most Londoners are indifferent to air raids and ignore the air warnings. 'At first it tickled me a bit in the spine when bombs whistled down nearby, but I don't take the least notice now.' McCabe is engaged on a gigantic project—writing a Rationalistic encyclopaedia which will be published after the war. 'I love work,' he remarks, and mentions that he has been laboring under high pressure in an endeavor to get his material together from the National Library 'before it is bombed.' 'I think you will find the 'Little Encyclopaedia satisfactory,' he states. Doubtless we shall. Those who are acquainted with his immense output of books know what a gluton he is for assimilating knowledge. We extend to this ranking scholar of our time our sincere greetings. May Hitler's bombs miss Joseph McCabe."

Here's a sentence from the great Freethinker and Agnostic, Professor Thomas Henry Huxley, which I want to pass on to my pious readers: "The most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done whether you like it or not."

Barney L. Taylor, who is known to many Freeman readers, was on duty at the U. S. Naval Hospital (staff) at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on the morning of December 7, when Japan made its treacherous attack on our base. On December 15, Reader Taylor sent me a card which said: "Am indeed happy to be in a position to write you. I am safe and well. The morale here is 4.0."

Grandma to Grampa, on 50th anniversary of their married life: 'Well, John, I can say in all sincerity that I believe you've never deceived me all these years—but you've tried hard enough.'

Asked how he could afford to stop at the most expensive hotels, a famous evangelist replied: "Isn't God a millionaire?"

Radio preacher: "Are you in a backslidden condition?"

Harriet Rossiter, Ketchikan, Alaska: "The year Charles A. Lindbergh left the U. S. so secretly for England, you had a short article in The Freeman saying that Lindbergh was going to Europe on a secret mission and that when the time was ripe he would be brought back to this country and given a build up for the position of dictator under and protector of democracy in the U. S. I thought it was pretty far-fetch ed at the time, but kept the clipping. When the Lindbergh affair apparently carried out this plan as far as conditions would permit, I turned to the clipping and found again you had hit the issue square on the head. You beat the world by years."

After numerous wars a lone human survivor escaped on a raft and eventually was dying of heat and thirst in the South Seas. A few minutes before he died he wrote: "I am the lone survivor of the human race." The body was washed ashore and found by a pair of apes. "For Crissakes!" they screamed in chorus as they read the note, "now we've got to start all over again!"

Frank Morgan, Shreveport, La: "When I first started reading your paper several years ago I didn't like the old, worn out type jumbled together column after column. So I decided that this old man of 89 wouldn't renew, but after burning the midnight oil till I had read every word I came to the conclusion from the number of chuckles I got from this issue that you could print the paper in any old way. The paper is a knockout. Though 89 years old, I am in perfect health—good hearing, good eyesight and good appetite. I get around like an active young buck and, by the way, everything under my zipper is just as good as it ever was. I can take a good ride most any time and feel much better after it."

Duncan MacKenzie, Battle Creek, Mich: "I wish you continued and greater success in bombing out 'bunk-nests' in religion, social relations, economics,

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political relations and life in general. I prize your paper for its liberating viewpoint. I am especially pleased to hear from Joseph McCabe, of London. There's an outstanding guy if ever there was one."

Heard in passing: "You're a heel without a soul."

A preacher, trying to impress on his flock the heat and fury of Hell: "You all have seen how melted lead running out a furnace. Well, they use that stuff for ice cream in the place I'm speakin' of."

A Salvation Army band was holding a street meeting. After the hymns each member was asked to give a short testimonial. At last it was the turn of the solemn-faced woman with the drum. "Before I was washed in the blood of the lamb, I was a cigarette smoker," she began. "Now I don't smoke no more. Before I was saved, I swore. Now I don't never swear with dirt we used to hit the outside for never less than a pint a day, but now I'm saved and I don't drink no more. For 20 years I was a pushover for anything in pants, but I was saved, and now I don't sin no more. In fact, I don't do one goddamned thing 'cept beat this old drum!"

Young man, asking girl to dance: "Come on, worm, let's wiggle."

Justice of the peace: "This girl is only 17. You'll have to get her father's consent." Groom-to-be: "Who do you think this old guy with the shotgun is, Daniel Boone?"

Two German actors were hustled into a concentration camp, and here's the reason: One, a popular comedian, waltzed onto the stage with a muzzle over his mouth, sat down, and remained silent for one minute, two minutes, three minutes. The audience began to titter. Finally he got up and walked off the stage, still silent, whereupon the Master of Ceremonies appeared before the footlights and announced: "Now that the political part of our program is over, we come to the entertainment."

Reader: "The 200,000,000 Little Blue Books have probably done more for education in the U. S. than any two of our universities."

Harry Chrisman, Scottsbluff, Nebr.: "I enjoy Joseph McCabe's letters from England. He is a grand old man and I hope you will publish more of his letters."

Reader: "Last Sunday I went to hear my old friend, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes. He is a brilliant fellow, and to a certain degree, sincere. He has a good sense of humor. But though he was quite liberal 10 years ago he seems now to have been buried alive with little Jesus down in there trying to dig him out. He is, as ever, a parson; no use trying to mince words; and prays as though the world were waiting to be saved. In the forum period he did some sly slants. Meanwhile, he locked straight down at me in the fourth row and snarled out mal-editions about the Atheists, sighed, and felt better. Were he free (I have said this many times) he would be another Ingersoll, for John has so much, but his words last Sunday sounded like Bryan at the Scopes trial."

From a reader in Boston (Beanville, with its Beans and Has-Beens): "We should change, our coins from 'In God We Trust' to 'We Trust Each Other, or some such rationalistic slogan."

Hitler wants a lasting peace with horror.

Hollywood executives: "Everybody is trying to carry water in both pockets at once."

Mark Twain tells of an incorrigible liar who left a suicide note, but the coroner's jury turned in a verdict of murder because it insisted the lying stiff's word couldn't be believed.

A man got out of a bed in which still reposed a lovely dame. He: "I think I'll get up and rest."

Gordon De Lisle, Los Angeles, Calif.: "I hope you may be able to continue the good work of broad-caliber enlightenment throughout the war period, without serious deflection."

Joseph McCabe, who is doing one of his biggest jobs of writing for me, appreciates W. B. Yeats' dictum: "Think like a wise man but communicate in the language of the people."

He always deals in the most important and weighty subjects, but never forgets that his first job is to reach the man-in-the-street. Using the man-in-the-street's language helps put his message across. He never pontificates, yet he always succeeds in teaching. He never vulgarizes, yet he always popularizes. He never shouts, yet he always speaks in a firm voice. He never puts up straw men. He never misrepresents the opposition. He is always fair to his enemies. He never stoops to studied inaccuracies. In short, he always gives out from soup to nuts. That's why the Blackintern hates him. The Gauleiters of the Black International don't mind the diaper drolleries and gents-room journalism of a Walter Winchell, because such a craftsman is always careful to step clear of controversial subjects, but they loathe the guts of a Joseph McCabe who knows the truth about
touchy issues and discusses them candidly. If McCabe were ethically elastic the Blackintern would play marbles up his alley, but since he always shoots straight, it yells for the cops.

I get a mild glow out of the old story about the marine painter who, when over-persuaded by a friend to do his portrait, remarked: “All right. I'11 paint your portrait but warn you it's going to look sort of like a ship.”

Joseph McCabe sends this gag about war-time London: “Clancy, about three sheets to the wind, stood cursing on a London street during an air raid, a door-knob in his fist. ‘Them heinies will pay for this—blowin' a saloon roight outta ma hand!’”


One night, at a Kansas City art exhibition, Bishop Beerbolch noticed a man hugging and kissing a marble bust of a woman and getting a powerful boot out of it. “Young man,” Bishop Beerbolch cried, “a good Protestant wouldn't do that!” “But I'm not a Protestant,” returned the guy, continuing his necking. “Well, a good Catholic wouldn't do it either,” added Beerbolch, the Bishop. “I'm not a Catholic.” “Well then, a good Jew would not do it,” “I'm not a Jew!” piped up the fellow. “Hmmm,” hmmm-d Bishop Beerbolch, “then what are you?” “I'm a Christian Scientist,” sighed the lover, “and Im' having an affair with a girl in Canada!”

Black International strikes me as a good name for the Catholic Church, because it puts the world's greatest real estate corporation right up with the other Internationals, including the Brown International. Now we need a variation of the term, so Blackintern is suggested, for use in the sense in which we write Comintern. Nazintern is another good word, for Hitler's plans, like the Blackintern's, cover the world. I think Nazintern is better than Hunsintern. By the way, Germans shouldn't protest against being called “Huns,” considering it was the Kaiser himself who gave the word its big start when, a half century ago, he sent his soldiers into China to fight the Boxers with the slogan, “Act like Huns!” If there's any blame to be assessed, charge it to the Kaiser. The German people didn't mind at the time. They began to object only when non-Germans picked up the word.

Arthur W. Gorbett, Seattle, Wash.: “I have just finished reading the first four numbers of The Black International. It is, by far, the most wonderful and profoundly exact expose ever written. Joseph McCabe is a grand old man with a youthful intellect.”

Washingtonians are calling Mayor Fiorella La Guardia “Little Frankie” instead of “Little Flower.” He makes me think of a fugitive from a Mexican jumping bean.

When the first reports of the Pearl Harbor disaster started coming in, an old cavalry officer met a Navy man at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. It seemed plain that our armed forces had been caught with their panzers down. Said the cavalryman: “They should have had cavalry there.” “And may I ask what the cavalry could have done?” asked the miffed Navy officer. Old-timer: “At least they'd have been up grooming their horses.”

Mrs. Swell Sasslety: “I will gladly pay you $1,000 fee to play at my party, but it must be understood in advance that under no circumstances are you to mingle with the guests.”

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist Elman Menuhin Heffitz: “If that's the case my fee will be only $500.”

Bishop Beerbolch (full of righteousness and fried chicken) once told Clarence Darrow that business depressions are good things because they bring people back to church. “So do funerals,” muttered Darrow.

The editors of C. and C. Merriam Company's Webster's New International Dictionary recently asked how I pronounce the first part of my surname—Haldeman. Several points are in doubt, which I'm glad to clear up. The accent falls on the first syllable—Hall. The first a is pronounced as in Hall. The e is pronounced as in it. The second a is obscured, as in sofa.

Joseph McCabe, London, England: “Here in London, I've heard this one from people who want to relieve the tedium of the war: What is an Englishman? An Englishman is a soldier in a uniform. What is a Spaniard? A Spaniard is a soldier without a uniform. What is an Italian Fascist? An Italian Fascist is a uniform without a soldier.”

Sign seen over the entrance of a factory in England: “Business as usual during alterations.”


Joseph McCabe, 22 St. Georges Road, Golders Green, London, England: “London is laughing over this little joke.”
A female commander of a squad of 50 women lorry (truck) drivers ordered: "Everyone who is pregnant take one step forward." Forty-nine girls stepped forward. Turning to the girl who remained the commandant shouted: "What's the matter, Miss Jones, didn't you hear me?" . . . Another story picked up by the author of "The Black International" (plug) has to do with a group of minor British officials touring Moscow. The Russians were showing them the sights. "This," they said, "is Anthony Eden Boulevard—fully the Nazi Road"; and again, pointing to an impressive edifice, "That is the Winston Churchill Building—formerly Adolf Hitler Palace." So the British, deeply impressed, took leave of their hosts, and in departing said: "Farewell, comrades—formerly So-and-Sos."

Margaret Bourke-White, distinguished photographer and wife of novelist Esteline Caldwell: "I'm sure Stalin will tie an empty caviar can to Hitler's panzers."

A postman in Berlin, after pounding the sidewalks for months with the same pair of shoes, filled out 18 application blanks, visited 12 bureaucrats, stood in 20 lines for an average of two hours per line, and finally got a notice to appear before a Nazi inspector. Looking through her well-cared-for purse, he spit his lips and announced: "All you need do is to have these shoes given ersatz heels and soles, after which you can get ersatz uppers. You see, don't you, that the laces are in excellent condition?"

Mark Twain: "There's always something about your success that displeases even your best friends."

What the hierarchists really mean: "Fake, Hoax, and Charity."

A. J. Hartmann, Montreal, Canada: "If you get up earlier in the morning than your neighbor, and work harder and scheme more and stick to your job more closely and stay up later planning how to make more money than your neighbor and burn the midnight oil planning how to get ahead of him, you won't only will you leave more money when you die than he will, but you'll leave it a darn sight sooner."

One of my readers, Charles E. Richardson, 43 W. 32nd Street, N. Y. C. has a pleasant and useful hobby and this when he Dr. William Osler's remark that "no man is really happy or safe without a hobby." Whenever Richardson meets an interesting sentence or passage while reading he copies it into his notebook, and when he gets together about 50 of them he mimeographs the lot under the title, "Gleanings From My Notebooks," and passes them to his friends. He read five of his collections, from which I picked up some ideas. Here's one, which he says he got from a child: "The world turns softly, so not to spill its lakes and rivers." And here's a child's lament: "I'm tired, tired as the lazy stones that are always sitting down." From Max Mueller: "Without speech no reason; without reason no speech." Eccles 111.1:6: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven: A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away." Charles E. Richardson: "A stopped clock is 100 percent correct once every 12 hours. Are you?" Said the Romans (and Paul didn't help them): "While we live, let's live!" ("Dum vivimus, vivamus.") Voltaire: "We never live; we are always in the expectancy of living." Mark Twain: "We should all live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry." (Readers of my volumes of "Questions and Answers" perhaps remember seeing that Mark Twain sentence repeated in a couple of places.) While still in this lofty and exalted mood let me thank one of my readers for sending me a couple of rolls of a new toilet paper, made of Doubledown. My reader feels I would have revised my article on toilet paper if I'd known of this new, softer, stronger, super-absorbent, lint-free bathroom luxury item. It comes in double sheets, and as you pull from the roll you get two strips instead of one. That may sound bare and uninformative, so I can suggest that you participate in a demonstration. I make a bald assertion that this new stuff is as fine as the squares of old linen used by Queen Elizabeth. Doubledown is the aristocrat of toilet paper. This masterpiece comes from the studio-laboratories of America, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

The Milwaukee section of the Black International says Bingo is more important than national defense. According to The Milwaukee Journal, it was suggested that a small first-aid station be installed in St. Helen's parochial school, but the pastor told the emergency medical relief committee that "bingo games played in the basement of the school during certain week nights make that area unavailable while upper floors of the building are taxed to capacity." Bingo greases the holy palms of the hierarchists, and it's a sin against the Holy Ghost to interfere with that easy draft.

F. Muragatroyd King, Sedro Woolley,
Wash.: "I am not going to emit a number of drools about how life cannot go on for me without The Free- man. However, I should like to ante in a scootie to keep the paper coming in order that I may drink occasionally at the effervescent E. Haldeman-Julius fountain of vigorous intellectualism."

Joseph Wheless, author of "The Church that Was Founded on Lies and Forgeries," stands ready to challenge orthodoxy whenever it resorts to unfair tactics. His book, which has been on my list for years, shows what he thinks of the Black International, but he has always fought the hierarchies with the weapons of truth and facts, not abuse and libel. He expects the same treatment in return. Not getting it, this Freethinker stands ready to appeal to the courts for justice. In New York City, recently, Mr. Wheless filed a $100,000 libel suit against the American Press, publishers of a Catholic weekly, for saying about him: "The cult of the atheists follows the Nazi pattern.... Atheists use Nazi methods." According to a report in William Floyd's little magazine The Arbitrator, Mr. Wheless contends that he is opposed to Nazism and that the Catholic conception of an atheist is one who commits "a crime worse than murder," whereas an atheist may be as moral as anyone else, while claiming that there is insufficient evidence for the existence of any god. The Blackintern hastily respects for the truth when attacking its enemies, but that doesn't mean Freethinkers should tolerate unfair abuse. There are legal ways of striking back, and I'm glad to see Mr. Wheless use the courts when gauleiters of the Black International turn their guns on him. As my readers know, I've had to take a lot of their wretched insults. For years I've been one of the pet targets of the leaders of Catholic-Fascism. Recently I reprinted a long tirade from The Tidings, a Los Angeles Catholic organ. This article was syndicated by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis, Mo., and was run in numerous Catholic periodicals. The Catholic Digest, for March, 1942, gave its readers a condensed version of this piece, adding the statement near the headline that I am a "village atheist." One must hear a religionist use that epithet to know how much venom these subtle instruments of Jehovah can pump into a few syllables. A village atheist is supposed to stand beside the village idiot. Each village is expected to have one of each. It happens, of course, that I am not a villager, living on a 160-acre farm, which, for the sake of accuracy, should entitle me to the label of "rural atheist," but that could never be made to sound as appalling as that old standby, village atheist. My old-time readers, including those who have been looking into my volumes of "Questions and Answers," may remember that I've written fat pieces defending the village atheist, showing him to be not the natural pal of the village idiot but the surest exponent of Rationalism and realistic thinking in communities too long blighted by the poisonous gases of supernaturalism.

Cock-eyed sober, the other night, I staggered. Why? Because I had been listening to a ponderous symphony by a duck named Bruckner. Before I dropped in exhaustion, I asked some strangers: "Why is the goddamn name of everything that's holy and uncontaminated don't composers do a symphony now and then just for the fun of the thing? The strangers backed away, turned violent, but I continued: "Why don't they try to make a symphony so exciting and lively that it'll be fun just to listen to it, instead of trying to save men's souls and purify their spirits?" There was no answer, because the strangers were gone.

Doctor: "Advice to the thin: don't eat fast. Advice to the fat: don't eat, fast."

H. L. Mencken, in one of his books, says Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914?) wrote "some of the most devastating epigrams ever written." It is hard, he adds, to find a match for the following in Oscar Wilde himself: "Ah, that we could fall into women's arms without falling into their hands." He recalls another: "Once: enough!" Still another: "Husband: one who, having dined, is charged with the care of the plate." Another: "Our vocabulary is defective: we give the same name to woman's lack of temptation and man's lack of opportunity." And: "Slang is the speech of him who robs the literary garbage cans on their way to the dump." In his "The Devil's Dictionary," Bierce defines a clergyman as "a man who undertakes the management of our spiritual affairs as a method of bettering his temporal ones." Diplomacy: "The patriotic art of lying for one's country." Faith, he says, is "belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without knowledge, of things without parallel." Bierce was a relentless debunker. By way of illustration consider his brief dissertation on the superb bouton, palmistry, which he put down as one of the methods of obtaining money by false pretenses. "It consists in 'reading character,'" he says, "in the wrinkles made by closing the hand.
The pretense is not altogether false; character can really be read very accurately in this way, for the wrinkles in every hand submitted plainly spell the word 'dupe.' The imposture consists in not reading it aloud. Bierce busts loose on one of his pet hates, the platitude, which is the worst sin of popular literature. A platitude, he intones, is "a thought that sours in words that smoke. The wisdom of a million fools in the diction of a dullard. A fossil sentiment in artificial rock. A moral without a tale. All that is mortal of a departed truth. A demi-tasse of milk-and-morality. The Pope's nose of a featherless peacock. A jelly-fish withering on the shore of the sea of thought. The cackle succuring the egg. A desiccated epigram." That, I insist, is lively writing. Try it yourself some day.

A harmless and slightly daft debunker jotted down some barbarisms, after hearing his barber send customers away with these farewell: "Don't take wooded nickels." "Don't go 'way mad." "Good-bye, sir." "Heidel-hey. ""Hurry back." "Watcha step." "If ye can't be good, be careful." "Be seein' ye." "Next!" was a permanent fixture. Then came these barbarisms: "You need a singe bad. A close shavel'll ketch up to a once-over light shave in jest 'bout an hour." "Them black-heads is cryin' for a nice massage." "Ye kin have the neck shaved straight down or around." "I never give a prison-style haircut 'cept when it wuz asked for." "What say a little tonic on the alfalfa?" "Hersicid! will sure save it unless you ruther Westphal's Auxilillator?" "Murine'll brighten them peepers." "Your neck breaks out 'cause you shave agin the grain." "Every two weeks a man should have a hair-cut if he wants to look his best." "Wet or dry?" "Part or straight back?" "I never lean over when servin' the ladies, but I sometimes git the notion." "I'm still to get my first tip from a woman."

The mammas were both weeping at the wedding. After the knot had been pulled tight, the girl's mammy fell on the groom's shoulder and cried: "You will be gentle with my darling, won't you?" Thereupon the other mama kissed the bride, and cried: "You will be gentle with my darling, won't you?"

Said the hoarse frog: "Poddon me, I've got a man in my throat."

A small-town preacher was debating with his brethren a call he'd received from a larger church. A few days later a member of the congregation met the preacher's small son. "Has your father accepted the call?" "I don't know," the boy replied, "but I do know that Pa is upstairs praying and Ma is downstairs packing."

Theodore Dreiser: "I can't see what has produced in America this complacency, this attitude that we can monkey around and win the war. We're due for a grand slam in our faces. I can see no results for our expenditures. I'd like to see us heat up a little. America has laid a procession of goose eggs across the country and some day they'll hatch into the full realization that we are the greatest race of thumb-twaddlers on earth."

When Joseph McCabe goes to his reward let it be said that he was, in the words of Matthew Arnold, a man who

Loved no darkness
Skepticated no truth
Nursed no delusion
Allowed no fear.

Clarence Darrow, whose death caused no decline of interest in his numerous Little Blue Books, is the subject of a close-up in George Jean Nathan's Inimate Notebook," in which Darrow is quoted as telling him: "If there's anything I like better than reading funny stuff out loud to people who'll stand for it, if I give them enough drinks, it must be cross-word puzzles. Whatever happen and no matter who is up for murder, I never miss doing two a day. I'm like H. G. Wells in that respect. Wells is a great old boy for cross-word puzzles. I've played time-limit games with him in the south of France and good as he is, Clarence has put it all over him." That reminds me of the morning I called on Darrow in his Hotel Belmont room in New York City. We were to discuss the addition of several Little Blue Books to the already lengthy list of Darrow titles. But he had just started on the Herald-Tribune's puzzle, and nothing could be done or said until he finished. It was a tough puzzle, holding my attention for 25 minutes flat. I'd been doing occasional puzzles myself, but the moralist in me rebelled at the sight of the great wit and philosopher wasting his time, and I've passed up the damned things ever since that morning. Just the sight of a puzzle gives me a twinge of pain. This reminds me of the pain I always get in the nail of my right thumb when I see boys playing marbles. When I was a boy I was the neighborhood champion playing so long and hard that I wore the thumb-nail down almost to the cuticle. It hurt, but I played on, winning most of the best marbles from the boys who were reckless enough to challenge me in those ancient Philadelphia days of more than four decades ago. In the same way
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the smell of a schoolboy's slate always brings back my days in the Philadelphia public schools near 3rd and Federal and 2nd and Oxford. I was one of the happy boys who, returning from lunch one day, found my school building in flames. Across the street was a notion factory that made things with celluloid and other inflammable things, and it was going like a furnace, with more than a dozen employees trapped beyond the second floor. I saw men and women jump into firemen's nets. I saw men carried away in stretchers. I saw my schoolroom take fire. We had taken an exam that morning, and my papers were on teacher's desk, where it threatened to expose my lack of scholarship. What a day!

Clarence Darrow was approached by a young criminal lawyer for advice on a tough case. "How long should I talk to the jury?" he asked the old Free-thinker, wit, philosopher and lawyer. "At least three hours," said Darrow. "Why so long?" asked the young lawyer. "Well," replied Darrow, "the longer you talk, the less your client will be in prison."

Heinrich Heine (in Germany, a century ago): "If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loophole of escape... that loophole is larger than the dungeon itself."

The following from Homer's "Iliad" has real meaning to fighting America: To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right. In peace and war, in council and in flight.

Liberty, argued Daniel Webster, is granted only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the English poet, wrote more than a century ago in his "Tribute to America" that England "turns to her chainless child for succor now."

Frank V. Moskus, Burbank, Calif.: "Please accept my congratulations on your fine work. Even if everyone does not agree with you, the value of seeing another side of a usually one-sided subject is of immense value."

S. Lawrence Sull, Wethersfield, Conn.: "I've just read a blast concerning E. Haldeman-Julius and Joseph McCabe. The supposed expose is entitled 'The Black International' and appears in the March, 1942, issue of Catholic Digest. Obviously you struck pay-dirt in launching this venture, otherwise the pulp-pounders wouldn't bother to expektorate venom at you."

Charles V. Stevens, Minneapolis,

Minn.: "I am more interested than ever in your publications. We must help you keep a free press."

Groucho Marx: "How come Clark Gable makes love to Lana Turner only twice a year on the screen when he obviously has time for a third and fourth session?"

Arthur W. Gorbutt, Seattle, Wash.: "Joseph McCabe certainly gives E. Haldeman-Julius full and merited credit as the only publisher in America during the last 10 years who has enabled me to tell truths of the kind I tell here. Yet it will be evident that the world would have been far better equipped to meet the darkening future if the whole truth had been put before it year after year. All this is in No. 6. "The War and the Papal Intrigue" that non-African Freeman reader can afford to miss."

Reader: "She kept a diary and now that diary is keeping her."

"When they were divorced, she got the children and he got the maid."

A radio censor refused to pass the line in a song, "Why don't we do this more often, just as we're doing tonight?" until it had been changed to: "Why don't we do this more often, just as we're doing TODAY?"

Groucho Marx: "I have prepared a chart showing what happens to this dollar of yours. Technically it is known as a pie chart, the dollar pie chart. Obviously there are a few governmental expenses I had to omit—the cost of the war, for example—because the pie was so small. You can see, though, that the government is not making a nickel on you. The government is not out to make money. If it were, would it be owing $300,000 to every Tom, Dick, and Harry?"

The Black International takes the position that anything printed about sex must be branded as obscene literature, which brings up the sensible comment of the Archbishop of Canterbury: "I would rather have all the risks which come from free discussion of sex than the great risks we run by a conspiracy of silence." As Theodore Shroeder puts the issue: "Censorship always protects and perpetuates every horror of the prevailing forms of oppression. It is the strongest chain for every slavery—the surest way to prolong legalized injustice. Liberty and peace can grow only with a mutuality of understanding, and only by a dispassionate consideration of all that untrammeled minds will offer when encouraged to express all they believe and feel. The Black International hates free minds. Free minds aren't ready dupes for the stu-
pidity of Catholicism. Controversy helps establish truth, which explains why the Blackintern avoids controversy, preferring suppression and ostracism rather than Catholicism as the world's most contemptible ideology. It is yet to learn, in the words of Henry Thomas Buckell, that "no great truth which has once been found, has ever afterwards been lost; nor has any important discovery yet been made which has not eventually carried everything before it." The Blackintern figures it can fight truth better by keeping its millions of dupes in ignorance. Wherever the Catholic Church dominates the scene, there we see illiteracy, social backwardness and organized bigotry. Joseph McCabe, in the first series of "The Black International," has told part of the story in countries like Poland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. When the U.S. established itself in the Philippines, 40 years ago, it found 98 percent of the people illiterate. The Islands were ruled by the Catholic medievalists of Spain with the Church doing more than its share of the ignoble work of keeping the millions of people in the Islands ignorant and easily ruled. After more than 400 years of the Roman Catholic Church's domination of the minds of the people of the Philippines, only 2 percent could read and write. During the past 40 years the U.S. has spent countless millions of dollars on Philippine education, so that today illiteracy is down to 50 percent. The credit for this showing goes to democratic, liberal Uncle Sam. At the same time we made it possible for the people over there to enjoy the highest standard of living in the entire Orient. All the years we were doing this the Catholic Church was fighting our influence for progress and enlightenment. We were described as pagans who aim to destroy the "fine fruit" of Catholicism. That's why it doesn't cause surprise when we learn that the Catholic Church in the Philippines is working in close harmony with the Japanese Fascists. The Church will get its reward for this stab in the back. Its effort to strengthen Japan's "New Order" in the Islands will move the Japanese to give the Blackintern generous privileges in the field of religious propaganda. I've already proven this from the record, as may be seen by looking into my volumes of "Questions and Answers." In the lower down, we have to tolerate the spectacle of some of the Black International's laymen and lower priests trying to delude our people into the belief that it's possible for a good Catholic to be a true democrat. The business would be laughable were it without its melan- choly aspects. A democrat is one who believes that the people shall rule, that governments belong to the people, that public officials, elected by the people, are the people, that power must flow from the people, and that the will of the people must prevail. The history of the Blackintern shows that such a philosophy is opposed to the official documents and teachings of the One and Only Church. The encyclical letters of the Popes make it easy to prove this assertion. In short, it's impossible for a Catholic to be a democrat. There is no way of reconciling the authoritarianism of the Blackintern with the simple doctrines of democracy. Gaetano Salvemini, of Harvard University, shows that when the hierarchy uses the word "democrat" in this democratic country the holy gauliters of Catholic-Fascism mean "a person who accepts democratic institutions as a better environment than lay totalitarian institutions for spreading the influence of the Catholic Church and philosophy and thus part of the Catholic totalitarianism which supersedes both democracy and lay totalitarianism." There are, without question, many such "democratic" Catholics in democratic U.S.A. However, says Prof. Salvemini, "they should be called not democratic Catholics, but Jesuit-minded Catholics." Salvemini, who is a refugee from Italian Catholic-Fascism, adds that there are also Catholics who endeavor to do good works and sincerely take part in political activities under democratic institutions with the purpose of helping their neighbor improve life. "They never," says Sal- vemini, "dispute the official dogmas of the Church and therefore they do not accept the philosophy of democracy since such philosophy clashes with Catholic philosophy, but they do not care much about dogmas, philosophy and theology. ... They are Gospel-minded and not Jesuit-minded Cath- olics. They should not be termed dem- ocrat-Catholics, since they do not ac- cept the philosophy of democracy. They should be termed progressive Catholics, since one may wish and hope for so- cial improvement whatever is his phi- losophy." The Catholic laity includes many such individuals, but they can't be said to be popular with the hierarchies, which is as reactionary and big- oted as ever. The upper-clergy and most of the lower clergy, as Joseph McCabe and Salvemini have shown many times, are always either Jesuit-minded or frankly reactionary. The Gospel-minded progressives among the laity never dare challenge the reactionary policies of the hierarchy, which means they never can exercise much
political influence. My readers may recall my articles on the Spanish Civil War (all of them reprinted in my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers"), in which I showed that, according to a poll, about 65 percent of the Catholics in the U.S. were in favor of the Loyalists, at the very time the hierarchy was using all its immense powers to commit this country to official support for the Catholic-Fascists under General Franco. They were powerful enough to force the U.S. to declare an embargo on war supplies to the Loyalists, who, it will be remembered, represented the official, duly elected government of democratic Spain. It was this unfair and unprogressive act that strengthened the positions of Hitler and Mussolini, who were free to lend every possible aid to the Catholic-Fascist rebels. It was our short-sighted policy with regard to Spain (forced on us by the hierarchy, which was acting contrary to the opinion of the laity) that made possible the political and military situation that moved the Catholic-Fascists in Europe to provoke what has since become a world war. Being an undemocratic organization, the hierarchy was able to ignore the sentiments of more than half the laity and launch a program that helped plunge the entire world into the worst war in history. That's why I say we shouldn't be fooled by the body of progressives in the Catholic fold. They can't translate their ideas into reality. The hierarchy rules. The hierarchy makes the important decisions, and they are always on the side of reaction.

Groucho Marx: "March used to mean the beginning of spring; now it's the end of your bankroll. That is when you have to answer the government's quiz program—a costly little game played by mail. You answer 32 questions concerning your public life—such as how much money you earn and where the hell is it? The only difference between this and other quiz programs is that you don't get paid for giving the right answer. But, somewhat like the program called True or False, you do take the consequences for giving the wrong replies."

When Winston Churchill visited Canada he was led to a deep plush rug in the government house at Ottawa that's famous for generating static electricity in the human body. Churchill even saw sparks when two persons shook hands. Fascinated by the phenomenon, Churchill remarked he'd never seen anything like it. An official told the prime minister that the human sparks were partly due to the cold, dry climate in Canada.

While standing on the rug, Churchill was approached by a beautiful young woman. When she shook hands, Churchill felt a sharp sting. Churchill then turned to an officer and remarked quite seriously that he thought this sort of thing must make Canada's sex life somewhat difficult.

"Italians are saying: "If England wins, we are losers; if Germany wins, we are lost."

"Erasmus: "They are called fathers, and many of them are."

"When we're not sure about the origin of a certain thing we're likely to say the thing was invented in China."

"Whenever I see a man wringing his hands and bellyaching over public issue I see discontent gone to waste. Discontent is a wonderful thing if it moves a person to action, to work, to doing something about it."

"John Milton: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

"Victor Hugo: "The most powerful thing in the world is an idea whose time has come."

"Noisy pigs get the swill."

"Reader: "While walking by a large midtown hotel in N. Y. C., I was struck by its name—SEX HOUSE. That, I thought was putting the world's oldest profession on a candid, above-board basis. Being in the mood to shop around, I walked up to the receptionist, who told me the score. The first two letters in the first word of the big, 4-story sign (Essex) were out of whack."

"After printing my piece about the absence of men and officers from the fleet at Pearl Harbor last December because many had gone into Honolulu for 7 o'clock mass, I picked up a little press story about the troubles of the War Production Board in seeking to conserve textiles by shortening women's skirts. The Washington officials responsible for this sensible order were bombarded with protests from priests and preachers. The WPB backed down. Piety comes before national defense. And this is the precious thing that makes all noble things possible."

"The average man, said Leonardo da Vinci, is no more than a digestive apparatus."

"Whenever an author corners me and insists on reading his manuscript, I don't squirm and suffer the way I used to. Instead, I say, politely and firmly, "I know how to read. I don't accept manuscripts by the way they sound but how they read. My eyes"
have accepted about 3,000 book manuscripts; my ear—none. A New York publisher, who specializes in technical books, disposes of the problem of authors who want to read their manuscripts to him with this stock answer: "We have an unbreakable rule never to publish anything that I can understand." In my experience, poets and fiction writers are the worst offenders. Even a good writer who goes in for verbal digests of his latest creation becomes just a little borseome, while a run-of-the-mine writer becomes a pest. If you're writing a novel, keep it a secret. Don't even say you're writing one. Let the world wait until it sees print, assuming it does. The other day a young writer got me cornered and let loose with elaborate descriptions of his characters and plot. He talked for 30 minutes and I didn't hear a word he said. Something goes shut in my brain when such a fellow lets loose on me. Later, he mailed me the fat Ms., with a note saying he wasn't submitting it for publication. All he wanted was my professional opinion and advice. It would have taken me at least two full days to read that story. I refused. Here the suggestion is made that may be overlooking something fine. True, but what good would it do to read his story in manuscript form? If it's fine I'll probably catch it when it's published, if I'm in the notion, which isn't likely because I don't go in for much fiction, preferring history, biography, philosophy, science, essays, criticism, Freethought, humor, gags, and the like.

Christopher Morley's suggested slogan for a New England antique shop: "If you don't know what you want, we've got it."

Sign in a store window:
"There, there, little necessity, don't you cry,
You'll be a luxury bye and bye."

Popular wisecrack: "Hitler's generals are getting deathly sick—Von by von."

Title of book: "From Watt to What?"

As my readers know, I have no prejudice against reading matter that entertains, but the main show for me is books that leave something for the brain to work on. Let me tell a few of my books, in Browning's phrase, qualify as "a substitute for an after-dinner cigar." Here I'm reminded of a story by H. G. Wells, "The Croquet Player," published several years ago, in which one of the characters utters a remark that echoes the mood of too many people today. Confronted by two thinkers who have scientific, logical reforms to offer the world, the character cries: "I do realize that our present world is going to pieces. I'm ready to fall in with anything promising, BUT IF I'M TO THINK, THAT'S TOO MUCH!"

Samuel Chugerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., author of a fine book about Lester E. Ward, sends me this comment from one of the works of the great sociologist: "The day will come when every church spire will loom up as a center of education. Every bit of knowledge shall be offered to all, and we may call them 'Halls of Science.'" Mr. Chugerman came on the following in one of Prof. Ward's unpublished lectures, "The Solution of the Great Social Problem": "The day is coming when fine church buildings will be used more than once a day in a week, and that on a higher subject than that to which they are now devoted. There is a law in biology which is called the law of vicarious function, by which an organ which has outlived the purpose for which it was originally created, is not destroyed or abandoned, but is, as it were, remodeled and adapted to a new and useful purpose. ... And so it will be in the great social metamorphosis. The handsome buildings which have so admirably served their purpose during this larval state of social development, will, figuratively speaking, become the wings on which the full-fledged human psyche shall rise into the pure atmosphere of intellectual freedom." Mr. Chugerman found the following paragraph in Ward's "Dynamic Sociology" (Vol. 1, p. 14): "The great moral and religious systems have been grand successes in so far as exerting an extraordinary influence and absolute control over the wills and acts of men is concerned. There have been signal and complete failures in so far as the amelioration of the condition of society is concerned. While it is impossible to discern what would have existed in the world if they had not, it is possible, on the other hand, to trace to their direct influence an enormous amount of unquestionable evil, and that mixed with but a small quantity of demonstrable good. ..."

A reader sends the following quotation from Algernon D. Black: "Some people see the world just as it is; these people are in a sense blind. Some people see it as it cannot be, an impossible world; these are in a sense fools. Some people see the world as it might be, the possible in the actual; these are idealists. And some people who see what it might be, feel that it ought to be, and have a sense of the oughtness. And these people, therefore, carry responsibility, a sense of
obligation, a vision to which they must be true?"

Clarence Darrow was asked once if he didn't think that marriage could be described as a lottery. "Yes," replied Darrow, "if only there were prizes." . . . One day Darrow found himself drinking with an Irishman, who wanted Darrow to tell him if he thought the Jews are dumber or smarter than the wine-run of humanity. Darrow replied: "When you and I were sitting up in the trees cracking nuts with our bare paws the Jews came along and sold us nut-crackers." . . . Another Darrow story: Shortly after Darrow was admitted to the bar, he was called to the local jail to hear the story of a new client who had been jailed for stealing something. When young Darrow saw that the prisoner was a penniless, unemployed head of a large family, he handed the poor wretch $25 and told him he'd be back in the morning. The next day Darrow was greeted effusively by the arrested man, who added: "Thanks for the $25. That money made it possible for me to call in a good lawyer, so I won't need your help any more."

Advertising writer: "I'm working on a big sales campaign to stop people from buying goods we can't sell 'em."

Professor (to a student who goes in for the highly abstract): "Let's dodge these cloudcuckoo phrasings."

Ed Wynn: "I once lived in the kind of modern apartment where if you want to go from the bedroom to the kitchen you stay right where you are."

As the Chinese say: "Funny people, you Americans. You take a glass, put sugar in to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour—you put gin in to warm you up and ice to keep you cool—you say 'Here's to you!' and then drink it yourself."

Consumers often make valuable suggestions. Here's one that an advertiser got: "Gentlemen: I tried some of your butterscotch ice cream and, golly, it's good. You can't help loving that taste but here's a suggestion to make it better. Use less butter and more scotch."

 Supernaturalism, dogmatisms and absolutisms—these can never be acceptable to Rationalists. Lionel Barrymore tells of a girl who was concerned with what the wind did to her skirt while seated opposite a robust Scot. After watching her struggle to keep her skirt below her knees the Scot said abruptly: "Dinna fuss y'self, lassie. Drink's MY weakness."

Clarence Darrow was visited one day by a young man who wanted to be defended against a robbery charge. When Darrow asked about his fee, the fellow replied: I haven't any money now, but I can get some for you tonight." "That won't do," muttered Darrow. "I don't care to take money that's been stolen—so recently."

Reader: "Religion seduces men's minds."

Mark Twain, while visiting a California garden, was taken in charge by a proud climate salesman and led from one horticultural marvel to the next. "Here," said the booster, "we have the silver-tree from South Africa. It will grow here. Here we have the strawberry-tree from the Mediterranean; it grows here too. This is the Nipa palm from the Malaya peninsula; it too finds Pasadena congenial. Yet here is the Iceland poppy; it also will grow in our Golden State." Mark Twain looked skeptically at the struggling shoots and said, "They all grow here, but some of 'em hate like hell to do it."

Cohen and Goldman, partners, discouraged with business, decided to change their names, so Cohen announced that henceforth he was to be known as McCarthy. Goldman, thinking it over, decided he too would call himself McCarthy. They instructed the telephone girl to sing-song "McCarthy and McCarthy" and all moved smoothly until a voice demanded to speak to Mr. McCarthy. "Which McCarthy do you want?" she asked. "Cohen or Goldman?"

Two Nazi aviators met in Paris. The first said: "What are you doing here? Hans?" "I sit on the Eiffel Tower with a pair of powerful binoculars trained on London—ready to report when they raise the white flag." "Ah," said the other commiseratingly, "that's a terrible job for a flyer." "Yes, I know," admitted his friend, "but it's permanent."

Groucho Marx: "Why does the government need money? Well, a steam engine will run only if you throw coal into it. Wouldn't YOU run if someone was going to throw coal into you?"

Count Korzybski: "God may forgive you your sins, but your nervous systems won't."

Guy Kibbe, movie actor: "We spend five years learning how to act, five years learning how not to act. Then we act natural and—maybe—become actors."

Bernard Shaw on Albert Einstein: "He is one of the eight greatest minds of all time, one of the 'makers of universe'. . . . Einstein on himself: "Isn't it strange that I who have writ-
ten only unpopular books should be such a popular fellow?”

Oscar Wilde, on George Moore: “He wrote brilliant English until he discovered grammar.”

A Congressman recently asked the Congressional Library whether or not the underground railroad of slavery days is still in existence, and if so could it be used as an air-raid shelter.

I welcome sentences that say nice things about books, the first reason being that they encourage reading, the least expensive and most self-developing form of intellectual behavior, the second being that such sentiments are natural aids in my work of distributing the creations of the greatest thinkers and literary artists. Here are a few: Thomas Carlyle’s “The true university of these days is a collection of books.” I’ve used that one before, and once, many years ago, while lecturing at the University of Missouri I spoke of my own publications as a “University in Print,” a slogan that I used in my advertising for several years. Here’s Oliver Wendell Holmes’s: “The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on the sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in, anyhow.” And here’s Lord Macaulay’s: “I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.” At the other extreme are men like Hobbes and Descartes, who came out candidly against reading, which strikes me as cultural and commercial heresy. Here’s Hobbes’s: “If I had read as much as other men, I would have been as ignorant as they.” And here’s Descartes’s: “I completely abandoned the study of books as soon as my age permitted me to grasp the substantial position of a scholar.” These men scorned books, but went off on their own and wrote books that have lived for centuries. Robert Southey, the poet, takes a more moderate, reasonable position: “Much reading is like much eating, wholly useless without digestion.”

Heywood Broun: “Psychologically it is Edgar Bergen who sits in the lap of Charlie McCarthy.”

Fred Allen: “A New York Winter gets so cold that the only man who can read the temperature without stooping is Mayor La Guardia.”

“The drug stores sell everything but drugs, which reminds me of a pharmacist who flunked in chow mein.”

Reader: “Among those who oppose refinement in language, an expression of opprobrium going the rounds is: ‘You son of a Jesuit.’

A reader sends a clipping which says that the first two tires given out in Durango and LaPlata, Colo., went to Father P. Cawley for his sedan.

One of Karl Marx’s relatives is said to have written: “If Karl had made a lot of Capital instead of writing a lot about Capital, it would have been much better.”

Walter Winchell once complained to another columnist that he never seemed to get enough sleep. “You get enough, Walter. Remember how Edison got only four hours a night?” “Yes,” replied Winchell, “but I’ve got things to do.”

Wm. V. Cowan, Renton, Wash.: “You are entitled to a pleasant spot in whatever Heaven you choose because of your wonderful educational work among us poor devils whom a Capitalist system doesn’t permit all the books we’d like.”

Too many of us are given to the shoddy habit of taking great ideas like Freethought, Rationalism, Agnosticism, and the like, as something that’s nice to have around but nothing to get worked up about. Such people should give thought to the suggestion that a grand concept like Freethought deserves zealous support and the willingness to show others its beauties, otherwise they’re like the people J. G. Whittier wrote about in his “Anniversary Poem,” (1885):

Too cheaply truths once purchased dear
Are made our own.
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown.
I don’t even try to explain my prejudice against portable typewriters.
King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba: “Madame, I ain’t come here to speak!”

W. Matthews, Wilmington, Del.: “The Brooklyn Tablet, March 14, 1942, takes exception to Mrs. Roosevelt’s statement that all of us—men in the services, and men and women at home—should be drafted and told what is the job we are to do. . . . The only way I can see to get the maximum service out of our citizens is to draft us all. . . .” Says The Tablet, “That the course advocated by Mrs. R. seems to be similar to that followed by the dictator cannot be questioned; all individuals should be subject to the orders of the State. . . . The conscription of women. . . . is closely identified with the basic tenets of Nazism. . . .” What’s irking this crowd is that the word ‘Church’ can’t be substituted for ‘State,’ “All individuals should be subject to the orders of the Church wouldn’t bring a squeak of protest
from them. It isn’t dictatorship that galls them—it’s the fear that there might be a dictatorship that wasn’t controlled by the Roman hierarch-eters.”

Sam Spiegel, a movie director, has changed his name, by court order, to S. P. Eagle.

We'd all be doing sillier things than we do if we weren’t afraid of being laughed at.

A preacher owned a praying parrot while his neighbor owned a parrot that cursed. The neighbor suggested the two be placed together in a cage for a few days, the idea being that the parrot would reform the disgraceful cusser. The meeting was fixed up and the profane parrot was taken over to the minister’s house. The cage was opened and the two birds, placed together, looked each other over. And then the cussing parrot asked: “Well, honey, how about a little love’n?”

“I’ll Crissakes, what the hell do you think I’ve been praying for?” was the answer.

Geo. W. Watt, Clearwater, Fla.: “You are the only editor, so far, who had the guts to print a single word about the intimacy between Fulton Oursler, former editor of Liberty, and George Sylvester Viereck, and Oursler’s failure to repudiate Viereck. More power to your pen.”

Dr. Leonard R. Smith, Flushing, N. Y.: “Without doubt the first 10 volumes of Joseph McCabe’s Black International constitute the finest anti-Blackintern literature of modern times. All my friends have read the first series. Every person in the U.S. should study these books, Catholics especially.”

J. Frederick Emanuel, Wurtsboro, N. Y.: “If again I sign on the dotted line for another year of ‘Freeman’ quiz, it’s because your answers fix! I love the mental popping of corks.”

A sharp-eyed reader, who takes his fun wherever he finds it, wants to share with my pious communicants this lollipop which he found in The New York World-Telegram: “Parishioners of the Church of St. Catherine of Siena, 411 East 68th Street, who have relatives in the armed forces are urged by the Very Rev. Richard M. McDermott, O.P., prior and pastor, to make special devotions to St. Jude Thaddeus, whose relic is deposited in a shrine at that church. St. Jude was a cousin to Jesus and is known in the hagiography of the Catholic Church as the Patron of Hopeless and Difficult Cases.”

W. Matthews, Wilmington, Del.: “Dr. Walter Van Kirk, in ‘Religion in the News,’ recently announced that thousands of Americans had signed petitions urging the canonization of Christopher Columbus. This has been urged many times before, according to Van Kirk, but ‘there was some controversy as to whether Columbus’ son was born out of wedlock. It was claimed that he was never married in a Catholic Church.’ Isn’t it a little late in the day to be getting so fastidious? Reading the lives of some of the saints, one gathers that they had their sizzling moments, but it didn’t prevent ‘em from having ‘St.’ in front of their names.”

A reader asks if the mortar keeps the bricks together or keeps them apart.

A group of coffin manufacturers, after pleading for a continued supply of copper for their products, got the No from WPB Chief Donald M. Nelson: “We aren’t going to do up copper merely to bury it again.”

Warning posted on a national electric station in Ireland: “To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted.”

Broadway gagster to a producer whose audiences were dwindling: “Pardon me, but your show’s slipping.”

E. Mills, San Francisco, Calif.: “Your first series on the Blackintern was devastating—terrific. If the second series is as good it will be worth five times the price. This is one of the most important pieces of fundamental and genuine national defense work in the country.”

Recently I saw a picture of Father (of what?) Coughlin at the top of the fifth column of a newspaper and wondered if it was a happenstance or had been planned that way.

Koalas alike Father Coughlin make it easier and necessary for honest editors to attack the Blackintern.

D. T. Griffiths, Mahoning City, Pa., never heard of “The Black International” until he saw it roasted in “Our Sunday Visitor.” Now he writes: “I have just finished reading the 10th copy of Joseph McCabe’s ‘The Black International’ and must say it had a clearing effect on a bewildered mind.” I haven’t had time to check the files for actual figures, but it’s my guess that several hundred readers subscribed for “The Black International” as a result of the free advertising given the publication in the Blackintern’s press.

Richard E. Greene, Burbank, Calif.: “You are the only editor in America with the guts and gumption to stand up and slug it out with the ‘hierarch-eters.’ It seems incredible that such a vicious and insidious program of organized suppression of the press could
exist in this great citadel of the freedoms. We must not have a Pearl Harbor here at home but must recognize this threat for what it is and fight back aggressively. If the Blackintern succeeds in this attempt to muzzle you, it won't be content for a second, but will be encouraged to continue its attack until every vestige of a free press is gone. Then it will go to work on the freedom of speech and religion. Then some fine day we will wake up to the horrifying fact that it has happened here and that we are caught with our defenses down and no way of fighting back. It would seem that other progressive (if any) editors would recognize this great danger and help in this extremely real fight for the freedom of the press. But then, of course, they are more concerned with the loss of revenue that would come with exposing the Black International. Money before truth is ala They's motto.

Reader: "Such is the propensity for getting something for nothing that recently a janitor, armed with a screwdriver, had to invade the ladies room in a big store in order to extricate a woman's hand from a Kotex dispenser. And was her face red!"

C. W. Bedell, Corning, N. Y.: "The Black International" is one of the finest works ever turned out by Joseph McCabe. You are to be congratulated on the grand work you are doing in The American Freeman. My daughter is five years old and incidentally her name is Grace Bedell. The story you told of a girl by that name and Abraham Lincoln's whiskers pleased my daughter. She finally decided, after much thought, that the girl in the story must have been someone else.

"I don't think much of a man," said Abraham Lincoln, "who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

One easy, inexpensive way to grow wiser each day is to get the Little Blue Book habit. A Little Blue Book a day keeps ignorance away.

George Moore, whose adjective-jerk ing is represented in my list of books, gets attention at the hands of the writing actress, Ilka Chase, in her "Past Imperfect." Ilka, who can be as cynical as a hotel clerk, tells of her meeting with the novelist: "Moore was a spindly-legged, pot-bellied, bewigged little man, and he unexpectedly pinched my behind. I felt rather honored that my behind should have drawn the attention of the great master of English prose."

Ben K. Kakazu, Lanika, Oahu, T. Hawaii: "Seasons come and go, everything withers in due course, you know, but there is one thing still blooms as fresh as the dew and that is the truth in The American Freeman."

Josephine Prosnak, Passaic, N. J.: "Your Freeman is most refreshing in its truthfulness. It acts like a tonic. I can no longer do without it. Joseph McCabe's 'The Black International' is so exciting I can read only a little of it at a time. I shall want the next 10 booklets."

Reader: "When I was in Vienna shortly after the first World War I heard this proverb from sophisticated and witty Viennese: 'What can one expect of a day which begins with getting up in the morning?"

Howler-of-the-Month: William Dudley Pelley, when arrested for sedition, said, "I believe that what Hitler is trying to do is set up a United States of Europe to do away with tariff barriers and racial prejudices."

Sign in a girl's dormitory: "Let Us Prey, Ahh Men!"

Alfred Hitchcock, 230-pound Hollywood director: "I like the humor of the man being led to the gallows who looks at the trap and asks the guard: 'You sure that thing's safe?""

One of my readers, Robert McEvoy, Sidney, Ill., was so pleased with the first 10 issues of "The Black International" that he sent a gift subscription to Dr. L. H. Lehmann, the ex-priest and editor of "The Converted Catholic," who acknowledged the present with this comment: "I am glad to know that I am indebted to you for Joseph McCabe's 'Black International.' I value McCabe's writings. He is reliable and accurate, and nearer the actual scene of conspiracies than we are. All he says is in confirmation of what we have written. He also supplies us with further facts that we were anxious to secure."... This brings me to a letter from A. M. Paschall, 4th Air Base Group, Albuquerque, New Mexico, who says: "Some weeks ago I got the first 10 issues of 'The Black International.' This publication is one of the hottest things an American publisher ever handled, the world being what it is and the Blackintern as powerful and active as it is. I am glad to know that you have the guts and aren't afraid to put this before the reading public. I hope its circulation will be the largest ever."... Paul Brunk, Santa Rosa, Calif., falls in line for the second series of 10 issues and says he's giving the first 10 all the circulation possible.

John Engler, Miami, Fla, an old-time reader, recently sent me (express prepaid) a crate of oranges and grapefruit, which I'm eating with handsome edict, grateful that one of my most
pious subscribers remembered me so generously. I'm overcome with con
tentment as the vitamins, minerals and the rest of nature's goodies go parading
into my biological mechanism. Oranges are a real substitute for an
overflow of manuscripts. I like alliga
tor pears (avocados), green asparagus, artichokes, and almost anything else
that grows. If this gets to be an established routine, I'll learn how
preachers feel when their sanctified cus
tomers pass in everything from spuds to dressed broilers. That's one phase
of the ministry that I envy.

George Sterling, pickled poet of tragick memory, committed suicide in a
fit of melancholy, but another poet, Eunice Tietjens, says he was "a de
lightful companion, gay and moody and full of caprice." I met him many times
during the last few years of his life, but always found him ossified. Miss
Tietjens, in her memoirs, "The World
At My Shoulder," says she once acci
dentally pulled her handkerchief
Sterling, who was handsome and ro
mantic-looking even when well beyond
middle life, pounced on it, held it to
his nose and sniffed at it, then handed
it back to her with a rueful smile and
said: "In the romances a lady's handkerchief is always redolent of a
subtle and heart-stirring perfume, but I
can't find it so in life. I always
smell them, and they always smell of
laundry soap. Something has gone out
of the world!"

Men worry a lot when they begin
losing their hair, but they rarely do
anything about it. A woman always
buys a wig.

Samuel Johnson, in his dictionary,
defined oats as a grain, "which in
England is generally given to horses,
but in Scotland supports the people."
A Scot retorted: "And where, Dr.
Johnson, may one find better horses
than in England or better men than in
Scotland?"

Gypsy Rose Lee, the writer and
wirther, had to make a speech before
a group of authors shortly after her
book appeared. She was nervous. Asked
why she was afraid of crowds, she
replied: "How would you like to stand
up there before those people with all
your clothes on?" Gypsy Rose Lee
woke up fully dressed one morning and
cried: "Heavens! I've been draped!"
Vicki Baum: "Here in Hollywood one
can get along with only two English
words—swell and lousy."

Laurence Stallings, author of "What
Price Glory?": "Hollywood is a place
where the inmates are in charge of the
booby-batch."

Louis Sherwin: "In Hollywood they
know only one word of more than one
syllable, and that is 'fillum.'"

Sign seen in many U.S. country
hotels about 40 years ago: "This ain't
the Waldorf; if it was you wouldn't
be here."

American wisecrack that was born
long before the word "wisecrack" was
coined: "I don't give a damn for any
damned man that doesn't give a damn
for me."

Beginning publishers sometimes like
to quote this, by an anonymous au
thor:

'Man's a vapor, full of woes;
 Starts a paper, up he goes.

Robert G. Ingersoll (in a speech
delivered in Boston, April 23, 1880):
"The country that has got the least
religion is the most prosperous, and
the country that has got the most
religion is in the worst condition."

Benito Mussolini (in a speech
delivered in Lausanne, July, 1904):
"Religion is a species of mental disease.
It has always had a pathological reac
tion on mankind."

Salomon Reimach (in "Cults, mythes,
et religions," I, 1904). "Religion is a sum of scruples which impede the
free exercise of our faculties."

M. A. Bakunin (in "Dieu et l'etat," 1871). "All religions, with their gods,
demigods, prophets, messiahs and
saints, are the product of the fancy
and credulity of men who have not yet
reached the full development and com
plete possession of their intellectual
powers."

John Morley (in "Voltaire," 1872):
"Where it is a duty to worship the
sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to
examine the laws of heat."

Clarence Darrow (at the Scopes trial,
Dayton, Tenn., July 13, 1925): "I do
not consider it an insult, but rather
a compliment to be called an agnostic.
I do not pretend to know where many
ignorant men are sure—that is all
that agnosticism means."

Sign on pinball machine: "In case
of air-raid, crawl under this machine.
It's never been hit!"

I remember, when I was a boy in
Philadelphia, the first time I heard
two Chinese laundrymen blabbering
away at their chop-suey-chow-mei
lingo. What surprised me was they
seemed quite reconciled to having to
talk Chinese, when all along they could
have been talking in my understand
able language.

When a man left to spend a week
end at William Randolph Hearst's mag
ificent palace in San Simeon, Calif,
E. Haldeman-Julius

his wife made him promise to send a complete report of everything that happened in that dazzling establishment. Next day he wired her: "Two things have happened to me here already that never happened to me before. My car was stopped by a camel and I fell downstairs in my own bedroom."

This simple note goes to a certain businessman's delinquent customers: "Please send me the name of a good lawyer in your community. We may have to sue you."

Reader: "To Chas. E. Richardson's. A stopped clock is 100 percent correct every 12 hours. Are you?" one might say, true. But the clock is capable of being 100 percent right—or wrong—on only one subject: the time. While you, in order ever to be 100 percent right, have got to be so on a vast array of subjects. So what?"

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "As for Kaltenborn, he turns my stomach too—whenever I can't escape one of his oratorical hemorrhages. However, I usually manage to turn the knob instead. What he says is usually bad enough. But it's the way he says it that gives one the heebie-jeebies."

C. A. L., Mo.: "Curious how our ideas seem to have run parallel from away back. I can remember thinking when I was a kid that mourning bands on the arm were plain show-off."

Reader: "As an employer of labor yourself, you speak with fine liberality when you defend the 40-hour work with time and a half for everything in excess thereof. That's as it should be—at least until everyone not yet employed has a job—but did you know that the government itself, at least in the post office, has never paid more than straight time for overtime? That the compensatory feature for Saturday work has now been abolished in favor of straight overtime at the discretion of supervisory officials? That no overtime at all is paid for a large amount of work in excess of 40 hours in many government departments? You'd better sound a blast about that on some suitable occasion—say, the day the war is won."

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "I noticed, apropos one reader's remark that Roosevelt has made no more Catholic appointments late, that he also left the "Gawd out of his geography lesson" chat of about a month ago, and put in his place, at the end, a splendid tribute to that 'filthy little atheist' of the pulpits thumpers, Thomas Paine. It gave me hope that we might begin to get somewhere after a while."

Frank H. Korab, Topeka, Kans.: "The June, 1942, issue of The Freeman is more fun than ever. You certainly gather a lot of unique information and present it well. Joseph McCabe's tips on the state of mind in England are mighty good. He could be tops as a war correspondent if he would extend himself that way."

Civilian Defense Co-Ordinator to one of his Air Raid Wardens: "Go out and dig up an incendiary blonde."

An Army Public Relations Private, somewhat confused, at the phone: "Private Relations Department, Public Jokes Speaking."

Willie Howard, stage comedian: "I met a lion and barged him to go away."

French proverb: "If youth only knew, if age only could!"

Arnold Bennett, who divided his time and energy between literature and women, operated on the theory that he should proposition every woman he met and depend on the law of averages. As he found his advances were accepted by 5 percent, he insisted his system was good enough, considering his biological mechanism hadn't been put together with the idea of esthetic appeal. Ninety percent of the women who turned him down weren't angry—just not in the mood, or merely not attracted, or disinterested because of lack of financial inducement. Only 3 per 1,000 slapped, and two-thirds of these were mild or suppressed sadists.

Robert G. Ingersoll: "The infidels of one age are the aurochs saints of the next."

Mark Twain: "There are two kinds of argument. In one kind, the two parties use different words to mean the same thing, and in the other kind they use the same word to mean two different things."

Franklin D. Roosevelt: "Remember always that all of us are descended from immigrants."

Frank Sullivan: "The Oyster Bay Roosevelts are the "out of season" Roosevelts."

An anonymous writer in "The Travels of Time." (1624) referred to the Jesuits as "Rome's caterpillars."

Mr. Anonymous: "Theology is like a blind man in a dark room searching for a black cat which isn't there—and finding it."

Dr. Stuart J. Pingree, Barre, Vt.: "Send me 'The Black International.' I have known from my own experience and things that I have known to be true that the Blackintern stinks to high heaven. Keep up the good work, tell the truth and keep on telling and after a while people will come out of
the fog and realize what is going on. I am also sending for another year of The American Freeman. I agree with nearly everything you have to say.

Unidentified author: “The object of the uplift is to give the uplifted a lift.”

D. E. Sell, Shaker Heights, O.: “I am a Protestant clergyman who really believes in protesting the injustices of the Catholic hierarchy. More power to you in this regard.”

Ida F. Kenney, Dunlap, Calif.: “I have only one fault to find with The Freeman. It doesn’t come often enough.”

Voltaire, in his “Philosophical Dictionary” (1764): “All good Christians glory in the folly of the Cross. Nothing can be more contrary to religion and the clergy than reason and common sense.”

Michel de Montaigne, the great essayist, whose “The Nature of Love” was kicked out of a Little Blue Book advertisement in “New Masses,” said, in 1589: “Men of simple understanding, little inquisitive and little instructed, make good Christians.” In short, the most priest-ridden dupes of the Black-intern come from the least studious portion of the population.

Gypsy Rose Lee, my favorite strip-teaser, calls herself “America’s Prima Donna Nuda.”

Mark Twain (“A Tramp Abroad,” 1879): “One lingers about the cathedral a good deal, in Venice... Popped on its long row of thick-legged columns, its back knobbled with domes, it seems like a vast warty bug taking a meditative walk.”

Samuel T. Coleridge (“Table-Talk,” August 6, 1831): “Look through the whole history of countries professing the Romish religion, and you will uniformly find the levens of this besetting and accursed principle of action—that the end will sanction any means.”

Pope Leo XIII (“Immortale Dei,” November 1, 1885): “Catholicism cannot be reconciled with naturalism or rationalism.”

Robert G. Ingersoll (speech in Chicago, September 20, 1889): “The church has always been willing to swap off treasures in Heaven for cash down.”

In his Syllabus of Errors (XI, II, December 8, 1864), Pope Pius IX condemned the proposition that “in any conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical laws, the former should prevail.”

A Texas preacher appeared before a tire rationing administrator and demanded new rubber, using this quotation from the New Testament as an argument for getting it: “Go ye into the world and preach the gospel...” The administrator turned down the request, at the same time quoting 2 Samuel 19:26: “I will saddle me an ass...”

Patsy O’Bang, the great philosopher and wit: “He reminds me of the fellow who is always down on something he is not up on.”

Isaac Plonk Goldberg, just drafted, was the worst soldier in the outfit, being especially bad in marking, saluting and drilling, which finally led Lieutenant Murphy to ask permission to take Goldberg in charge. The request was granted, and soon there was an almost miraculous change in Isaac Plonk Goldberg. The colonel was so impressed with this overnight reformation that he sent for the magician who had brought about this phenomenal result. In reply to the question asking what he had done to transform Goldberg, Lieutenant Murphy replied: “All I did was to put a rifle in Goldberg’s hands and say: ‘To Plonk Goldberg, now you’re in business for yourself!’”

Readers may recall my squib of a few months ago, in which I told of the way I’d been denied the right to buy a Kluge Automatic Press, despite the fact that several printers in these parts had been getting their orders filled. It wasn’t a question of steel, because I was turning in an old press that weighed about the same as the new one. Now the picture’s changed. Word went out on April 2, 1943, that my order had been endorsed for acceptance and that the press would be shipped soon. Maybe some letters from readers had the desired effect. I don’t know. Well, thanks anyway, Mr. Donald M. Nelson, I intend to baptize this press with a special run. Arrangements are now being made to have one of the covers of The Black International go to that press for its first job. It’s my notion the Black-intern had something to do with the temporary ban, so the least I can do is to return the compliment and use the machine for the one thing the hierarcheters don’t want me to turn my hand to, after which I’ll see to it that it’s sprinkled with holy-water.

George M. Cohan, who has spent most of his life on the stage, gives this sure-fire formula for a hit show: “In the first act, get your hero up in a tree; in the second act, throw bricks at him; in the third act, get him down without a scratch.”

At the close of the Boxer Rebellion, Secretary of State John Hay and Mr.
Wu, Minister of China, met for negotiations. Reporters asked a high official at the State Department to give them the purpose of the negotiations between China and the U.S. He replied: "I'm not quite sure, as Mr. Hay was a bit hazy, and Mr. Wu a trifle wuzzy."

Short, snappy sales-talk given to Canadian Victory Loan canvassers: "The U.S.S.R. is with us; the U.S.A. is with us; the U.K. is with us; but are U with us?"

Advertisement in a British paper: "For sale: Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

Before Hitler started to make war on Stalin they did a little dividing in Poland, where an argument arose as to whether a certain shack should be included in Polish or Russian territory. It ended with the hovel going to Poland. When told of this, the Jewish owner of the miserable shack told his wife he was satisfied. "I prefer to have my house in Poland than in Russia," he said. When his wife asked why, the husband replied: "Because we'll henceforth be spared the rigors of the Russian winter."

Unable to speak a single word of English, a Greek refugee found the going hard in the U.S. As he wanted to look around N.Y.C., he asked his friends to teach him how to order something in a cafe. After several attempts they found it easiest to teach him to ask for apple pie and coffee. So the taught him, syllable by syllable, how to say the words. He used the phrase several times the first day with delightful success, but after two weeks of apple pie and coffee he decided to have his friends teach him how to call for a new dish. After long practice, he learned how to say chicken sandwich. The next day, while touring the town, he entered a busy restaurant and asked: "Chicken sandwich...?"

"Come again, buddy." "Chicken Shandwich!" "How will you have it?"

"Chicken Shandwich?" "Yeah, I know, but how—whole wheat, rye, lettuce, mustard, trim the edges, mayonnaise, white meat, Pope's nose?" Sadly the Greek shook his head, drew a deep sigh, and said "Appeal pie an' awfiee."

From a humorous song of the moment: "Everybody is making money out of Tchaikovsky except Tchaikovsky."

Harry Kemp, the poet who wrote "Tramping on Life" and who's just finished his autobiography, "Let's Pilgrimage," writes me that he's having tough going at Provincetown, Mass., where he's trying to keep his biological mechanism in working order, and not with the best success. It looks as though they've got this character and artist treed. "I'm reduced," he says, "to living in a leaky shack on the beach, near where Gene O'Neill's place used to stand before it was taken by the waves. I literally pick up fish off the beach, and dig for clams, to obtain the necessary vitamins. I know how the aborigines enjoyed their diet. . . . 'Tramping on Life' never would have got by, if it hadn't been for the arch-rogue and arch-publisher, Horace L. Liveright. The same objections were offered to it that are broached against 'Poet's Pilgrimage.' And you know, or perhaps have a dim recollection of, the future 'Tramping on Life' evoked. Why the hell should I perish because I've again busted things wide open? Or must I descend to the literary snobbism of a James Joyce and blow the polyglot dictionary up with verbal dynamite?"

I'm sure the precious reading public's indifferent to Harry Kemp's slow starvation but would have cause for alarm if he turned himself into a James Joyce, for here's a fellow who could give that Irishman lessons in trick words if he put his mind to the job, which I hope he doesn't.

Real estate businessman to son: "You'd better get a lot while you're young."

Rochester, who is funnier than his boss, Jack Benny, tells of the troubles he had when fellow crackshooters got him that his dice had been trained to do the minuet.

Reader: "Oswald Garrison Villard has done good work as a liberal journalist, but he's been wrong about this war from the beginning. His isolationism annoyed me, but his bum steers anger me. Here's what he said in a speech at Rutgers University, December 19, 1940: 'The United States is not in the slightest danger of invasion either by sea or land or air, or for years to come, and therefore we do not have to rush with our defense plans.'"

Politician: "Times are going to get better, or they'll get worse, or they'll stay about the way they are."

Client to her social service case worker: "I'm doing my best to get off relief. I never miss Bank Nite."

Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, was once asked if he didn't think his sense of humor had lengthened his life. He replied, "I think my life has lengthened my sense of humor."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor: The Frederic J. Haskin Information Bureau which furnishes syndicated features recently published this Q and A:

Q.—What do the colors of the United States flag symbolize?
A.—The red is for valor, zeal and fervency; the white for hope, purity and rectitude of conduct; the blue, THE COLOR OF HEAVEN, FOR REVERENCE TO GOD, loyalty, sincerity, justice and truth. (Cops mine.)

Not being a follower of Fathers (of what?) Coughlin, Curran or other politico-religious fuhrer, I indulged in the following correspondence:

“What is the authority for this reply?

“Inasmuch as this country has as one of its principles religious freedom, which includes freedom from religion, it would not be consistent with the ideals of our founding fathers to officially designate one of the colors of our flag as representing ‘reverence to God.’ Such a designation would involve compulsory religion, making a salute to the flag in ‘reverence to God.’ It was to escape such a thing as compulsory religious obesiance that religious freedom was specified in the Bill of Rights. The Constitution reads: ‘Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.’ George Washington said: ‘The Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded upon the Christian religion.’ . . . I am interested to know the source which makes ‘reverence to God’ a true interpretation of the American flag. The idea is contrary to a second principle of American liberty, namely, the complete separation of church and State.”

Came the reply:

“The authority for our answer regarding the symbolism of the colors of the flag is a pamphlet entitled ‘Flag of the United States,’ published by the American Legion. We enclose a copy.”

The source proves to be a code drawn up by the American Legion as a private organization. The reading of God into the flag has no authorization by Congress, of course, and typifies the success of religious pressure in rewriting history. I believe it was Benjamin Franklin who stated that our Constitution divorces God from our Government. Now we are told, in effect, that the patriots who founded this democracy as freethinkers were just kidding. They were fighting for God, not liberty.

As an antithesis to the persecution of children for refusing to salute the flag on religious grounds, we may next be reading about the refusal of non-religious children to salute on non-religious grounds if this American Legion definition of “blue” is revealed to them.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: “Your radio voices ‘ex-PEER-iment’ reminds me of the dozens of times I’ve cringed at ‘ab-so-LOOT-ly.’”

“Blueberry pie is all right. But what’s the matter with cherry—sour ones, right off the tree in June? And rhubarb? And if you want my own special delicacy, how about some gooseberry? Of course, there are various ways of spoiling all of these. But I have a cook who doesn’t do that.”

C. A. LANG, Maplewood, Mo.

Editor: Here is a collection of judgments of one famous contemporary on another:

Disraeli on Gladstone: “a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.”

Disraeli on Lord Salisbury: “a master of flouts and gibes and sneers.”

Bismarck on Lord Salisbury: “a reed painted to look like iron.”

Frederick the Great, of George III: “With cannon every fool can keep order in a state.”

The Duc deSully (minister of Henri IV of France), of James I of England: “the wisest fool in Christendom.”

Lord Rochester (the Restoration wit and poet) of Charles II: “He never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.”

Emerson of Poe: “the jingle man.”

Mussolini of Hitler (after their first meeting): “That man’s face is a disgrace to Europe.”

Heine, the poet and wit, of Victor Cousin, the philosopher: “His reputation is about to make the tour of the
world. It has already left France.
Harvey, the discoverer of the circula-
tion of the blood of Lord Bacon, (who
was Lord Chancellor). "The Lord Chan-
cellor writes of science like a Lord
Chancellor!"
Alexander Pope of Addison: "He
damns with faint praise . . . is willing
to wound, but afraid to strike."
Goethe of Lord Byron: "As soon as
he begins to reflect, he is a child."
David Garrick of Oliver Goldsmith:
"He writes like an angel but talks like
poor Poll."
N. Y. C.
R. L. NEWMAN

Editor: Now that Churchill says:
"Our agreement with the U. S. S. R.
is an alliance," and with Harry Hop-
kins consulting with the Ogre of the
Kremlin, and when even the Frankfurter
Zeitung admits that the "blitz" has
been taking terrific punishment, I am
wondering where the logic of events
has left you? It seems that you are
out on that proverbial limb!
For a long time your diatribes
against the Soviets have had the fine
Italian touch of Coughlin. Of course
he, by virtue of his holy mission, will
continue to rant against the atheists
and Churchill's "Marxist" government.
We expect this, but how are you going
back-track without stultifying yourself?
Since you never did catch on to
the inevitability of the Fascist-Socialist
clash, you naturally parroted the Eu-
gene Lyons-Coughlin racket, i.e., "red
National Socialism and brown Bol-
shevism are both sisters under the
skin."
I now look forward to the strategy
of retreat by which you can reconcile
your position with Soviet acceptance
into the Churchill-FDR-Stalin camp,
or must we wait until you compile
your memoirs in conjunction with—
shall I infer—the little axis partner
up in Royal Oak? Your critical faculty
with respect to "realpolitik" needs a
dry cleaning; you might take a shot
at Laski or Bertrand Russell, which
would be a fine discipline.
I also await the verification of your
former assertions that the Russian
"masses" will rise in revolt now that
they were shooting hell out of the
panzerdivisionen, or did you miss that
rumor?
"The Russians displaying 1941
technique have blasted the myth of
Reich invincibility . . . when
all is said and done, the Germans
have been fought to a standstill
by a Russian army fighting better
and harder than any army which
has hitherto faced the German
onset." (Major Elliot, in the St.
Louis Post-Dispatch, July 30.)
Now is your chance to expose the
infamous Marxist Trinity, Churchill-
FDR-Stalin, and don't forget the
"slaves" who are dying in the Ukraine
because Stalin has got 'em fooled . . .
just like Hitler!
Both you and Coughlin make your-
selves totally absurd by thinking that
you can insulate yourselves from the
impact of a society comprising one-
twelfth of the world's population and
one-sixth of the earth's surface, plus
fabulously rich resources. You are still
permeated with anti-Socialist propa-
ganda in spite of objective evidence
that church-burning is not the only
outdoor sport in the U. S. S. R.
Coughlin now says: "the reds in
Washington (which includes your idol,
FDR) following the defeat of Stalin
are contemplating making Washington
the capital of Bolshevism throughout
the world . . ."
You may concur in this pathological
outburst, or you may denounce it as
silly, but, as a matter of fact, it is
not far removed in essence from the
villifications you, yourself, have pub-
lished. Coughlin has a reason for his
madness; he is a fascist. You, however,
pretend to be a socialist, and to the
extent that you peddle his thunder,
you are as reactionary as he is.
What you want is to eat your cake
and have it; you want vocal Socialism,
just as the Catholic Church wants
guild-co-operatives to run a modern in-
dustrial society. You will get neither.
You will get Fascism if you don't get
in there and pitch!
St. Louis, Mo.
ROBERT G. GRAY

[Editor's Note: I can't see myself
out on any limb. My comments on the
Soviet Union were germane at the
time they were made, which is all one
can expect from any writer. No crystal
ball is employed when I insist on my
hands and settle down before a typewriter. I said several times that Stalin
was on the wrong side when he made
his infamous pact with Hitler in Aug-
ust, 1939. I still think so. Hitler
wouldn't have gone into Poland, and
thereby precipitated the second World
War, if Stalin hadn't given him the
green light. Since then I've made the
point that Stalin isn't fighting on the
side of democracy now that Hitler has
invaded his country. Hitler was the
fellow who decided matters. Stalin is
fighting for the best reason in the
world—to save his country from being
conquered and turned into a slave
colony for the Nazi "master-race."
True, I didn't expect the Russian army
to put up such a great fight. Here I
was misled by the military experts of
the world, who agreed almost to a
man that the Russian army couldn't
stand up to Hitler. I'm glad the ex-
Experts were wrong. I’m glad Stalin is fighting Hitler. I’m glad to see F.D.R. making arrangements to help the Russians resist the invaders. As I write this (August 10) the Russians are doing a great job. It looks as though Hitler won’t destroy the Russian armies before the snow falls, and if he doesn’t crush the Soviet Union by then, he’s cooked. The next few weeks will tell whether or not Hitler’s invasion of Russia was the greatest boner in history. As for my “distributes” against the Soviet Union, my reader should realize that I never made indiscriminate attacks on the U.S.S.R. My objections were few and to the point—the main ones being the dictatorships and the absence of democracy and freedom. I still hold these things against the Soviet Union, but I have hopes the U.S.S.R., if it saves itself from Hitler’s wrath, will take long steps in the direction of democracy and freedom. This country can fight the way the Russians are doing today. I was taught to be able to take care of Stalinism in good time. I never considered there was “the inevitability of the Fascist-Socialist clash.” My numerous articles (see my volumes of “Questions and Answers”) plainly make the point, again and again, that Fascism is aggressive and aims at the destruction of every other form of government and economy with a view to establishing world domination. The inevitable clash, I said, was Fascism versus the world. I still believe that. From August, 1939, to June, 1941, reds and browns were both sisters under the skin, for they worked together politically, economically and ideologically. The accord would still be in force if Hitler, for some reason I can’t fathom, hadn’t decided to make war on the Soviet Union. The Russian masses are fighting heroically, not because they adore Stalinism but because they love their country. At the same time Stalin deserves the highest praise for having had the foresight to provide an immense stock of munitions so that the people might have what it takes to run the invaders out of their fatherland. And now, let me say again, for the tenth time, the Soviet Union must be given every possible help by the democracies. I’ve said this from the beginning. I’m not a Communist, and will never be one, because I don’t accept their economic assumptions. During the past 10 years I’ve written scores of articles criticizing the Soviet Union for socializing everything from a shoe-shining stand to a power plant. Let me say again, even though it tires you to hear me repeating myself, that I favor the kind of socialism that would socialize only the large-scale industries, and operate them along democratic lines. I believe that’s the kind of Socialism Russia will come to, if it succeeds in holding off the Nazis. Russia has a great future, and if it wins against Hitlerism (as we all hope it will) we should use the peace to help the Soviet Union become a land of true freedom and social democracy.

Editor: It seemed incredible that Henry Ford—an American, one born and brought up in this land of liberty and tolerance, its leading industrialist, at one time a serious contender for the presidency, should have lent his millions and his name to purposes at the opposite pole of all that America stands for. Your ample and specific documentation however, removes any doubts of the accuracy of your statements of fact. That such a medieval campaign of lies and forgeries, of vile calumny and venomous hate, on so vast a scale and with such crafty and successful stealth could have been carried on for so many years seems a grotesque nightmare. Surely it doesn’t speak well for us that the Fiver King should be exposed only at this late date, when he had already done irreparable harm. He has nurtured Nazism, has sat by its cradle. Let us hope he will yet follow its hearse. Nearly all Jews like myself are thoroughly familiar with his “Dearborn Independent” campaign of Ford’s waged from 1919 to 1927 but they believed that with the famous letter of retraction and apology of July 14 of the latter year, “finish” had been written to a black episode in our recent history. The idea pervading nearly all Jewish circles was that Ford’s defective education, his crude and naive peasant sentimentalism, his absorption in things mechanical, had made him the easy dupe of designing members of his entourage who had brought Old World hates into our atmosphere of goodwill. They believed that having seen the error of his ways, the falsity of his fantastic charges and their barbarous implications, he had made a sincere apology and that this should end the matter. Let bygones be bygones. There was no point in cherishing animosity against one whom better nature had been led astray. Forgive and forget—this was the spirit in which his plea for reconciliation had been received. It is safe to say that there isn’t one intelligent Jew in a hundred who does not think that July 14, 1927, had closed a chapter. In the Jewish organs of opinion or the records of recognized Jewish organizations, as I am reliably informed, there is not a sentence breathing any hos-
tility to the motor magnate or condemnation of him from 1927 on. There were a few in public life, it is true, who asked Ford for a re-affirmation of his stand of that year, but the unsuspecting Jewish public in the main dismissed these as notoriety seekers.

You show that Ford's honeyed words were so much low cunning and crafty duplicity designed to lull his victims to sleep that the only change in his campaign was the use of a different mask. The most astonishing feature of the whole matter is the utter ignorance of Jews in general regarding Ford's post-1927 anti-Semitic activities. There are at least three important national Jewish organizations devoted to the protection of Jewish rights and defense against calumny—the American Jewish Committee, the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Congress. Then there is the Jewish press comprising several scores of substantial publications. Didn't they know what was afoot or were they so cowed or lacking in solidarity that they entered into what might not unfairly be called a conspiracy of silence?

N.Y.C. ROBERT L. NEWMAN

* * *

SINCLAIR DEFENDS FREE PRESS

After reading The American Freeeman's story of the persecution of Oklahoma City, Okla., booksellers, Upton Sinclair sent a letter of protest to Leon C. Phillips, Governor of Oklahoma, as follows:

My attention has been called to the fact that a bookseller in your city has been sentenced to 19 years' imprisonment and $5,000 fine for possessing a number of books for sale, and that among these books, thus branded as criminal, is my novel, "Oil."

I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith a bibliography of foreign translations and editions of my books, and you will notice on page 2 that "Oil" has been translated into 27 languages and published in that many different countries. It was, at the time of its publication 13 years ago, the best-selling novel in the United States, in Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, and other countries.

Naturally, I am outraged as an author, but I am still more deeply offended and hurt as an American citizen. We are at present constituting ourselves the "Arsenal of Democracy," and our President has just published to the world an eight-point program of freedom and self-government for all the nations of the world. It is a maxim of law that any complainant must come into court with clean hands, and what chance do we stand, what moral prestige do we have, if in our own country we go back to book-burning in Nazi style?

Really this is a most shocking thing, and I wish to think what Herr Goebbels would do with it if and when the story should come to him. I implore you, for the sake of the good name of your country, to issue an immediate pardon to this bookseller, return the stock of books to him, and request the legislature to indemnify him for his loss of time and personal humiliation.

If there is any principle which is supposed to be established and held sacred in our country it is that of freedom of the press and of discussion. I cite to you the words of Thomas Jefferson, that "the truth has nothing to fear from error where reason is left free to combat it."

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

* * *

Editor: As a native-born citizen of this country, and one with a genuine affection for the same, I have always considered myself as patriotic as the next American. But I wonder sometimes if my patriotism won't go into a passive state if the advertisers of the lower order continue to seize upon the patriotic and national defense program theme as a means of hawking their products. ("Have you a son, brother, or nephew in any of Uncle Sam's armed forces? . . . Tooth Paste . . ."

Advertisers of costume jewelry, wall decorations, lipstick, jack straps, and correspondence "schools," see their golden opportunity these days and are making the most of it, apparently. In between "swing" records on local radio stations, one hears an endless stream of commercial announcements—"announcements transcribed" and other emetic trips, hurled at the public, attempting to get at their pocketbooks by tying advertising spiels in with the national defense program, somehow or other. ("It's great to be an American, and it's also great to be a student of the Blank Business College.")

Radio advertising of any kind is usually on the lowest plane, but "announcements transcribed" are the plague spots of national advertising. An announcement of this kind, it seems, just simply has to be bad. And, it either leaves me cold or burns me up to hear one of these, or any other announcement over the radio (or elsewhere) wherein the advertiser tries to sell whatever he has to sell by hopping on the patriotic bandwagon. ("Are you entitled to wear a 'Patriotic Plaque'? . . . Send $1 today to . . ."

It should be borne in mind that these advertisers are thinking chiefly of
grabbing the money while the grabbing is good. The welfare and future well-being of this country and its democracy are secondary; or, doubtless, in a lot of cases, non-existent.
San Antonio, Tex. A. M. PASCALL
* * *
Editor: I wonder if you listened to Norman Thomas’s speech at Bridgeport, Conn., August 26th, 1941, under the auspices of the America First Committee. Among other amazing things, he said: “Stalin is every bit the equal of Hitler in cruelty and duplicity.” I have no concern with Communism, but I am very much concerned with truth and justice, and no one knows better than Mr. Thomas that this statement is untrue and unjust. Every well-informed person knows there is no dictator who can remotely approach Hitler as arch-murderer and arch-hypocrite; none who has drenched a whole continent and intends to drench the whole world in blood. Mussolini and Franco have done their best to help Old Massa, but even they have not worked on Hitler’s grand scale. Strange things happened in Russia like that, and not the least strange—and disgusting—is that the erstwhile honorable Norman Thomas is adopting the tactics of his new admirers, the Bandists and the Coughlinites, who recently threw rotten eggs at the Socialist leader. Surely Mr. Thomas is intelligent enough to know that these fanatics will again throw rotten fruit at him when they have used him for their own purposes. Surely he is intelligent enough to know that if his views meet with the cheering approval of these anti-American groups, those views must be heartily applauded in Berlin.

His stock argument is that democracy must be perfected here before we “interfere” with other people’s affairs. He reminds me of the fussy old lady who, when urged to hasten to the aid of neighbors whose house was burning down, drewl: “Well, I ain’t but half through cleanin’ my house. When I’ve finished the bedrooms and the attic, mebbe I’ll be over.”

I am not saying these things for spite. Although I’ve never been in complete agreement with Mr. Thomas, I used to admire him for his integrity, and I am sorry to see him in danger of becoming a dupe of the “Germany First” elements. Can it be that the fluttery of pompous dowagers on the America First committees has gone to his head? He should know that they, like the Socialist-Coughlinites, will turn on him with their venomous tongues as soon as the isolation-intervention issue is settled. I hope we shall not have to see the painful spectacle of this once-brilliant Socialist becoming a senile windbag, and unwitting abetor of Hitlerism. I hope I shall not have to be ashamed of having once voted for him.

Doesn’t he know he is harming the cause of socialism more than he is helping it?

Wilmington, Del. W. MATTHEWS
* * *
Editor: “Guestimates” is a familiar term in engineering offices, where I first heard it 12 years ago. It time does not allow an accurate estimation of costs preparatory to bidding for a contract, then a “guestimate” is made, with contingency percentages added to provide for possible low guesses and omitted items.

Trenton, N.J. GREGORY GRANT
* * *
Editor: An interesting subject for discussion is the statement of Francis Hackett, in his “What ‘Mein Kampf’ Means to America,” that, “What Voltaire and Rousseau were to the French Revolution, Nietzsche and Spengler are to the Nazi Revolution.” Is it a fact that Hitler consciously plays up to the role of Nietzsche’s Superman? “Schickelgruber” as Superman might form a good subject for a cartoon in the style of David Low or Raemakers. What can one say of the following by Douglas Miller in, “You Can’t Do Business with Hitler,” (pp. 118-121): “It seems clear that the New Europe (of Hitler) will have a new religion. Hitler is fanatic on the point of uniting his people in a common religious bond which shall end the schism between Catholic and Protestant and bring all his people of German blood into the German church. Whether this church will have any realities with the Christian faith remains problematical... It is clear that the conflict between the National Socialist movement and the Christian Church has sharpened and deepened in recent years... In his heart Hitler hates Christianity for its universality, its weakening doctrines of pity, humility and brotherhood. Hitler wants to see his people make their feelings of patriotism and loyalty their religion. The real God of the future is to be the State, the race, with Hitler as its prophet. No doubt semi-divine honors will be paid to the Fuehrer at his death.” As a matter of fact, these are being paid to him already, according to reliable reports. It is surprising that Miller does not say anything about the accord of it the above with Nietzsche in his “Thus Spake Zarathustra,” “Beyond Good and Evil,” and “Ecce Homo.”

In view of the fact that the Nazi regime takes its ideals and doctrines from the arch-foe of Christianity and of Western morality, Nietzsche, of its
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ruthless war on both, how can one explain the fact that the Catholic hierarchy in the U.S.—Archbishop Bachman, Cardinal O'Connell, etc.—are playing the Hitler game in the U.S.? Is it because of a common hostility to democracy? Of course, Father Coughlin is easily explained as the agent and mouth-piece of Henry Ford. Bangor, Maine. LAWRENCE DORGAN

[Editor's Note: It's one of the superb ironies of modern life that the Nazis have "coordinated" Nietzsche into Hitlerism. It's like saying that Nietzsche, if alive today, would be a Nazi, which qualifies any proponent of such a notion as a challenger for the world's champion running broad jumper to conclusions. Anyone who knows Nietzsche knows that Nietzsche would have tired his tail bone. It's easy, of course, after a superficial reading of Nietzsche to get as mixed up as the tag-end of a parade, but several simple, obvious facts stand out, Nietzsche, all his life, hated anti-Semitism. He had nothing but contempt for Prussian militarism. He had scant respect for German culture. He looked on French culture as the highest achievement of civilization. It happens that every cockroach who reads 10 or 15 pages about Nietzsche's Superman immediately throws out his puny chest and belches like Tarzan calling to his mate. This is an acute attack of Supermania, which in Hitler's case is a serious mental ailment. But Hitler isn't Nietzsche's Superman. He's Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Gargantua, itching to rend and destroy. Nazis can embrace Nietzsche, but that doesn't mean the great philosopher would have accepted Nazism.]

Editor: I hope to get ahead on the writing of "The Black International" before the Winter Blitz opens, but it will not worry me unless it finishes me, and as an Irishman would say, not much then. If Hitler's blackguards miss my little house until I finish this series of 10 numbers of "The Black International," I shall be satisfied. But I do not think we shall be bombed as badly as before. Hitler has obviously put all the eggs he has for the time being in the Russian basket and hopes to cripple their production for the Winter. Then he thinks he'll get his 200,000,000 slaves hard at work to pour out planes and bombs for England during the Winter and possibly a campaign in Africa. There can be no harm in saying that some of our London papers grumble at our strategy in postponing the invasion of the Continent, but there seems to be a fixed idea that in September or October Hitler will try to invade us. I will believe it when I see it—never have believed in it. As far as I can see, Russia is outnumbered in good planes and Hitler is throwing in all he's got. The result may be a standstill on land by the end of September, and Hitler hopes to have pushed them back too far for much bombing of Germany. A great deal depends on America for the Winter. If it pumps planes into Russia, between us we'll give Germany in the Winter such a hell of a time that the system will be shaken. In spite of all talk our munition-makers are working well. It is not there our duds and slugs get fat.

Meantime, as you will know, we are having a nice rest in London, at least up to the day of this writing, August 24. The latest American visitor, Mr. Henry J. Allen, formerly of Kansas City, is probably impressed by the peacefulness of England. Everybody likes the lull—only 500 murdered by Hitler last month and probably less during August—but quite expects a lively time soon. We're ready. One hears no murmurs. If Hitler thinks of breaking British morale that way he's a fool. I'm not boasting. It just is so. All the talk is Russia, of course. Its fight has done incalculable good. There is still a plot to keep it out of the news—cinemas, for instance, still obstinately refuse to show Russia and the papers don't use more than a fraction of the photos they get—but generally prejudice has been blown to bits. Our London "Evening Standard," the one evening paper read in the clubs and by every "Col. Blimp," has gone enthusiastic for Russia and every night demands that we do more to help it. Not only that which might be a way of looking at our own interests—but it now tells people plump that Russia is a "great civilization" and so on. In six weeks the general attitude to Russia has been transformed, but people are left vague as to details. Even Labor leaders, a sorry lot, can't talk about it without their "of course there is much in Russia that we dislike, etc." The Tory "Standard" shames them. If Russia can stand, slowly yielding, the terrific pressure of another month and then settle down to a Winter's bombing with us we'll get the truth out. The "Standard," which knows those circles, says the "Col. Blimps" gave Russia 10 days to collapse, as "of course" the poor enslaved people would not have their hearts in it, and the Russian collectivist system could not be efficient, etc. You probably had the same over there. Most people vaguely feel they have been duped.

Life is almost normal while we wait
for the storm. We have the greatest difficulty in getting parents to send their kids out of London before the band begins to play, and I don't suppose there is one kid, boy or girl, in a hundred that wants to go. Only shopping is abnormal, and it wouldn't be bad if there were not so many greedy folk hoarding and cheating, etc. The Russian system of organization would be a mighty blessing to us just now. My housekeeper, for instance, got three eggs in eight weeks (that is rare) and then heard a woman telling what a nice man her (and our) grocer is because he had let her have 500 eggs for pickling. The number of automobiles joy-riding is scandalous. There is really good and sufficient food for all but distribution—is not Russian. Tobacco pinches me a little—naturally large numbers of girls and women have started smoking—but for the end of the second year of such a war we are well off. I should say my health is better than ever, and it was always good.

JOSEPH McCabe
Golders Green, London, England

Editor: Today when I went to get a money order for some of your little books the postmaster asked me if I like your paper. "Sure," I said, "it's the best paper I've ever read." Then he gave me a long, solemn look and exclaimed: "You know what? They're going to run you out of the country for reading Haldeman-Julius's stuff. He's a bad man, that there Haldeman-Julius. He is a Communist." Of course, I know you're a Communist, but I found it useless to argue with the nitwit, so I turned and went home.
Loma, Colo.

A. CHACON

[Editor's Note: My readers don't have to be told I'm not a Communist. I've written reams of stuff explaining why I'm opposed to Communism. Skeptics who want to check on this assertion are invited to look into my 24 volumes of "Questions and Answers," where they'll find scores of articles explaining the fallacies of Communism and the Stalinist State. It's a merry American custom to brand the other fellow a Communist if he says something that sounds unorthodox, be it in religion, politics, economics, or world affairs. On the other hand, anyone who ventures an opinion that smacks of conservatism is immediately labeled a Fascist, which is unfair most of the time.]

Editor: Here's a little brain-teaser: On a certain road there is a hill, exactly one mile long, and from the top of that hill the road goes on down another hill, also exactly one mile long. If a man drives his car up the first hill at the rate of 30 miles an hour, how fast would he have to drive down the other side in order to cover the entire two miles in exactly two minutes? The answer is obvious enough: he would have consumed two minutes going up the first mile and would have no time left to go anywhere else, but you'd be surprised to see how many stumble around on that, and the fantastic speeds they arrive at for that second mile.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Editor: When Adolph Hitler was just a Bavarian political gang leader, Henry Ford was publishing millions of copies of "The International Jew." Translations of the "Protocols of Zion" were circulated throughout the world with Ford's endorsement. From Dearborn, Mich., an avalanche of propaganda covered every continent, leaving in its wake a world-wide folklore of anti-Semitism. When Ford coveted the presidency in 1928, The Chicago Tribune quoted Hitler, on March 7:

"I wish that I could send some of my shock troops to Chicago and other big American cities to help in the elections," the young leader of the Bavarian Fascisti said grimly. "We look on Henry Ford as the leader of the growing Fascist movement in America. We admire particularly his anti-Jewish policy which is the Bavarian Fascist platform. We have just had anti-Semitic articles translated and published. The book is being circulated to millions throughout Germany."

This was the least Hitler could do for the man who had underwritten his rise from obscurity to leadership of Nazism. He refers to Ford in Mein Kampf as the "great man, Ford," and in 1938 decorated his American financial backer. Ford's utterances brought a libel suit, and in 1927 he was forced to recant publicly. The trial brought out the ignorant, benighted side of the "gig," which he mischievously, and his reputation as well as his car sales was hurt. Since 1932 Chevrolet has outsold him, and recently Ford sales dropped to third place nationally. Much has been spent to restore the Ford myth. His agreement with CIO Auto Workers has been hailed in some quarters as proof that Ford has ended his Model-T labor relations, and that he is through with his sordid associates.

Friends of Democracy, Inc., has published a pamphlet, "Henry Ford Must Choose," which documents trace Ford's support of Fascism from the World War to the present moment.
Ford still employs W. J. Cameron, head of the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Ford's literature remains in the vanguard of Nazi propaganda. In a foreword to the pamphlet, Robert E. Sherwood explains that Henry Ford made it easy for the Nazis to think of the conquest of America as an "inside job." There are 30 pages of illustrations backing this up.

Ford's henchmen have kept this material in the background where they hope it will be forgotten—"important" books on anti-Semitism in America appear without even mentioning his name. Commenting on the preparation of this pamphlet, Dr. L. M. Birkhead, Director of the Friends of Democracy, said: "The public would be shocked to know of the pressure that was brought to stop publication of this pamphlet!" This pressure was brought, astounding as it may seem, by the American-Jewish Committee, one of whose key members is Mr. Henry Littleton (Chairman of the Board of the Commercial Investment Trust) and by the Anti-Defamation League, the chairman of whose executive committee is Mr. Philip Haberman (vice-president and general counsel of the Commercial Investment Trust). The most profitable unit of the Commercial Investment Trust is the Universal Credit Corporation which finances Ford dealers.

HENRY L. NEWBURG
New Rochelle, N.Y.
Editor: Really, man, the way you go on about that new A & P super-store in Pittsburg, Kansas, makes you sound like a movie Western himself when such lawsuits within a mile of here and another one going up a little farther away. Why, only half a block away is one that has two floors, one in the basement. But you'd never know you're in a cellar; the fluorescent lighting is absolutely splendid, and after you've become accustomed to the air-conditioning for 15 minutes or so you nearly perish when you step outside on a hot afternoon. They've got six checkers to take your money on Saturday nights and a crew of "carry-out boys" stand ready to pack your stuff in bags and boxes and then lug it out to your car. Twice they've had sensation holdups in which the cash registers were relieved of several thousand dollars. And about a year ago, for several months on end, they had one of the most spectacularly-picketed strikes I've ever seen. Allegations and counter-allegations were made, in which the courts were induced to intervene on both sides and the police and the public looked on with good-humored tolerance. At one time there were over a hundred pickets milling and exhorting in front of the place. The din disturbed our sleep. And the huge parking lot was strewn with carpet tacks. In the end both sides made concessions. Yes, it's all a boldest rollicking testimonial for American capitalism, even if it's chaotically inefficient part of the time; I've often thought of it, even as you. But I believe we can devise something better.

Incidentally, those tooth-picks can be gotten at that A.P. store. But I'll bet they'll have them fixed up so you'll buy at least a quarter's worth when you get around to getting some. And I can't refrain from adding that maybe the reason you've got only 12 teeth left is that for too many years you've bugged around with those atrocious busted matches. Tooth-picks can be used ineptly too, of course. In fact they're anathema to most conscientious dentists, who prefer dental floss. But the manipulation of a piece of dental floss in public is a thousand times more gauche than the artful use of a tooth-pick; besides, I believe you can saw your gums with a piece of floss just as damagingly as you can prod them with a pick.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANGE

Editor: The Brazilians are great at making fun of the supposedly stupid Portuguese. A Portuguese, hanging a picture, was having considerable trouble banging a nail headfirst into the wall. His brother then came in and noting the struggle that was going on said, "Darn Joaquim, you're the most stupid burro I've yet came across. Can't you see the nail is for that wall?", pointing to the wall opposite.

J. M. OVERSTREET
SAO LUÍZ, Maranhao, Brazil

Editor: You have missed the one about the aunt who complained to Mark about pains. He advised her to take a certain patent medicine, not less than $5 worth. When she saw him later, she said: "I tried the medicine you recommended, took all of it, and it didn't do me a bit of good." Mark: "Well, it did me good. I own stock in the company that makes it."

Niles, Mich.

W. M. RIEBER

Editor: As I write this on September 4, 1941, I don't personally expect as heavy bombing as we have had. Germany has lost, on one field or other, 12,000 planes in two years, and although it has the French, Belgians, Czechs, etc., working their plants full blast for it—Work or Starve is the slogan—and has prodigious metal resources after looting all Europe down
to its ash-trays and door-knobs, the quality of machines and men can’t be kept up indefinitely. On our side, the quality of both improves. When we get the official attitude to Russia straightened out—there is still far too much of the furtive hope that Germany and Russia will wear each other out while we and America build up—we should make a formidable combination. Our people, like yours, are not all doing their best yet. I should say at least a fourth of our people, black-coated or shirt-sleeved, make money out of it and are determined to live as comfortably as ever. Churchill’s fine speeches and Sinclair’s and Atlee’s smooth assurances don’t drive people to take their coats off. I was talking to a Chinese friend the other day, and he mentioned as a matter of greatest surprise that English folk never enter the idea that they themselves possibly be defeated. It’s true—universally—but it’s just an effect of history. Unless you count William the Bandit (1066), we have never been beaten—driven out of France in the 14th Century and out of America, but never in England or on the sea. The complacency which this inspires is dangerous. If people only realized how terribly near to defeat we were once or twice in the last two years! Now, after Russia’s magnificent work, we are sure to win next year. Don’t understand why we don’t invade the Continent, but high military opinion is dead against it. I hope they’re not making another mistake.

Our people are now all right as regards Russia. The cinema still gives them scandalously few pictures from Russia in the topical news, but when they do there is loud cheering. That is unusual in British cinemas. Certain august personages who are on every week never get a cheer. The papers are half converted, but we want a bold lead from Labor leaders and don’t get it. You will have seen lately that a minister, Brabagon-Moore, has been attacked for making (alleged) unfortunate remarks about Russia, to the effect that he wanted to see Russia and Germany fight until both are defeated. It reminded how three years ago a Nazi industrialist used to call here occasionally to see me. I could see clearly that Alfred Rosenberg had told him to win me and I told him frankly it was the question. But one day he said apropos of something or other: “I’ll ask my friend Brabagon-Moore.”

We are making no particular preparation for a coming blitz. During the summer the surface-shelters—light brick sheds about 10 feet high—were built in all streets. There are two in my street in this London suburb. I think most people regard them like myself as death-traps. You have a chance if a bomb not of the heavier calibre, falls on the house. My present neighbors on both sides are folk who have had that experience downtown. They feel a bit nervous now that in the last few nights we get “reconnaissance planes” over us again, but even the children don’t worry much. A dozen, from 4 to 10, are playing in the street just now. I know one little chap, aged 5, who was with his mother in the street in a day-raid. A bomb fell 20 yards away and killed five or six other kids. The youngster never talks about it but in the cinema when he hears guns he puts his hands over his ears and says, “Oh, bother!” I had to walk five miles through a blitz one night last winter. I got covered with 517 mud from the provinces and found [line deleted by the censor.] No bus or taxi would move so off I set on foot, planes overhead all the time and A. A. guns blazing all round and here and there firemen or emergency squads at work on houses. I think what I remember best is that up to 10.30 (closing time) every pub in the district seemed to be full of men who were beerily singing in chorus the popular songs of the hour. Here and there men were hit and 50 to 70 killed, but it hasn’t affected the gatherings. Now one in a hundred leaves a cinema when a siren blows. In other words, if we are to be blitzed again there will be no cumulative effect. Many will just begin to get nervous over again but the horrors of past blitzes don’t count with the overwhelming majority. We get a lot of American visitors, but I would suggest that a few psychologists would find it intensely interesting to come and study people under both conditions. There is practically no invasion-scare, though many think it possible if not probable. I don’t.

JOSEPH McCABE
Golders Green, London, England

* * *

Editor: May I suggest that you give something of the background of the Hitler Brutalitarianism as it is found in German philosophy? Santayana’s “Ethos in German Philosophy” gives some choice gems. Here’s one:

“That a State, even when on the very point of making war, should solemnly assert its love for peace and its aversion to conquest is nothing, for, in the first place, it must needs make this asseveration and so hide its real intention if it would succeed in its design; and the well-known principle, threaten war that you may have peace
may also be inverted in this way: promise peace that you may begin war with advantage, and in the second place, the State may be wholly in earnest in its peaceful assurances so far as its self-knowledge has gone, but let the favorable opportunity for agrandizement present itself and the previous good resolution is forgotten."

The above is from Fichte, the great apostle of Transcendental Idealism who aroused the Germans against Napoleon and who is the revered philosophic deity of Nazism, together with Nietzsche. Can anyone imagine Emerson or John Stuart Mill giving utterance to such sentiments? Has the soul of a great deal of intellectual Germany been corrupted ever since Frederick the Great? How is it that so many Englishmen (and Americans, as well) imported vast quantities of unwieldy German notions in shallow-flat-bottomed intellects?

Freeport, L. I.

VINCENT RONALD

"I give Woolsey Teller, of New York City, a pat on the back for what he has to say about the essential dogmatism of the agnostic. He says in a new and effective way just what I've said many times: the burden of proof for the God-idea rests entirely on its proponents, and before one should ask disproof of its opponents. Until that proof is forthcoming, all people who are able to use their brains are justified in rejecting the idea exactly as they do the Easter Bunny and the Stork."—C. A. LANG, Maplewood, Mo.

Editor: The Roman Catholic Church has actually had the effrontery to revive the Red Mass in America. This ceremony for the judiciary branch of the Government and jurists in general is a carry-over from antiquity when the pontiffs laid down the law. It was introduced in this country in 1923 and is now celebrated annually in five States and territories. On October 4 a Red Mass was held for the first time in Massachusetts. The bobbing heads included the Governor, the full bench of the State Supreme Court, and practically every judge in the State! I suggest that readers in all sections where this religious pressure on local government is allowed (N. Y., Calif., Ill., Penn., Mass., D. C.) write letters such as this one I have dispatched to Governor Saltonstall:

"Sirs: It hardly becomes the Chief Executive of our Commonwealth to attend, and thus endorse by implication, an un-American festival sponsored by a foreign Fascist group, namely the Roman Catholic Church. (n.b. In using the word "foreign," I am not raising a racial issue here. If the Vatican is not a foreign Fascist group, what would you call it?)

"According to the Boston Sunday Herald a person named Kenealy spoke at this meeting, declaring: 'our jurisprudence . . . is threatened by a new ideology of "realism" which is closely akin to totalitarianism.'

"Realism and materialism are the basis of all science and rational thinking—the basis of Americanism.

"The festival was further un-American in view of our constitutional guarantee of a complete separation of government and religion. This was a mass exclusively for our jurists, representing government's most important branch: law enforcement. Laws mean nothing if judges misinterpret them. If our State Supreme Court is to be intimidated into defining realism as totalitarianism, members might as well resign their offices in favor of the nearest priest. This is a big step toward the revival of the sacred custom of burning heretics at the stake, a punishment which has never been repealed.

"The Roman Catholic Church has not previously felt that it had the power to hold this Red Mass in Massachusetts without public condemnation. The ceremony constitutes an abuse of religious freedom, an attempt to coerce the Massachusetts judiciary into line with Catholic Action, an attempt to impress its followers with its power over the courts.

"I protest. I do not question the right of any citizen to hold any religious belief he cares to, Roman Catholic or otherwise, but I strongly object to the injection of religious forces into our government."

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.

Melrose, Mass.

Editor: You have often commented on—and invariably condemned—anti-Semitism and race hatred. But you have never pointed out and proposed the solution which I think is the only solution of the problem: the melting pot.

It has been tried and found successful, in the case of the Jew, in China, where, it is said, the Jew has so completely merged with the native population that no trace of his Hebrew identity has remained. And in the case of the Negro, according to W. E. Burghardt Dubois, the process has been altogether satisfactory—as it was in-
evitable—both in ancient Egypt and in Abyssinia.

Of course, the melting pot process is slow in its operation. But it is sure. It can be accelerated, however, by holding in check prejudices and by overcoming offensive traits and practices. In the case of the Jew, restraint is necessary, both on his part and on the part of the non-Jew. With the Negro the greater restraint would have to be self-enforced by the whites. But it would be up to the Negro to raise himself in the scale of culture—a task which he now, in America, has begun and is so admirably carrying forward.

In society—as in our physical nature—no foreign object is tolerated. It must be either forcibly ejected or assimilated. Forcible ejection is unpleasant, and uncivilized, and, in the cases of the Jew and the Negro, impossible. If we cannot exclude we should be hospitable and sensible, and encourage both in ourselves and others a friendly, reasonably humane, and proper attitude—and let the force of inevitable evolution take care of the rest.

Brighton, Colo.

W. F. HILLER

Editor: Your comments on Father (of what?) Coughlin’s criticism, in his “Social Justice,” of you and of the fact that the Library of Congress wishes to transcribe parts of your work into Braille, are to the point. As in all such criticism one sees here the morbid clerical preoccupation with sex, whether relevant or not. Here we have a large brotherhood—and sisterhood—which voluntarily and publicly renounces all practical concern with an important aspect of life: sworn and lifelong celibates. It would seem that if ever there was a group and a controversy from which that group was self-excluded it would be the clergy and discussions of sex. Were the clergy not so notoriously usurpative, one would expect that here if anywhere modesty would enjoin suitable restraint. Instead we find the clergy perniciously, pruriently and muck-mindedly absorbed with the subject, and loudly vociferous over it. Some day no competent work of psychiatry will be complete without at least a chapter devoted to this phenomenon.

READER

Editor: The first of October has passed and Hitler is not yet in England as I feared last Spring he would be before this Summer had passed. So we can shake hands on what I hoped and you prophesied wouldn’t come to pass. But nothing could illustrate better the truth of Thomas Paine’s remark about the unpredictability of the fortunes of war than the events of this Summer. For neither of us could foresee the scale on which the struggle would be deflected to the East. And, were it not for that, and had Hitler poured as much blood and treasure into the effort to get on the right little tight little island as he has into the Russian campaign, my fears might nevertheless have been justified.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Editor: Herewith I send you the 15,000-word Ms. of the first number of “The Black International.” You will infer, I think, that I am not suffering in health and vigor from two years of war. I have written it as a complete survey of one important phase of the situation I am covering in this new, attractive series of publications. Each issue will deal with a problem. I am the series of 10 numbers. The second Ms. will follow in two weeks by airmail. I am giving the whole of my time to the work. In fact, I am working hard at it just now to get all the material in hand just in case I have to leave London. There is, of course, not the least intention of my voluntarily doing so, but some of our statesmen talk of shifting all useless folk—I’m supposed to be one—out of London if heavy bombing occurs again. It would not involve with my work enthusiastic about this useful and constructive editorial assignment you gave me in this critical moment in the history of civilization. Future historians will show that the activities of the Black International in these dark years contributed much to the betrayal of mankind. You will see from the Ms. of the first issue enclosed that I am mincing no words, I am hitting with all my strength. The infamous thing must be exposed. How fortunate are you that you have the facilities and the courage to bring the whole truth to the reading world.

Golders Green, London, England

JOSEPH McCabe

Editor: President Roosevelt recently quoted an article in the Constitution of the U. S. S. R. regarding religious freedom. He was immediately jumped on by the Catholic Action lobby and conferred with the Right Rev. Michael J. Ready, executive secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, for 45 minutes. There followed an official retraction by our President in a formal statement expressing hope that religious freedom might be revived there. Since his assumption is that the U. S. S. R. is atheistic, this hope expresses a desire for the revival of religion. It is an outright plug for religion on the false assumption that
people who do not go to church would really like to but are forcibly prevented.
This is not an issue on which to be side-tracked into pros and cons of the U. S. S. R. The Roman Catholic Church was able to put sufficient pressure on our President to make him retract a statement and issue another in its favor. That is what the incident boils down to.
At the same time, our President has established personal relations with the Vatican and is trying to put pressure on Moscow to make a deal with the Pope, something the poor Pope has unsuccessfully attempted for years. The Roman Catholic Church has thus made a strong entering wedge into our Government. It has used the President for a spokesman. His HOPE for a religious revival in the U. S. S. R. has been capitalized upon by papist organs to sound as though Roosevelt himself were a crusading Catholic. His political action on behalf of the Pope is unconstitutional. Materialists and non-Catholics should protest. My letter is as follows:

"Mr. President: Your incredible retraction under pressure by the Roman Catholic Church of a statement concerning religion in a certain foreign country is unparalleled in American history. In the office of Chief Executive of the United States, you have become a mouthpiece for religious propaganda. You have retracted a public statement at the command of vicious Catholic (Fascist) Action pontiffs. You have submitted to domination by religious racketeers in a country based on complete separation of religion and government. Do you seek a return to religious wars? That is the inevitable consequence of mixing religion and government. Keep priests, pontiffs, and rattlesnakes out of the White House. Sever all relations with the Vatican. Retract in favor of America."
FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

"As for Elissa Landis's "dearie" and "honey" shops, were it actually practiced I could see a bit of sense in such sales-behavior to a male customer. But before another woman, and a stranger at that, it's always seemed slightly on the shady side toward the abnormal."
—Reader.

"Your two comments, the one against people who sulk, the other about Chamfort's 'charming woman who lives as virtuously as possible outside marriage and celibacy' somehow hinged together for me. To the former I'd say most people who sulk are maladjusted sexually. As for the latter, the woman could have been entirely virtuous—ethically if not sexually, and the first is by far the more important. And I haven't a doubt Chamfort would have agreed she never sulked."—Reader.

Editor: Since you printed my suggestion for gift subs for boys in the service, another thought for some of the old standbys is to enter gift subs for their local city editors for the liberalizing effect on their in-the-rut mentalities.
Newark, N. J.
S. S. NEISS

Editor: In addition to "egg yolks, olly fish, fish liver oils" as a source of vitamin D, you might have told your questioner that sunlight on his own bare hide would turn the trick too. And that leads directly to that subject of windowless offices: far from building more of them, we should have more windows. Or better yet, some way of reflecting daylight into all parts of interiors without robbing it of its beneficial factors. Those who will rush to set you right in your condemnation of what you call "living graves" doubtless will assure us that science has taken all of this with artificial light that's up to sunlight par, air-conditioning, etc. But the fact is that science, as yet, doesn't know all that's to be known about sunlight nor, for that matter, about vitamins either. At the rate at which discoveries are emerging we're justified in expecting much more. Yet, even of what we do know—and this is much more important—a large part is ignored, misapplied, or rejected for one or another specious reason. But one thing is sure: the race is charged far greater vicissitudes—and ever a much longer period of time—without benefit of anything in the way of shelter and raiment, than it has since the acquisition of those doubtful blessings. How? And why? And could it do it now? I doubt that it could even if it retained all present knowledge of sanitation and antisepsis, which we must remember, dawn age man knew about as much about as a Gila monster knows about algebra. One of these days, after we're plenty fed up with dosing our way to health simply by way of our rebellious guts, we'll wake up and give them a surprised lift by letting another large organ help them: our skins. But before we'll do that in a really adequate way a vast amount of dead wood will have to be broken out of our tree of knowledge. Naturally I don't regard adequate an occasional solitary
July parboiling with—in addition—our most important personality-influencing organs concealed in sweltering darkness beneath several soggy layers of cotton, wool and rubber. We would never have become the heirs of primitively man had he been compelled to get his sunlight thus furiously and sporadically.

Maplewood, Mo.  C. A. LANG

Editor: The American-Jewish Committee issues "The Contemporary Jewish Record," a bi-monthly which serves as its organ. The July-August, 1940, issue carried an article by Nathaniel H. Goodrich, a member of the Committee's research staff on "Nazi Inference in America"—(pp. 370-380).

The article mentioned the following individuals carrying on anti-Semitic activities in the U. S.: Vier Eck, Edmondson, Pelley, True, Winrod, Dilling, Deatherage, Hudson, Mosel, (Gen'l, Geo. Van Horn), Thorke, Sullivan (Geo. E.), Kuhn, (Williamson, Auhagen). Also the following organizations: German-American Bund, Friends of New Germany, Christian Mobilizers, Knights of the White Camellia, American Nationalist Confederation, American Fellowship Forum—but NEITHER HENRY FORD, NOR W. J. CAMERON, NOR THE ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION were mentioned.

Why not? Was this inadvertent? Ever since June 30, 1927, the date of Ford's famous letter of retraction and apology, Cameron's Anglo-Saxon Federation has been the principal distributing in this country of "The Protocols of Zion" and "The International Jew," by Henry Ford.

Brooklyn, N. Y.  HYMAN KAPLAN

HITLER'S JEWISH GRANDFATHER

Editor: In his letter on Hitler's ancestry in the November (41) issue, (p. 4, col 5), Mr. Schoenig does not make the matter entirely clear.

The Fuhrer's father, whose name was Alois, was born on June 7, 1837, in the village of Strones in Lower Austria, the illegitimate son of a peasant woman of 42, Maria Anna Schickgruber, who afterward married to Johann George Hiedler or Hitler. She died in 1842 when Alois was five years old.

It has been assumed by the American foreign correspondents from whom we derive most of our information regarding the Fuhrer that Johann George Hitler was the father of Alois, but the following consideration disproves this. In Austria, as in nearly everywhere else on the Continent, an illegitimate child, according to law, takes the mother's name; but a subsequent marriage of the parents automatically legitimizes the offspring, who thereupon takes the father's name. Now Alois bore the name of his mother not only after she had married Johann George, the reputed father, but for 35 years after her death in 1842, when Alois was five years old. It was not until January 9, 1877, that he changed his name to Hitler. This conclusively proves that the reputed father was not the real father.

As Mr. Schoenig says, the real father of Alois was a Jewish peddler of Moravia, whose name has been obliterated. Here we have the explanation of the mephitic care with which the Nazis have effaced every scrap bearing on the Fuhrer's origin beyond his parents; also of the Fuhrer's lie in "Mein Kampf" that he had never seen a Jew till he went to Vienna at the age of 17. There is no purpose in the lie if he wasn't so reticent to conceal. Unquestionably he has been tortured by the knowledge of his "racial impurity" to use the Nazi lingo. Most American writings have swallowed whole the Fuhrer's fabricated version of his parentage and childhood.

In this connection the following are interesting:

Heiden writes of "the darkness which ensniffs Hitler's origin and childhood. There must be something wrong somewhere, else would Hitler have been so reticent in his life story." ("Hitler, A Biography" by Heiden, Knopf, 1936, p. 8.)

"At the time of his (Hitler's) first great successes as an orator a dangerous tendency to sarcasm threatened to ruin his effectiveness. His speech was at times REMINISCENT OF THE JEWISH JARGON" (underscoring supplied). "A History of National Socialism," by Heidar. (Method & Co., London, p. 41.)

"Hitler wore a long coat that Neumann (his Jewish friend) had given him . . . and he wore an incredibly greasy derby hat on the back of his head. His hair was long and tangle and he grew a beard on his chin such as we Christians seldom have though one is not uncommon in Leopoldstadt, the Jewish Ghetto (in Vienna). I used to address Hitler often as 'Paul Kruger,' because the President of the Boers had just such a beard." ("I Was Hitler's Buddy," by Reinhold Hanisch, "The New Republican," April 5, 1939, p. 240.)

"Nevertheless Hitler at that time looked very Jewish so that I often joked with him that he must be of Jewish blood since such a large beard rarely grows on a Christian's chin." (Same, "The New Republican," April 12, 1939, p. 272.)

"George Trauler, who grew up with.
Hitler in Leonding, near the city of Linz during his boyhood and whose father was the secretary of the local council says: "He was never the leader when we were boys in Leonding ... We all regarded him as a Jew and, of course, his father as a Jew. I am ashamed to say it but we kids used to taunt Adolf for being a 'Jew boy.'"

"All records of Hitler's genealogy have either been destroyed or so defaced that they leave no actual pictures of his origin beyond his parents. We have already reported that in his youth he was twitted by his playmates as a 'Jew boy'." (George Adams, in the N. Y. Mirror, April 18, 1939.)

"Incidentally, it may be that under the Nuremberg racial legislation, Hitler himself is not entitled to be classed as Aryan." (Rauschnig, "The Voice of Destruction," p. 235.)

A series of articles, "I Paid Hitler's War," by Fritz Thyssen, the great German industrialist, has been running recently in "Liberty." The September 13 number is headed "Has Hitler Jewish Blood?" Did Dollfuss die because he uncovered the Fuhrer's secret ancestry? Says Thyssen, "Moreover this presumed Jewish ancestry of Hitler might also give us a psycho-analytical explanation of his anti-Semitism. By persecuting the Jews the psycho-analysis would say Hitler is trying to 'cleanse himself of his own Jewish taint.' However this may be, Dollfuss prepared a document in which all these facts were established. After his assassination his successor Schuschnigg took possession of the document. Through his spies, Hitler was informed of this compromising inquiry. When he asked the Austrian Chancellor to come to Berchtesgaden in February, 1938, he intended to get possession of the document. He began by ordering the arrest of Countess Fugger, Chancellor Schuschnigg's friend who later became his wife. The compromising document was then given to Baron von Ketteler, the secretary of Von Papen, then the Fuhrer's Ambassador in Vienna. The unfortunate Schuschnigg faced by his terrible adversary at Berchtesgaden, was deprived of his one weapon against him ... the threat to publish the Dollfuss document which would have revealed Hitler's true origin to the world." ("Liberty," September 13, 1941, p. 19.)

The above may not prove the point beyond a reasonable doubt, but certainly does by a preponderance of evidence.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALBERT MULLER

Editor: I have, for the past 30 years, been going deeply into the history of the Black International, the most thoroughly vile organization ever known on earth, so I do not expect to find much in your 10 issues that will be news to me, but I admire your upstanding fight against the R. C. buzzards and I feel that I can spare a dollar out of my slim resources to help the good work along. I am glad to notice that you aim your guns at the really guilty ones, the gang of holy racketeers who run the show, and do not condemn the simple, gullible goofs who have been mesmerized into giving up good money to support those bloated salesmen of superstition.

Buckeye, Calif. L. A. MASON


There is no index, but a reading shows only two references to Henry Ford. On page 15: "In May, 1929, Henry Ford began an anti-Semitic campaign in his Dearborn Independent, continuing it until January, 1922."

On the same page: "In 1924, Ford revived his anti-Semitic campaign in the Dearborn Independent and kept it going for a year. But with the Klan's decline into insignificance by 1927, organized anti-Semitism virtually disappeared."

The book makes no mention whatever of the Anglo-Saxon Federation or of W. J. Cameron. A suspicious reader might infer that there is a studious avoidance of anything likely to embarrass Ford. For example, on page 58, the statement is made that it cost Father (of what?) Coughlin $14,000 a week for broadcasting. On page 70, there is a page on Coughlin's Funds. "With 47 stations in his hook-up this means that Coughlin has spent close to $500,000 a year on radio broadcasts alone ... few exact details are known regarding Coughlin's sources of funds ..."Gifts, large and small, are his chief source of income." But not a syllable of suggestion that it has been repeatedly charged that Ford is the chief backer, even though Spivak's "The Shrine of the Silver Dollar" is mentioned in the bibliography. Spivak has a chapter on Ford and Coughlin in which he either charges directly or else intimates very broadly that Coughlin is financed by Ford. This book of Dr. Strong is ample testimony to the effectiveness of the work of Ford's Jewish friends.

N. Y. C. MAX REX

Editor: Again I want to say that I
take off my hat to your foresight. Years ago, when I was still an admirer of the "Lone Eagle," you said "Watch Lindbergh." Well, I stuck to him as long as I could, but as the big boys down in Texas used to say, "He has shored tore his pants with me now."

Brentwood, Md.

ELMER C. HELM

Editor: I am a post office clerk and have been employed in the service for about six years at the Sebring, Florida, office. I am also one of Jehovah's witnesses and have been active in this work for five years during which time I was not disturbed by either individuals or the post office department, even though the postmaster was aware of my activity all this time.

However, recently, because of the distribution of Bible literature which proclaims Jehovah's King and Kingdom in obedience to His Commandments, the postal officials have seen fit to bring charges and threats against me in that I am violating Section 56 of the P&L. The activity of Jehovah's witnesses is constitutional. Why then does the P&L conflict with the Constitution? It is my right to continue this practice and for doing so postal officials have suspended me for 90 days from the service and without pay and further have threatened that if this practice is not discontinued that I shall be removed from the service.

Our forefathers designed the Constitution to give religious freedom for Protestants, Catholics, Jews and others, but according to the above it is apparent that the post office department is trying to exclude certain Protestants by prescribing how they shall not worship God.

Your assistance in the correction of the above condition will be gladly received.

Sebring, Fla.

NORMAN H. NIXON

Editor: Please notice something peculiar. In the current (October 1, 1941) U. S. Week, there is an article, "The Man Behind the America First Committee," by Harland R. Crippen. Not a syllable about H. M. Ford, although nearly all the minor characters in the play receive prominence. Has the Fliver King scared everybody in the U. S. except you, and Upton Sinclair and Dr. L. M. Birkhead?

N. Y. C.

VINCENT DOLAN

Editor: Present-day Protestantism is a mere weak, diluted, dishwater imitation or substitute for the original malignant poison of Christianity. The average Protestant church is a pleasant social club where but little attention is paid to the fantastic theology or three-headed God invented by the slick witch-doctors of the early church... What burns me up is their arrogant claim that they are the inventors of the alleged "Christian" virtues and have taken out a patent on morality. The fact is, the six vital rules in the mis-called Ten Commandments have been recognized since earliest caveman days as the absolutely indispensable ordinances without which man could not live together in communities, and have been the basis of all law for tens of thousands of years. Keep up your fight against the snaky plotters who are working ceaselessly to "Make American Catholic."

Buckeye, Calif.

L. A. MASON

Editor: I am compelled by a sincere desire to express my appreciation for your informative and instructive literature. Your Little Blue Books are invaluable. Read with a searching for truth they cannot help but lead to higher intellectualism.

The American Freeman may be "just a newspaper" to some people, but to seekers of knowledge and reality it is a burning, illuminating torch of truth.

Until I heard of you, I thought I was a solitary Atheist in a sea of sacred, chimerial nonsense. Now I know that I am not alone in my convictions.

Keep up the work, for I believe we are growing stronger when radio preachers have to warn gullible Christians about a growing wave of Atheism in this country. Americans are beginning to get truth-conscious.

HENRY E. LANGEN
Maple Shade, N. J.

Editor: Morale among members of our armed forces has, in one official instance, been described as "at present reasonably satisfactory." This is nearer the truth than anything one will ever find in Father Coughlin's "Social Justice." I honestly doubt if morale in the United States Army will ever, can ever, be as bad as Coughlin and his native Fascists now would have the public believe. The last thing one can expect of this Mike" should be that he is for him to tell the truth. His ravings about conditions in the army are as much lies as practically everything else that goes into the maws of his medieval journal. Like Hitler, he seems to think the bigger the lie, the more quickly it will be believed; not only by the mental misfits he is angling for, but by practically everyone else. This representative of the Lawd, the Pope, and Hitler, bears watching. But he and his gang of pro-Hitlerites will have fan up a much larger flame of hatred than they have hertofo re been able to
do before morale in the army camps sinks to the level this Man of Gawd says it now is; and, I am quite confident he can never do enough huffing and puffing to fan the flame to where riots are "bound to break out in the camps." I do not mean to say that some of his poison has found its way into the army camps. Apparently some of it has, but in rather small doses.

Morale and spirit among the soldiers is lower in some camps, posts, and stations than in others, which is to be expected. There are a good many reasons for this. The chief reason for dissatisfaction, in the public view, is the fact that many army camps are located near towns which have no facilities to offer the soldiers in the way of recreation. Fort Leonard Wood is a case in point and is usually pointed out as a horrible example of unwise choice of location for an army camp. There are also many other cases of unwise selections for sites for army camps.

There is a lot of griping going on in the army, but in a lot of cases it is nothing more than that—just healthy, spontaneous griping and letting off excess steam. Coughlin, Wheel-er, Tye, Lindburgh, etc., have gotten in a few of the ashes out of a very alarming extent. A lot of the causes for dissatisfaction in the army have been deliberately planted and cultivated by Coughlin and native Fascists.

For all their griping, some of those in the army are now having the best times they will ever have. Civilian life, to a good many of them, is going to seem drab and lack-luster whenever they return to their truck-driver occupations, their farms, their filling stations, their twelve-a-week clerical jobs. Although they perhaps do not realize it, and would never admit it, most of these, years hence, will look back upon their life in the army with something akin to nostalgia.

Albuquerque, N. Mex. A. M. PASCHALL

Editor: It looks as if Myron Taylor may be going over by the same boat with the Pope's peace-plans. He had had a lot of mysterious talks with American and British ambassadors, etc. There is no question of it coming to anything. Some of our statesmen may be unsatisfactory, but the country would not listen to such terms as Hitler would offer at this stage. In spite of his bitter disappointment in Russia and on the Atlantic he is incapable of any real surrender of his gains. He probably wants to wrap up his domination of Europe in the kind of language protectorate, German guidance, etc.—which was accepted far too long. It's too late. The only thing I fear is a willingness to leave him Austria. I'd risk jail fighting against it, but I think all our people are sound on it. Probably we shall get another Blitz to help the consideration of the peace-terms. It would not do anything. I was talking the other day to a plumber who lives in one of the very battered suburbs. On one of the hectic nights they lay in bed, his wife and daughter in the cellar, and counted 30 bumps (each bomb probably meaning two to three houses and as many lives) in 20 minutes round about. Then he went to the door for a mouthful of fresh air. His knees were knocking together, he said, and a quaking voice came out of the darkness, "Is that you, Thacker?" It was his next-door neighbor, shaking worse than himself. (It is, of course, nonsense that people keep cool with the planes overhead.) His neighbor wanted to go and see his sister was O. K. two blocks away. Off they crept in pitch dark and had to throw themselves down flat on the street—"My belly ached from it," he said—six times as bombs came whistling down. His home got it a few nights later and his thirty years collection of furniture, etc., was smashed to bits (or stolen) but no lives lost. Fairly typical. "Any man who tells you he isn't afraid is a bloody liar," he said. But as to giving in to a premature peace to save his new home from bombing—"Do you take me for a bloody fool?" he asks.

Swearing, by the way, is one of the notable outcomes of this business, especially in women: a nice commentary on the plea that those misfortunes which God sends are for our spiritual regeneration. The man told me how his daughter, a girl of 21, whom I know fairly well, joined him on the street when he got back. She had to that time never done more than drop a little "Damn" now and again. That night she raised her fist skyward and cursed the Jereilles with remarkable skill for a full minute. She is now very fluent with the B's as well as the D's. The interesting point is that this is very widespread in both working and middle class. A lady pops out a capital B. while she's talking to you and says, "Pardon me, it's the war—I never used to swear." It does them good. Of course. Last war we had a big increase of sex. I have not heard anything particular in that line this time, but I never now go out at night—prefer to work—and really don't know. The complete black-out rather favors the angels while mere darkness helps the other side. Another growth is lying, stealing, and cheating. Women lie like blazing in the shops, and the most plou
shopkeepers tell them blandly they are damned liars. Theft (from bombed houses, stores, etc.) is greatly increased. A man has to watch his van on the street closely, especially if he has a load of cigarettes or groceries. They pinch the van and all its contents.

Don't let me give you the impression that we live in a state of nervous anarchy. Far from it. It so happens that the guns are blazing away somewhere down town as I write (about midday), which may mean a ripening of the Blitz, but no one about here takes the least notice. There is less traffic, on the roads, as London has probably lost a couple of million people (refugees), and more gossip on the streets, but it is all about rations and shopkeepers. There is widespread disappointment that we have not invaded, and Church-ill's stock has fallen considerably. But his speeches, which are very able, lift him up again. I should say most people do not accept his plea that we must keep the army here in case of German invasion. We have pretty generally given up that idea. As I write, I hear my housekeeper calling out to a woman who is passing, "Don't you hear the guns deary?" "No," says Mary; "What's it about?" "Germans, of course." "The buggers," says Mary (supposed to be an Irish Catholic), and walks placidly on. But the question of our invading Europe is certainly difficult. The coast is fearfully protected, largely with the big guns from the Maginot line, and, apart from the scarcity of shipping it would take hours to land even 100,000 men with mechanized equipment and they could soon be overwhelmed. Still, I can't help wishing some senile brains were put in retirement and originality and dash got a chance.

At the moment the situation is more open than ever. The war might go on to the end of next summer or collapse in the winter. There is going to be famine and desperation in Europe, and Italy is in a frightful state. On the other hand, though the Russians have been splendid, they are being steadily pushed back in the important south German communiques area. If, of course, brazen lies while the Russian communiques have not lied as far as one can test them. They suggest that the wear and tear on Germany's forces and equipment must have serious consequences for Hitler before long. Here again Churchill was wrong. I remember that in the last war it looked blacker than ever for us four months before the collapse. Of course, there is an important difference—the Gestapo. Revolt won't happen in Germany this time, but if Russia can keep Lenin-grad and the industrial Don area, there will be a serious drop of morale. Hitler is now not likely to attack through Spain, unless to get to Dakar, in which case I fancy Roosevelt will act. Those damnable French Catholics! I am tracing and exposing the whole Papal plot.

JOSEPH McCABE

GOLDERS GREEN, LONDON, ENGLAND

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DID JESUS EVER LIVE?**

Editor: Has there been any important contribution during the past few years to the old controversy regarding what scholars call "the historicity of Jesus," the question whether the founder of Christianity was a myth like Wilhelm Tell or had ever been a living person?

In his "Treatise on the Gods," H. L. Mencken says: "The historicity of Jesus is no longer questioned seriously by anyone, whether Christian or unbeliever" (p. 277). But this statement shows the slap-dash judgment and half-baked learning of the author.

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, in "The Twilight of Christianity" (1931) is directly contradictory of Mencken. "Among the eminent scholars and critics who have contended that Jesus was not an actual historic figure we may mention Bruno, Bauer Kalthoff, Drews, Stendel, Felder, Deye, Jensen, Lubinski, Boland, Van der Berg, Virialland, Conch- oad, Massey, Bossi, Niemojewski, George Brandes, Robertson, Mead, Whittaker, Carpenter and W. B. Smith. While the writer does not concur in the extremely critical position taken by this group of writers, the very fact that so large a group of eminent scholars can earnestly maintain their thesis indicates how fragmentary and fragile is the actual evidence supporting the historical reality of Jesus Christ." ("The Twilight of Christianity," by H. E. Barnes, R. R. Smith Inc., 1931, pp. 390-1)

In circles in which the history of religions and especially of Christianity has been studied just the same as the history of the arts or of politics, it is an open secret that the non-historical view of Jesus is regarded as practically admitted even by the most devout provided they have an intellectual and scientific conscience. The knowledge of the mythical nature of Jesus is meant for the scholarly, not for the mass or populace. Such admissions are therefore coated in forms intelligible only to the initiated, to those who already have at least a partial key to the mystery. A remarkable case in point is the famous Albert Schweitzer, philosopher, theologian, organist, Christian medical missionary in Africa, author of the standard life of Bach—one who it has been justly said, exemplifies pre-Hitler German scholarship and res-
pect for truth at its best. In his celebrated "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," a book of over 400 pages, after an exhaustive examination in the friendliest spirit of whatever evidence there is and a critique, acute and thorough, of the positions of all those who have dealt with the problem he sums up the matter in his last chapter as follows:

"In the course of the critical study of the Life of Jesus, after a resistance lasting for two generations, during which first one expedient was tried and then another, theology was forced by genuine history to begin to doubt the artificial history with which it had thought to give new life to our Christianity, and to yield to the facts, which as Wrede strikingly said, are sometimes the most radical critics of all. History will force it to find a way to transcend history and to fight for the lordship and rule of Jesus over this world with weapons tempered in a different forge."

"And further we must be prepared to find that the historical knowledge of the personality and life of Jesus will not be a help but perhaps even an offense to religion."

"But the truth is, it is not Jesus as historically known, but Jesus as spiritually arisen within men, who is significant for our time and can help it . . . Jesus as a concrete historical personality remains a stranger to our time, but, His spirit, which lies hidden in His words, is known in simplicity and its influence is direct" ("The Quest of the Historical Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer, 2nd Eng. Ed., p. 399, A. & C. Black, Ltd., London, 1935).

In plain words Christianity exists as a living force based on what Jesus is supposed to have said or what is attributed to him, but it is not dependent in any way on whether he ever existed or not. And why does Schweitzer come to this remarkable conclusion? Because his main wish is to preserve Christianity and he realizes that to make it dependent on the historicity of Jesus is basing it on something that can't be supported. In this curious and involved way he abandons the belief in the existence of Jesus. As Kirby Page puts it, it is either Jesus or Christianity. Schweitzer and Page realize the danger of tying up the two, lest both be drowned out. They would have been only too glad to preserve both but realize that the mythical character of Jesus, the probability that further evidence may completely demolish the belief that Jesus had actually existed—this has dangerous implications for Christianity itself.

Mr. Joseph McCabe, however, takes a different view. He says, "The Gospels are unreliable, anonymous documents, plainly written outside Judea, after the fall of Jerusalem (70 A.D.) and not certainly known to us in their present form until the middle of the second century. Historians are not accustomed to use such documents very seriously. But the hypothesis that a real life is the nucleus round which the legends gathered seems to me more plausible and more consonant with the history of religions than any other hypothesis" ("The Sources of the Morality of the Gospels," p. 21, Watts & Co., London, 1914.)

Elsewhere Mr. McCabe reaffirms this position. "I conclude that it is more reasonable to believe in the historicity of Jesus. There is no parallel in history to the hidden growth of a myth and its conversion into a human personage in one generation. Moreover to these early Christians Jesus is not primarily a teacher. A collection of wise sayings might in time get a mythical name attached to it—though why the name Jesus it is hard to see—and the myth might in further time become a real person. But from the earliest moments that we catch sight of Christians in history, the essence of their belief is that Jesus was an incarnation, in Judea, of the great God of the universe. The supreme emphasis is on the fact that He assumed a human form and shed human blood on the cross. So it seems to me more consonant with the facts of religion's history which we know, to conclude that Jesus was a man who was gradually turned into a God." ("The Story of Religious Controversy," p. 228, quoted approvingly by Barnes, "The Twilight of Christianity," p. 463.)

SEARSDALE, N. Y.

T. R. BAXTER
course, the readers will get their 10 manuscripts, but if they have to be printed out of their numerical order I tell them not to worry about it, for everything can't be in perfect order in these days of Hitlerism and Japanese treachery.

Already I have written more books than any other author in England, and possibly America. I don't know whether to boast of it or blush for it. I received the six copies you sent me of my book, "Getting the Most Out of Life," and read it with great interest. I had forgotten it but it seems to me now one of the best things I have done.

Conditions here continue very monotonous. About once a week or so a German plane comes over us at night to remind us there is a war on, but practically no damage has been done in London since the early part of the year. The provinces get a little more. My son was up the other day and told me a funny story of a friend during a raid down their way. This Mr. Barker was to spend an evening with a friend who dropped him at his house and had to run away on some errand (probably for booze) for 10 minutes. Barker found he had run out of cigarettes so went to a shop in the next street. A bomb fell and when he got back he found neighbors and police tearing frantically at the ruins of his friend's house and saying there was a man buried. He joined in, thinking his friend had got back. This work has to be done in the dark, as the Jerry hovers about and comes to drop another egg if a fire guides him. The men just have small torches (flashlights) with a double layer of tissue-paper over the bulb. One of these lit on Barker, for a minute, and the fellow working next him said: "Oh, Mr. Barker, it's your body we're looking for." "Yes," says Barker, "and it appears I'm helping you."

We are now resigned to waiting. The bad weather came in nice time for the Russians, who were clearly running short—probably the Germans also—and our fleet has ruined the German hope of hitting at Egypt and Syria this winter. If Turkey keeps firm, on which I would not bet too heavily, I don't like the successor of the great Kemal—the Winter is going to be slow, but with raids on England, Invasion, it seems to me, is and always was out of the question. I should say more than half the country is bitterly disappointed that we have made no move, and, in spite of a "Gallup Census" which I totally distrust, Churchill is by no means a popular idol. But the beggar always recovers ground with a carefully-prepared speech. I need not explain to you the meaning of what goes on in our House of Commons. Churchill has a prodigious majority of votes behind him and will get out of trouble along with confidence. Hundreds of Tory members of Parliament, subsidized at elections by the Party or individual rich men, are bound hand and foot. So even when Churchill talks glibly (as some of your people do) of war in 1943, which makes most of us shudder, he is quite safe. But I think Russia and the conquered countries will insist on an offensive in the Spring of 1942. The whole thing now complicated by fears of what may follow if the Soviet Union does the lion's share of the work and insists, as I hope it will, on having a voice in the settlement. We may see queer things. Already the big bankers in France are working for "cooperation" with the Germans, which means remaining in feudal servitude. However, I don't know. The strain all over Europe is terrific. Something may break this winter. Too many people in England—I should say a third at least—are making more money than ever before. A Belgian refugee family in my street, which came six months ago with only the clothes they stood in, boasts it is making $100 a week. The wife just turned out in a new $90 fur coat, et c. And with money you can get almost all you want in any quantity. Many eyes are being opened. My younger son who has a good "boss" position in electricity has become respectably Conservative. A few days ago he was here and talked in exactly the opposite sense. The lesson of Russia is telling.

JOSEPH McCABE

Goldsers Green, London, England

Reader: "I question your assertion that a Puritan conscience, while not preventing 'sin' deprives the sinner of the pleasure he might otherwise get out of his experiences. I've noticed some Puritans who not only get pleasure out of a little clandestine sinning occasionally, but later get still more pleasure out of magnifying the matter when bragging about it before the sinner's bench or in the confession box."

LETTER TO AN ISOLATIONIST

Dear Sir: As to your views on the war, it seems to me that all our Isolationists err in the assumption that we have any choice about fighting. We have to fight because Hitler is; and he is and because his system is predatory and could not stand our competition and criticism. In other words, Hitler cannot exist in the same world with us, and he knows it, and if he should succeed in beating Russia and
England, he would have, from that time on, only one thought, to undermine us morally and politically while preparing to destroy us in war.

We are automatically driven to get ready, and the only question we have to consider is whether we prefer to fight him with Britain and Russia as allies or to fight him alone after he has taken over the resources of Britain and Russia. I very much doubt our ability to win under the latter circumstances.

I do not see how anybody can fail to see this, and I can only guess the reason to be that you do not know as much about the Nazis as I do. A great many people think they know but they don't really know. It is difficult to know, because their badness is so completely unbelievable and because it is so cleverly combined with plausibility. Hitler has told us the "Mach Kampf" that he only tells big lies because nobody will believe that anybody would tell such big lies. He has acted on this principle throughout and most of the time he has gotten away with it and is still doing so.

You send me the speech of President McCracken of Vassar, and I am quite sure that this gentleman is so good that it is absolutely impossible for him to conceive of an anybody being as Hitler is. If you try to tell him, you become a "warmonger"—and every follower of Hitler throughout the world chuckles with delight while he calls you that name. We confront the greatest warmonger in the history of the world, and we are compelled to fight for our lives and for all the things that are of value more than life, but in the face of that situation we shrink from being called warmongers! I, for one, am mongering all the war I can.

As to the question whether we can win the war, I do not see much use in discussing that because there are too many factors of uncertainty, and I cannot see that we have any choice. When everything you value in life is at stake, you can only do the best you can, and prefer to die fighting rather than to give up for lack of nerve. The British have shown us how to answer that question. I think that the war depends upon our ability to keep Hitler from getting oil, and I believe that if we send enough bombing planes to Iran, we can keep him from getting the oil of Baku. If he cannot get oil, his blitzkrieg will come to an end without our landing a single soldier on the continent.

As to the question of our losing our democracy in the course of the fight, I can only say that we have had several hard fights and managed to keep at least some of our democracy. In any case, I think we will be able to keep more than we will have if we knuckle down to Hitler. That question seems to me to answer itself.

Pasadena, Calif.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Editor: Stick to your present format in The Freeman. Don't change anything. Titles waste space and it is much better to read every word straight through, without knowing what is coming next and so getting many pleasant surprises. If you use titles people will pick and choose and miss much that is good for them.

Mexico City, Mex.

E. C. K. B.

Editor: Being a model prince of the Black International down to the last rosary bead, William Henry Cardinal O'Connell of Boston dismissed the world crisis involved in the war against fascism as something on which he did not care to be quoted in his front-page interview with the press November 25. But he expressed his loyalty in no uncertain terms when he thanked God that America "is, at least, officially at peace." That is to say, he is glad America is not putting up a fight against Hitler. He approves a Hands-Off-Hitler policy. Anyone who thinks his words are just the innocent drool of a Prince of Peace-at-any-price should read the opening volumes of the Black International (plug).

To quote O'Connell further: "... so long as the American people are conscious of their rights (non-existent under Catholicism) and duties (as Coughlinites?), give to Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's, our beloved country is safe." Hitler is the would-be Caesar of the day. The Roman Catholic Church claims to represent God. The implied divvy-up of spoils is obvious. With Hitler as a world Caesar, our country would indeed be "beloved" to a ruling hierarchy and safe from freedom. The red-beaked dean of the American hierarchy expressed confidence that the people will remain aloof from all dangerous isms—presumably including Americanism which the pope and his monkeys have attacked as a dangerous doctrine on many occasions.

He went into a diversion on the world crisis by inference and dismissed it as a propaganda campaign involving no danger aside from the horrid possibility of Atheism! Hitler, of course, wouldn't allow that, so there is only one conclusion: Betray for Hitler.

These are his words:

"There is no question but that there is a tremendous propaganda campaign going on which is subversive in its character. You can call it Nazism, communism, or Atheism—which it is better called—but at the root of it all is hatred and irreligion. Class hatred and
Atheism—or at least contempt for religion.”

Not only does he thus revive the disproved Communist myth, but he tells us that in our faces that as Atheists we are Communists and Nazis. He is, of course, a liar, but the fools who believe him react in the intended way: since Communism and Nazism are equally bad, why should we help defeat Hitler? It is Fifth Column talk undisguised and unmistakable.

O’Connell’s dog has a more normal attitude toward the holy man’s sacred words. During the interview: “His jet black French poodle, Morro, went to sleep on the carpet at the left of the Cardinal’s chair.”

What does Cardinal O’Connell, the pope’s flunky, want in America? He has declared himself. He wants just what he wanted in Spain: FASCISM, with some such crackpot as Lindbergh as nominal fuehrer and puppet and the Coughlin - Curran - Sheen - O’Connell mob controlling the country’s thoughts.

Universal Atheism will not come as a triumph but as a matter of course. There will be no more reason for the human race to boast of having outgrown religion a few decades hence than for an adult to boast that he has discarded the diapers he wore when he was an infant. In the meantime, the Black International is putting up a last-ditch struggle like a dead snake that (children say) wags its tail until sunset. Fascism must and will be defeated throughout the world. Roman Catholicism will subsequently die off like a hen which runs around momentarily after its head is cut off.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

Editor: You may be interested in the wording of the 44th and 45th verses of Chapter 2 of the Acts of the Apostles as found in the recently completed revision of the New Testament authorized by the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States: “And all who believed were together and held all things in common, and would sell their possessions and goods and distribute them among all according as anyone had need.” Admittedly it is in an idiom more in accord with present usage.

Worthy of note, though, is the change from “all men” to “all,” and from “every man” to “anyone.” A sop, no doubt, to the feminist influence. But the pay-off is in the appended footnote: “IN COMMON: all were ready to help the needy and, as occasion demanded, they even sold their possessions to do so; this spirit of fraternal charity is widely different from modern Communism.” Just might comment, though it would have been entirely fitting to explain how and why, instead of leaving it as a bare assertion. One might comment also that it is entirely different from Church practice, now or at any time, as was so admirably illustrated by Joseph McCabe’s anecdote about the beggar at the friary door, and the reply that he received: “Brother we solicit alms, we do not bestow them.” And incidentally, what could be clearer, than after this latest of no one knows how many revisions, that this so-called “Word of God” is a hashed and rehashed work of man?

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Your answer of ‘No’ to the question about birthmarks being caused by frightening expectant mothers causes me to rise in righteous protest. I happen to know of a young woman who was told by her doctor that if she did not restrain her inordinate cigarette smoking she’d risk marking her baby. She laughed at him and eventually smoked even more than ever and in due course the baby came; it was exactly as the doctor had predicted: just beyond the end of the baby’s spine was a butt.”

—C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.

Editor’s: I would suggest that W. C. Fields make a picture and simply call it “W. C. Fields in the Souse Seas.”

A man from North Dakota said: “I was talking to a man from the South the other day. He was from South Dakota. He said to me, ‘I don’t see how you Yankees up in North Dakota can stand your cold winters. Why don’t you all come down to sunny South Dakota?’ He walked off whistling ‘Dixie’.”

Several months ago when Clarence Streit’s book, “Union Now,” was being widely discussed, a literary spinner was asked, “Do you approve ‘Union Now’?” “Yes, with any man,” she answered cordially.

A clergyman left his church temporarily, to try his hand at journalism for a spell. His city editor sent him out to write up a story about a woman who had carelessly allowed a can of gasoline to explode in her house, while using it for cleaning purposes. The pastor-journalist started his story this way: “Then, Othen, you women must be more careful in the use of gasoline!” The city editor told him that his church needed him. . . . A small boy, who plays hookey frequently, was sent to the principal for a spanking. The principal, before starting operations, asked: “What is that board in the seat of your trousers for?” “Hemisphere defense,” was the brief reply . . . A young minister was preaching his first funeral sermon. He quoted to the corpse and said in a voice filled with emotion: “Ah, my ‘friends’, only the shell lies here—the nut has gone to
heaven." The following queer letter was written to Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps, author of "Autobiography With Letters;" "Dear Sir: I herd that I Ought-to-buy-your-geography with letters. I will rite you a few letters if you will send me your book. You can count this as the first letter. Yurstrooley, I am." Duluth, Minn. DANIEL GREYSOLOON

Editor: Concerning your magician and his "magic carriage having great convenience" whose use entails the sacrifice of 30,000 lives annually, it's my solemn opinion that once we've reached a minimum, through an extension of known beneficial highway lighting, marking and signaling, and through elimination of grade crossings, little can be done further to reduce that sacrifice until we do one thing more, a thing that we don't even like to talk about: put every driver through periodic examinations to determine his competence—and then base the continuance of his license on those examinations. But besides passing the hurdle of public indifference, yea resistance—for thousands of us would be ruled off the road by such a reform—It would have to nibble the subtle and strongly influential opposition of the auto manufacturing industry. Perhaps, if once the industry is socialized, some headway can be made, the private profit motive being no longer operative. But considering what Jim Farley did with the thoroughly socialized postage stamp, I'm not even sure about that. One thing is sure, though: so far as the ends of safety are concerned, the present requirements for a driver's license are a ghastly farce.

Maplewood, Mo. C. A. LANG

Editor: A man in Salt Lake City, a week ago, was slumped into the nut ward for attempting to put into practice the religious principles set forth by Joseph Smith.

The poor devil made the mistake of following after a religious "prophet", born two or three thousand years too late. Had Joseph Smith (a psychopathic if there ever was one) been born at the same time as the other so-called prophets and beggars of the Bible, he may have had his name enshrined in that tome and today have received the homage paid the others by the men of Gawk and the religious dopey. He, Joseph Smith, might have been a prophet, with honor, in many more places than the State of Utah and northern Arizona.

It is comparatively easy to spot a nut in the flesh these days; but it was darn hard, it seems, for the Bible makers to spot them. There were a lot of irrational actions, together with brutal actions, coming from the men of the then ignorant Jewish race. Had the "great" men of the Bible, the old prophets and beggars, been put under the spotlight of modern psycho-analysis, a good many of them would probably have been slapped into nut wards and have never been heard from, much to the betterment of humanity. Most of the so-called prophets were old sourpusses who went around muttering to themselves; hating youth, laughter, and happiness.

One can at times, today, see religious fanatics strolling around with long beards and the habitiment of Biblical times preaching repentance and the end of the world. These are, for the most part, harmless old gents, who have lost their grip mentally; and because they are believed to be harmless, are laughed at and allowed to keep on wandering about preaching repentance and the end of the world.

The Bible seems to be filled with men of such calibre, though instead of being recognized as screwballs, they have been immortalized.

Even to my untutored mind, psychologically speaking, He, the Ethereal Esquire, seems to have been one that never grew up mentally; who had all sorts of childish tantrums. Childish may not be the word, exactly, because after one of these brain storms it was said that He could only be appeased by having the throats of bullocks and goats slit.

If the following doesn't bespeak of a 100 percent nut, you may send all succeeding copies of The Freeman to me in care of the booby-hatch:

"And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath day.

"And they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him.

"And the Lord said unto Moses. The man shall be surely put to death; all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp.

"And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died."

Immediately following this brutal murder, which would probably sober a Pope, Gawd spake and said: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments through their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a ribbon of blue."

A rather strange requiem, what? The Ethereal Esquire seems to be mutter than a squirrel's housing project.

Albuquerque, N. Mex. A. M. PASCHALL

"Now that you've told us how far we drag a razor in 55 years, suppose you
tell us something else of world-shaking significance: if these beards no' er once would feel cold steel's keen edged assault, were daily washed and combed and perfumed and anointed and protected from all accident, would they grow and grow and grow, or would they merely grow a while and then stop? and if the latter, would the point of it be to have some fairly uniform length or would the length vary with different individuals? Better take your time with this one, for much hangs in the balance."—C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.

“I don't know about the length of burping after long-cooked cabbage, not having tried it. But this I do know: the longer it's cooked the louder it stinks.”—Reader.

“Now that Sinclair Lewis' marriage with Dorothy Thompson has gone out of fix, maybe each will be able to do something original for a change.”—READER

Editor: When some years back, a young and likeable flyer braved the elements and unknown danger and aimed the "Spirit of St. Louis" in the general direction of the European continent, every man, woman and child silently hoped for a safe and successful journey. Countless numbers had their hearts in their mouths during that perilous flight and breathed normally again only when the news was triumphantly flashed to the ends of the earth, "Lindy made it!" When some years later, a shocking tragedy occurred, one that snatched away his baby, most of the civilized world mourned his loss and sorrowed with him. He and his were headline news and every decent American felt an almost personal loss.

But time, as usual, marched on. He traveled extensively, met world headliners, was wined and dined and given decorations. Fame and fortune were his. He even collaborated with scientists in their never ending experiments to improve the human race. Everybody was for him.

Suddenly, from out of a clear sky Dame Rumor got busy. Stories were bruited about that the Lone Eagle had shed his outer coverings and become a bird of prey. He was seen flying in the company of political vultures. He had flown from natural haunts into fields foreign to him. Then hear! and behold! Such talk became an actuality. The ex-Lone Eagle had sharpened his claws and teeth on the hardened inhuman substances of his foreign decorations. The flyer of the "Spirit of St. Louis" became the pilot of a political Stuka dive-bomber, dropping spouting bomb loads first on one group and then on another group of fellow Americans. He claimed that he directed his explosives upon a certain minority, even mentioning their religious beliefs. He insisted this scheming group had a controlling interest in the press, movies and radio and was working with Nazis (and here in a subversive manner) to catapult the United States into a war against the savors of cultured civilization.

He never spoke about the murderous monstrosities that this same badly-sinned-against cultured Aryan nation had inflicted on a trembling and unarmed Europe. He never mentioned the men, women and children who were mercilessly slaughtered by bombs, bullets, starvation and executions. He never depicted what the next generation will look like, due to lack of food, medicines and other necessities of life that the children and young men and women need during their present travail. He didn't try to explain that the present youth of Europe will grow up, if they survive, to be sickly, diseased, dull and dispirited disillusioned and frail human husks. That their misshapen bodies will be wracked with pain, that many women can never become mothers, that children will be imbeciles or mongoloids. He didn't point out the bankruptcy into which all of Europe is plunged and which will worsen after hostilities cease. He didn't explain that to win, lose or draw, the best that the suffering people could get would be the worst of it. He didn't say that the continent would be licking its wounds for a long time to come, trying to regain its health. He didn't blast out at the madmen, the would-be-Napoleons who were striving to dim the lights of civilization.

This, then, is the man who is going around the country shooting off his mouth and castingigate people for being mostly foolish and not-too-bright Coughlinites who don't seem to know or can't be made to understand that one plus one will always equal two. Some of his fellow-travelers are thwarted politicians with a warped sense of values and conditions. All of his co-bellyachers have axes to grind and are therefore banding together to create as much confusion as possible. And paradoxically, after every one of his crusading and nonsensical tirades, the listener becomes maddened at being taken for a sucker in supporting him or his disciples. As is well known, Bondists and Mobilizers and all the other parasites have been hauled before American Justice and given a good delousing.

And now the final straw. He threatens that the American citizen might not be allowed to vote at the coming
election. He says that the President of the United States is a dictator and will not allow elections to be held. The President will not pay any attention to Congress but shall assume dictatorial powers and run this country any way he sees fit. Congress will be no more and the country will be left in a ruinous condition. He will cancel all elections.

How any normal citizen can listen to and believe such drivel is unbelievable. Such heretical hooey is without parallel in the annals of American history. Such assumptions hold him up to immeasurable ridicule. Does he think the American citizen is a nitwit and bereft of all his senses? Doesn't he know that the American voter is at last aware of his own importance and has voted accordingly? Does he not know that it is the American taxpayer who runs this country through his duly elected representatives? And that this will always be so, no matter what happens to the rest of the world?

Brooklyn, N. Y. CHARLES BENOWITS

Editor: What sort of spooks is Max Eastman trying to conjure up with that article of his in the December, 1941, Reader's Digest? To me it looks merely like a slightly less crude red herring. It seems that he attaches far too much importance to circumstantial evidence and I cannot see that he produces any real proof that Stalin is pulling all the wires he says he is in various American organizations. It may be true that in all of the instances he cites Communists have wormed their way into influential positions in these organizations. Also that they and Earl Browder and certain Communist publications have openly stated this or that, as he says. So what? Is that proof they are taking Stalin's gold or that Stalin is calling the tunes? Or is it merely evidence of their own independent enterprise, egotism or folly, depending on how you view it? As for these worthies completely reversing their policies at the time of the Nazi-Soviet peace pact in 1939, and again when Hitler treacherously violated said pact in June, 1941, they did only what thousands of others with no organization ties of any sort also did. Are all these, then, to be lumped together either as Communist dupes or conspirators? If so, we're in for many more glorious witch-hunts. Many of us who detest the dictatorial Soviet setup of the present nevertheless do not want to see it fall into complete chaos—as it would if crushed militarily. We feel that given peace and time an order more liberal and more democratic will evolve from it.

—READER

JOSEPH McCABE ON CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND

Editor: Herewith the 7th manuscript, which I think you will find one of the best. It is so much more difficult to get information on recent events than on historical that I cannot quite do these mss. at the pace of the old Little Blue Books. Even for books of the past six or eight months the British Museum (which is open to readers again) is no good. They are slow and no use to a man who wants up-to-date stuff, and the special newspaper library—I suppose one of the most valuable in the world—which was built not very far from here to take all newspapers (18th Century to date) was bombed to bits and is not likely to open again during the war. The book-collection (about 5,000,000) at the British Museum suffered comparatively little. A few thousand books, in the art and law sections, were destroyed—that means many irreplaceable old books, I fear—and water and confusion over some other sections. I have, however, explored the resources of other London libraries—several of the best were bombed—and as you will see, have been very successful in getting material. The point is that I can't do one booklet a week as I did the old time. Normally it takes, with research, nine or 10 days. Anyway I am, on this 24th day of November, 1941, on the eighth of the series of the Black International and will just send them on as finished. Each (after the first two) is complete in itself and need not wait for the publication of its predecessor.

I have discovered a thin paper which is better than the old and reads better. But my last fitting of bifocal glasses leaves me a bit dim at 12 or 18 inches, so I occasionally do some bad writing as the light changes. My eyes and ears are as sound as ever (and vicious generally) though I passed 74 the other day. I feel no different than I did at 40. A pert little girl in a store trying to foist a gross of something on me the other day kept saying, "They will keep, you know." When I told her that the point
was that I am too old to keep, she looked at me and said sweetly: "You've kept very well so far."

Shopping is the chief war-phenomenon these days. Tens of thousands of shops in London have been destroyed or closed yet others often close a day or two a week. The Woolworths have closed half their floor space and may run out at any time of such things as razor-blades. The cigarette-scramble is a universal London pastime. Of course very large numbers of women, girls and boys have begun smoking who did not before. The woman whose husband has gone to the army, the homely, the kid who now gets $20 or $25—there is a scramble for boys of 15 or 16—instead of $5 or $10, and so on, all want cigarettes. Still we do remarkably well in imports in the circumstances. I believe my housekeeper contrives to get her cigarettes and I never run out of tobacco. The latest famine is matches, but with winter gas-fires all day we can meet that.

The worst feature is the crookedness of distribution of food and clothing. People with money—not simply the rich but workers and refugees who get up to $100 a week in many cases—bribe their way, and all shopkeepers have their favorites (generally "nice" women—I guess some use their sex a bit). One woman gets one egg a month and another six a week, on the same ration-card. A monstrous amount of stuff is stored away in refrigerators. I believe firms did a big business in hiring out big refrigerators for hoarding. The police make a rich haul now and again. The big catering firms, hotels, etc., get what they want, as so many are making money that they will pay anything for a good meal. I suspect much graft in the business experts who were called in in large numbers by the very numerous ministers of our new departments. The police are really busy but the job is beyond them. A big secret trade, besides the notorious Black Market, goes on, and as it is all in cash the issue of notes is dangerously high.

I hope people in America realize that, though a good deal of this would happen in any case, an immense amount of the blundering and crookedness in England is just due to the ascendancy of the Conservative Party. They have not only one of the biggest majorities on record in Parliament, so that Churchill has only to sneer at a critic and challenge him to call for a vote of confidence in the government, but the Labor Party leaders, being in the "National" government, are in his pocket. Clement Atlee, one of the top leaders of the Labor Party, is despised by a high proportion of the ordinary Labor folk, but the skilled workers (not in uniform) are having the time of their lives and are content. Even red-headed little Ellen Wilkinson, member of Parliament, who used to spit fiar at meetings arranged by the Communists—I spoke with her a few times on Spain till the Catholics kicked and the Communist leaders meekly turned me down—now talks like a duchess. They don't see that even now Churchill is working ahead for a renewal of Conservative power at the next election. He has just given $15 a week (and usually a cottage, kitchen garden, cheap food, and old-age pension) to agricultural workers. Good for them—but it is a bid for the agricultural vote, which is the backbone of Tory strength. In my borough we have one M. P. to 70,000 voters. In agricultural areas it is one to 20,000. Also I believe they are accumulating great stores of preservable food to be able to say—this in cooperation with Roosevelt—at the close of the war to Belgium, Holland, etc., here's plenty of wheat, etc., for you if you take back your king and set up a respectable government. They already dread the influence of Russia in the post-war settlement. I fear England will have learned nothing. All these pretty schemes of reconstruction of H. G. Wells, etc., are waste-paper. There will be a dingy and ramshackle reconstruction—and on conservative lines. I am out of it all, but the blindness of Socialists is pathetic.


JOSEPH McCABE

Editor: A year or so ago I commented in the columns of The Freeman on the crying folly of some seventeen different milk dealers chasing each other over the same city blocks, all wearing out their valuable equip-
ment and wasting gasoline and time, in order that each may sell to three or four customers in every other block or so, I did not think then that this matter would so soon become a subject gravely affecting the National welfare, but the other day the OPM took note of it in connection with its tire rationing program by denying these people any consideration in the way of priorities. The OPM also suggested that they "pool" their equipment and effect operating economies and I think the implication was clear enough that if they did this they might get some consideration. Instead, they had their lobbyists in Washington clamor for special favors, and here in St. Louis their highest executives, in interviews with the press, displayed the grossest lack of understanding of the real issues involved. One of them, for instance, said that pooling of routes cannot be considered because "most milkmen already are at top efficiency and vehicles already are operated at top capacity." Of course . . . with every dealer trying to cover the entire urban territory. What seemed to elude him entirely was that every vehicle could be allotted a definite small area within which none other would operate. Another of these big shots showed a little more discernment when he said, "no competitor wants to lose his identity through pooling of deliveries." But in saying that he let the cat out of the bag concerning the real cause of all this oafish inefficiency. We are competitors. We must at all costs remain competitors even though our products are standardized by law and therefore about as uniform as they can possibly become. But most amusing of all, such thick-headed objection overlooks entirely the opportunity that this cue of the Government offers to make bigger profits than ever. It would be possible to do that and lower the price of milk and give better working conditions to the drivers as well. Besides complying with the Government's immediate desire to conserve rubber. To me all this is a striking example of the extent to which the private profit-competition idea has been ingrained by generations of operating practice. How can people bogged in that idea grasp the fact that the "weltschmerz" which began about a generation ago is really the death gasp of outworn ideas and the birth pang of new ones?

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Editor: Perhaps it was not the Black International that bared its fangs of bigotry and intolerance in the city of Brotherly Love last week, but two days after The Philadelphia Inquirer printed your three-page advertisement of Little Blue Books, the Inquirer came out (Wednesday, January 14th) with a front-page apology for the advertisement, admitting that they had been careless in allowing its acceptance and that they would not let such an impropriety happen again. Truly, religion can exert a powerful influence, even to one of the largest morning dailies in the country; and the Inquirer has been boasting for several years that it strives to uphold the principles of American democracy.

Actually, the Inquirer's Platform appears in every issue at the head of the editorial columns, which in part reads as follows:

"To print the news accurately and fearlessly, but never to be content with merely printing the news; to strive always to uphold the principles of American Democracy, to war relentlessly against alien "isms," to fight intolerance, to be the friend and defender of those who are persecuted and oppressed; . . . and never to cease fighting to maintain the sanctity of personal liberty and the inviolability of human rights."

Such backsliding to bigotry and injustice as this apology brought to light inspired my dilatory mental processes to such an extent that in righteous indignation (if a Rationalist is capable of such indignation) I sent a protest to the Inquirer. Thinking it might be of interest to you I here-with include my little contribution; a bit that I hope helps to break the back of religious bigots and put some backbone into our publishers and editors.

To The Philadelphia Inquirer: "A year or two ago a Senator from Pennsylvania, on the floor of the United States Senate, delivered a personal criticism of The Philadelphia Inquirer, to which, in reply, you mentioned the head paragraph of your editorial page. In substance your platform is
synonymous to our Bill of Rights, and while I generally find the political philosophy of the Inquirer a bit too conservative, in this controversy I scored Senator Guffey a poor second.

"But I take issue with you when you offer a front-page apology to individuals and groups of individuals who fail to either understand or value the essence of our Bill of Rights. Any publication that boasts of its adherence to freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, etc., should have backbone enough to reaffirm their policy, even in face of religious criticism. That great liberal Supreme Court Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes, once said that free speech means not only allowing another person to agree with you, but it also guarantees the right of other persons to disagree with you."

"Of course, if the material of the advertisement in question consisted of obscenity or had been denied the use of the United States mails, criticism could be justly accepted. However, your Casper Milquetoast attitude defeats the very purpose of your apology. Every person I met, who saw you supinely cringe before religious intolerance, did not see the advertisement till the apology excited their curiosity; and while you may not admit it or have the courage to print this defense of freedom, the incident unfolds the hypocrisy of your ostentatious platform."

Now I have no way of knowing how many readers you have in the city of Brotherly Love and the surrounding area, but I wish that every one of them holds our Bill of Rights dear enough to have protested to the Inquirer. Perhaps I am indulging in wishful thinking, but if the Inquirer receives a large number of protests to its supine groveling before religious bigots, the editors may acquire enough honesty to remove hypocritical platforms from their editorial columns when they don't have the courage to live up to them.

West Chester, Penna.

J. CLAYTON SHANK

Editor: I see that Ulysses Samuel Guyer, Kansas' representative in Congress, is working to put prohibition over on the nation once again. Don't these fanatics ever learn? Don't they recall the violence, the poisonings, the moral let-down, the official corruption, the Capones, the Higginases, the Waxye Gordons that attended the last "noble experiment"?

One of the New York papers brings out the amusing fact that the present prohibition lobby is using the facilities of a representative's office in Washington, getting space, labor and stationery at the taxpayers' expense. Neat?

ALBERT J. FRANCK
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Editor: One of the questions most commonly put to the Atheist is: What will you put in the place of religion? The seriousness with which people ask you this is amusing. It is like that other popular puzzle for Atheists: Who made the world? To that artless question you reply that you would first like to see some sort of proof that the world ever was made or ever had a beginning. In the same way the first question takes it for granted that religion is serving a very important purpose in life.

That religion maintains, or helps to maintain, the standard of civilization is one of the most stubborn superstitions of our literature. The facts of history plainly tell us the exact opposite. In all the most brilliant periods of history religion has been at its weakest, and in all the periods of partial return to savagery religion has been at its strongest.

This law applies even more clearly to the Christian religion than to any other. It appeared in one of the greatest of ancient civilizations. As soon as it secured real influence that civilization decayed rapidly, and there was one of the longest and foulest periods of reaction in history. We got back to the old level of civilization only when religion began to lose its hold, and we have risen higher than ever in just the same proportion as religion has lost influence. Unfortunately we are so lazy that we still leave it to the power to see that this evergreen lie still flourishes in our literature.

JOSEPH MCCABE
Golder's Green, London, England

Editor: The Freeman is unique and valuable in that it does not fear to tell what it believes to be the truth. Since I started reading the Freeman, I have often wondered whom you would consider to be the greatest man that ever lived, if you were asked to decide. I have a hero in mind, a man whose life-work has done more to give my life joy and meaning than any other single thing. He was not a god; he was greater than a god; he was a man—Beethoven. The feelings of ecstatic joy and sublime passion
that fill the heart while one listens to the first and last movements of Beethoven's titanic "Eroica" or the second and last movements of his heaven-shattering Ninth are beyond human expression. Beethoven once said: "Music is a higher revelation than the whole of wisdom and the whole of philosophy." I believe that, and in believing it I claim that Beethoven was the only man in all history who could make a broad statement of that nature and still be the very source of its truth. In other words, the statement would not be true, as far as I am concerned, had Beethoven never composed any music. I also cherish the music of Brahms, Wagner, Cesar Franck, Tschaikowsky and Schubert; I say this because I don't want you to think that I am one-sided.

Lyndhurst, N. J.  

CLEMENT DROZ

Editor: The religio-political psychosis to which Roman Catholic training leads is sadly illustrated in a "fan" letter I have received from a madman commenting on a note of mine he read in a simple statement of insult. This is point No. 1 which bears the earmarks of the craft of the priestcraft. The well-known Roman Catholic technique is to "destroy" evidence by destroying the character of he who offers it, thereby shifting from a defensive to an offensive (a pun, by the way) position.

Facts are wicked things no priest can tolerate. Anyone who thinks in such filthy terms as facts is an obscene villain ipso facto. So great are the advantages of Roman Catholic reasoning that critics need only be called names, and the infallible glory of the pope prevails over another discredited heretic. Victims of other religious creeds usually make some slight effort to discredit the facts, generally with Bible passages and lines about "somebody must have designed all the wonders of the universe." Catholic laymen quote their "saints" and pontiffs far more often than their god. But why quote at all when a damned atheist who tells the truth can be squelched by merely calling him vile words? Thus reasons the priest--thus reason his dupes. And thus a letter which merely defames an atheist is quite likely to be of Roman Catholic origin.

Point No. 2: It is an anonymous letter.

But the final tip-off is this. I don't know which letter of mine this madman is referring to, but I do know that the three recently used dealt solely with religious abuses in this country and nothing else. Yet the nut says out of a clear sky: "The world has proof of the outrages in USSR and you know it?" This is stark insanity. I didn't say a word for or against Russia. One letter protested the Roman Catholic pressure which caused President Roosevelt to retracted a statement relative to religious freedom there, but I intentionally sidestepped Red-baiters by distinctly stating: "This is not an issue on which to be side-tracked into pros and cons of the U. S. S. R." I definitely confined the subject to this country except for the inevitable reference to the pope. Does this lunatic infer that Russia is to blame for the religious abuses I referred to? Or does he mean religious racketeering in Russia is so much worse than in America that it is trivial to mention the latter?

Sunday after Sunday, year after year, he has heard priests lie about the U. S. S. R. and the ragged Russians. "Godless Russia" has been built up in his mind as everything unholy. His downtrodden mentality has finally followed the typical path of sacred sophistry and concluded that everything unholy--everything un-Catholic--has some relation with the U. S. S. R. Therefore, every unhappy person--every non-Catholic, and above all every Atheist--is a wicked Red in the pay of Moscow. His priests' Red-baiting through the years has made him a psychopathic case. When he hears religion criticized, he assumes the words come direct from Stalin. Hence the retort about "outrages in USSR" in reply to indictments of churches in America. It is silly, of course, to waste time with a letter from a crackpot, but the one I have received is the condemnation, through the lines of outright madness, of an interesting psychopathic case history.

Incidentally, this type of person--and he is an extreme of a prevalent type--is a rotten example of an American at a time when the U. S. S. R. is not only our ally but has broken the back of the "invincible" Hitler army with which we are at war. The outstanding "outrages" in Russia have been the killing of Hitler's invading troops by the hundreds of thousands. "The world has proof," all right. That monkey-minded priest or shares Adolph's sorrow.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.  

Melrose, Mass.

Editor: I don't know whether or not you do yourself any good when you say, "I've never written an anti-Catholic line in my life ...." (Mar., 1942, p. 1, col. 2, item 1). Technically, of course, you speak the truth. But your enemies will lift those words from
their context just as I now have and use them to convince your dupes you're a monumental liar. For there is not one Catholic in a thousand who has enough breadth to see the distinction between your opposition to his Church and what he fancies is a personal opposition and affront to him. To expect anything else is to underestimate the terrible crippling effect on the brain of lifelong exposure to insidious priestly propaganda. Of course I don't recommend that you set out and wantonly antagonize Catholics, as persons. In fact you're on an absolutely solid footing. But that line might have been worded slightly more cautiously and explicitly, something like this, let us say, "Never in my life have I written a line even remotely intended to harm any person because of his religion, Catholic or otherwise." But I'm taking this too seriously; they could, and doubtless would, leave out a part of this sentence too—and make me a liar.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Editor: The first four copies of Joseph McCabe's "Black International" show that McCabe is still going strong and is a very prolific writer. A few years ago I gave a set of McCabe's "Key to Culture" to a friend. After my friend gave the set the once-over I asked what he thought of the genius of McCabe. My friend replied, "I don't see how you can call such a conglomeration of facts the work of a genius." I answered, "His genius is shown by the immense amount of territory he has covered so that any individual who reads the set will have a practical grasp and useful knowledge of the world in which he lives. McCabe's genius is shown in the clearness of his style; getting at the meat of each subject; digging out essential facts that will stick in the reader's mind; his versatile grasp of the world panorama and his genius of bringing the world to the individual. I don't think there is any other writer who covered the vast array of subjects that McCabe has and dished it out in such a concentrated, interesting and vivid way. Thanks belong to you for recognizing his genius and nurturing him. As the saying goes: "It takes intelligence to recognize intelligence;" perhaps it takes genius to recognize genius.

I see in one of McCabe's letters that he notes that the conservatives already dread the influence of Russia in the post-war period settlement. While the Soviet Union is doing more than any nation at the present to crush and defeat the Nazis and logically they should have a big say at the peace table. In a book written a few years ago, "Hitler Over Russia," by Ernst Henri, the same author who wrote that prophetic book "Hitler Over Europe," he amazedly gave all the evidence leading up to the attack on Russia; showing maps with plans of attack drawn up by the German general staff; how Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Rostov, and Moscow were to be attacked and how in the end Hitler's legions would be destroyed and eventually the Red army would sweep them out and finally the Brown shirts would turn on their own leaders and "heads would roll." All these things are happening before our very eyes and in a book written in 1936! As an eye opener, you should read it. (Simon & Schuster, publishers, N. Y. C.)

Los Angeles, Cal. HARRY LAMPERT

Editor: The "insanity" of Jew bating is not a metaphor. Rabid anti-Semites are actually insane. There can be no doubt of it. When seen in the flesh, their expressions become maniacal, their minds useless, their eyes horrifying. A mental short-circuit has taken place that makes them blind to everything but hate. Reason, logic, facts become heresy. They are like animals in rut. Jews become the object of a perverted, sadistic lust, a monomania.

It is an unpleasant experience to meet them, like a visit to a madhouse. Those I have met have been predominantly of Roman Catholic backgrounds. I will not mention their race—I am not a race baiter and will not even by inference indict a whole people for the insanities of a few. Their ravings are incredible. When asked to justify his hatred, he dismisses it as beneath human intelligence. To actually hear those very words spoken in earnest seems so far beyond belief that one wonders if his ears have gone whacko.

Could a sane man say such things as these literal quotations (believe it or not) from human mouths? (typical Nazi arguments, but they don't sound funny when one hears them spoken):

"The Jews got power in Germany. It was necessary for someone like Hitler to come along and slap them down." (The Jews, of course, never ruled Germany or any other modern country.)

"The one mistake Mussolini made was not to wipe out the Jews. He should have done what Hitler did." (The Jews invented Christianity, so to segregate the rest of the world from their own chosen people.) This was said by a man who believes in the religion he claims the Jews invented as a trap for Christians! How can he
discredit and believe his god at the same time?"

"Who are the best musical composers in the world? (He named his own race)

"But all the music we hear on the radio was written by Jews"—thus worthless.

"I think they are a chosen people and plan to rule the world." (The Protocols hoax.)

"Benjamin Franklin hated the Jews. He said—" (I interrupted to point out that this stock quotation of Jew-baiters is fraudulent.) "Well," the anti-Semite answered, "that's just because the Jews wanted it disproven."

"The Jews have got the jobs we ought to have."

"The Jews run everything. They've got all the money." (The "international bankers" stuff. I asked if Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford, and duPont were Jews. The first three were reluctantly certified tentatively, but one of the anti-Semites had studied pictures of the duPont relatives and insisted one of them looked like a Jew!)

"As sure as there is a God in heaven—" ("There isn't," I interrupted.) "You don't believe that. Well, as sure as right is sure to prevail over wrong, the Jews in this country are going to be put in their place. We'll get them!"

(Not if I have anything to say about it," I replied.) "Then you must be part Jew yourself," I was told. (If one's race could be legally altered as can one's name, I should have no objection to proclaiming myself a Jew. But this would be pointless, since I have no interest in such bunk as racism and nationalism as shibboleths and look upon people as people. There are no true races unless in jungles cornered here and there as yet unhallowed by civilized man. Above all, there is no true Jewish race. In every nation the Jews have taken on the aspects of the predominant hybrid races there. Compare the Jews of different countries, and they are as different as the rest of the peoples of each respective country. I believe Jew-baiters point to this as evidence of the 10 lost tribes or some such nonsense. However, there are more than 10 countries and 10 types—they overlook that point.)

Mention of famous Jews such as Einstein, Freud, and Wassermann means nothing to a Jew-baiter. One of them said: "What good does Einstein's theory do me? Let him go to work for a living."

Another: "Freud started a fad and lived in luxury all his life." (This slander is pitiful. Freud lived in comparative poverty, persecuted even by co-scientists whose personal inhibitions made it impossible for them to accept his discoveries beyond certain stages. He could have lived in financial luxury had he cared to conform, but he preferred the luxury of creative science. He was, so to speak, the Darwin of the twentieth century and a martyr to science. Far from being a "fad", 90 percent of Freud's great work has already been accepted by psychiatry. His work will be still more fully appreciated in years.)

Another Jew-baiter remarked: "You know what Germany thinks of those men you said? Germans called their books trash. They destroyed them. That's what they think of them over there."

So? I guess that crack will keep me in my place and teach me to respect my betters! Hitler, Coughlin, and their co-conspirators including Ford, have served as germs of a contagious insanity.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

Dear Tovarisch (sh-sh-sh): Your Freeman gives me so much pleasure that I am impelled to write you. Unfortunately, in these parts it is as much a dogmatist on matters social and sociological as the Catholic-Fascist is in matters of religion and society. If this sounds strange to you, please take my word that I have me that kind of Freethinker in the flesh, have argued and wrestled with them to no avail. Atheism with them has become a fanatical religion which pooh-poohs at science, makes faces at economics and like a bull in the proverbial china shop crashes around to his own great delight. I am a scientific humanist (call it Atheist, if you like). I am not afraid nor ashamed but on the contrary am proud to have had my eyes opened at a very early age. I worked for 20 years to write and publish my book on Lester F. Ward because I found him one of the intellectual elite who was a Rationalist AND a sociologist, a great mind cooperating with a great heart; a scientist as well as a philosopher in the best sense of those words. And now when I read your American Freeman I am again sorry that Ward is not alive to see a man who thinks about the truth and puts on overalls to spread it among the misinformed, the miseducated and the underprivileged, intellectual and moral. More power to you, and may your ink and paper never give out. If it does, I will contribute all I can of my skin, while I am still among the living, for you to write on.

SAMUEL CHUGERMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor: One month ago I arrived here in the United States after living 15 years in Brazil. During this time
I have travelled from the northern port of Pará to Rio Grande do Sul and into the interior as far as Goiay so I feel qualified to undertake a little debunking regarding the equivocal and hushed opinions which have been scattered about by various authors who are forever handing out "inside information" after a six-week tour via "tourist class" to some unsuspecting country. Since my arrival numerous acquaintances have asked me the damnest questions regarding living conditions and life in general that I was prompted to list a few and which may be of interest to your readers:

In Brazil no Spanish is spoken outside of souvenir shops. The national language is Portuguese.

In no part of Brazil is it necessary to wear sun helmets. Brazilians grin widely when some poor, misinformed tourist ambles down Rio's Fifth Avenue (Avenida Rio Branco) courageously sporting his lion hunter's hat.

The word "nativ", generally brings to mind only the black-hatted, trotting about in a loin cloth hunting for trouble. Unfortunately this is many people's conception of a Brazilian and, as usual, is incorrect. Brazilians are far more careful about their dress, far more polite when asked directions than the majority of New Yorkers.

Rio de Janeiro is not the only city of over a million inhabitants; there is Sao Paulo with over a million and a half; Belo Horizonte, 800,000; Porto Alegre, 500,000; and at least a dozen others all over 100,000 with modern streetcars, highways, and beautiful residential sections.

Neither snakes nor wild animals leer and lick their chops at you at the deep, dark jungle wherein the unenlightened have mentally pictured your home. When this is considered they are generally but common and refer to some sensational book hot from the presses which tends to surpass all others as far as misrepresentation is concerned. I believe the most dangerous animal in Brazil (outside of the Japanese colonies in Sao Paulo and the Germans in Santa Catharina) is the "onca" which is a spotted wildcat, a large dog. But to encounter one of these requires days of travel into the interior of Matto Grosso and chances are it'll run like hell before you're able to get a crack at it.

The Government of the Brazilian Republic is not a democracy, leaning more and more as the years roll by towards Fascism. The President appoints an Interventor for each of the 21 States and they in turn appoint their officers. President Getulio Vargas is in complete and unchallenged power and the Interventors are his jealous echos. Pro-British and American feeling is strong from Santos to Pernambuco; however, Nazi propaganda has tainted the north from Belem to Natal due to the condor (German) and Lufthansa Airlines. Santa Catharina is almost entirely populated by Germans or German descendants and Hitlerism is popular.

Bogota, N. J. J. M. OVERSTREET

Editor: A reader of The American Freeman has written me a letter asking when I think the war will be over. My reply may interest other readers. When the war will be over only the gods know, and they don't. It has to be fought out in Western Europe as well as in Russia. Our British people's idea at first, after the collapse of France, was, I believe, to invade in the Spring of 1942. That disclosure by the Chicago Tribune, I believe suggests they postponed it to 1943. By that time the coast of Europe from Norway to Gibraltar will be more formidable than the Maginot Line. I hope they shall sack a few brass hats long before then. Churchill has very heavily dropped in favor, though there is less war-weariness than in the third year of the last war. Of course, there is a mighty difference. We then had heavy lists of casualties every week and now (as yet) never see any. Also the majority of people are better off than they then were. The engineered raid is almost forgotten. We had an alarm two nights ago but we had hardly all got to the doors to see the sights than the All-Clear sounded. You would almost say people were disappointed. The other big difference is supply—thanks mainly to America. As soldiers feed as they never fed before and workers in most industries have double rations, that means many millions were fed. A corollary of the remainder get practically what they want. Bribery of shop-keepers, from cigarettes to more substantial favors, is, I should say, universal. The vendors rob Peter to pay Paul (or Pauline). Shopping is, I hear, a blend of art and cursing. There are queues even for bread, which is plentiful and not rationed, and the fur-cloak ladies who sail in out of turn (and get service) must be developing skins like rhinoceroses.

The new phase of the war, after the long lethargy, is on the whole ground for hope of shortening it. The German collapse in Russia is real, though limited as I write this (December 17). I had fully expected they would not stand up to the winter and there would be epidemics, also that the Russians would fire reserves, but it is early to pronounce on it. Spain seemed to be marked for the next expansion, but Hitler's losses are so appalling that I
British Museum for 30 years has been convicted of stealing a few pennies from the stall of a poor woman selling newspapers. A piquant feature of this is that the man is a strict member of the Church of England and I have once reported him to the authorities of our National Library foruttering insults to me (as an Atheist) when he passed me! He narrowly escaped jail and is ruined. Lying and cheating are almost universal. Most people just want to put the sacrifices on the other fellow. All that was said about our fineness in standing up to bombing is true but the kind of "war" we have had since is very demoralizing. Most people profit by it so the politicians and 1943 soldiers keep their positions. I was up North in a big Lancashire town last week. Not a sign of war except the formal blackout. Hotel feeding as good as ever, and pubs roar to 11 P.M. It's a cock-eyed war still.

JOSEPH McCabe
Golders Green, London, England

Editor: The scene is a black-out night in a coastal town in France. The patrol car, loaded with Hitler gangsters, thundered down the street, across the quay, and into the ocean. All the gangsters drowned. At the investigation, the Gestapo agent in charge was grilling the populace, and found, at last, one woman who admitted having witnessed the accident. "Why," he shouted, "if you saw the patrol car coming, didn't you yell at the driver to stop?" "Well, monsieur," the woman replied, "I saw them coming and saw that the car was heading into the ocean, but who was I to try to stop them? I thought they were on their way to England."

A. M. Paschall
Army Air Base, Albuquerque, N. M.

Editor: After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor last December 7, we who had been robbed of all our personal property, but who had fortunately escaped with our lives, were advised to send one of the "I am well" cards to our nearest friends and relatives. I sent five cards, and was pleased when I heard the one to you brought a tinge of happiness to you and your employees.

Due to strict censorship of all letters leaving this area I cannot write the easy-flowing letters which once sailed toward Girard. I shall attempt to give you a verbal picture of my feelings, hoping I may say something that will bring the sound of the cunning wolf closer to your door. In describing our Japanese enemy I refrain from using the more popular adjectives "yellow" and "slant-eyed"
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because they are racial features over which we or they have little control. "Cunning Wolf" seems to be apt enough—some brains—no character.

There would be no point in relating to you incidents and losses with which you are already familiar through your convenient medium of radio and press; therefore this letter will be limited to comments about personal losses and a few reflections.

... The torch be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though palm

trees grow

Upon Red Hill.

We must avenge the deaths of these gallant and patriotic men at all cost...

they would want it that way.

Next, I suppose, in line of personal losses, was the destruction of a 60,000-word diary I had been keeping since September 5, 1939—the day on which England declared war on Nazi Germany. Diaries and accurate records are always valuable sources of information to present and future generations who try to consider their course of procedure by carefully examining events of the past. Recorded in these four books were not only personal experiences giving information about the way an average sailor of 1940-41 amused himself, the kind of clothes he wore, the shows he attended, the duties he performed, several of his letters and articles which were printed in America's free press, his various modes of transportation, best jokes of the day, the kind of men with whom he worked and the women with whom he relaxed; the books also contained many comments and reflections upon community and international affairs, some predictions which came true, small achievements—and the usual run of discouragements. The work did not compare with your 25-volume diary, but it did have a certain value, and it was destroyed.

I also lost many important letters, two of appreciation from the Surgeon General of the Navy, correspondence pertaining to the promotion of my inventions, various newspaper clippings and some invaluable photographs. Yes, your mug went with the bargain.

B. L. TAYLOR
U.S. Naval Hospital, Pearl Harbor,
T. H.

Editor: The recent public notice of a family of Quakers and the attitude of certain members toward bearing arms recalls to my mind what Thomas Paine said in his brilliant dissertation on this very subject which was a serious problem during the Revolutionary War. In his "Epistle to Quakers" is revealed not only the political and social wisdom of Thomas Paine, but his unique perspicacity. He said:

"If the bearing of arms be sinful, the first going to war must be more so, by all the difference between willful attack and unavoidable defence. Wherefore, if ye really preach from conscience, and mean not to make a political hobby-horse of your religion, convince the world thereof, by proclaiming your doctrine to our enemies, FOR THEY LIKewise BEAR ARMS."

And how appropriate to the present conflict are these words by Paine:

"We fight neither for revenge nor conquest; neither for pride nor passion; we are not insulting the world with our fleets and armies, nor ravaging the world for plunder. Beneath the shade of our own vines are we attacked; in our own houses, and on our own lands, is the violence committed against us. We view our enemies in the characters of Highwaymen and Housebreakers, and having no defence for ourselves in the civil law, are obliged to punish them by the military one, and apply the sword, in the very case where you have before now applied the halter."

Many of our social and political problems could be solved if we would go to the Treasury of Common Sense found in the writings of Thomas Paine.

New York City
JOSEPH LEWIS

Editor: Your latest advertising troubles interested me. Of course I saw that giant three-page spread in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. I am wondering if any bad reactions came from this vicinity. I believe the P-D would stand on its own hind legs in such a matter and refuse to be brow-beaten. Yet, one can never be sure; like all the rest, it is heavily dependent on advertising income and St. Louis has a large Catholic population. But so far as I knew, none of the P-D's owners or managers are in the compromised position of Moe Annenberg, of The Philadelphia Inquirer. For all the crimes with which Ferdinand Lundberg, in his little book, "Imperial Hearst," credits Moe and his brother while they were Hearst's vassals in Chicago, Moe ought to live a hundred lifetimes without ever getting out of jail.

READER

[Editor's note: Soon after my three-page advertisement appeared in the January 4, 1942, issue of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch I saw that the offer was]
receiving ready consumer-acceptance. The special sale of books was announced to close for Post-Dispatch readers on January 31, so if I intended to make further use of that paper I'd have to work fast. This I did. I wired my agency to have the advertisement repeated in the January 11th issue, but when he submitted his order he found that the space couldn't be bought. The Black Intern had been there ahead of me. The Post-Dispatch, one of our foremost newspapers, has plenty of courage in the political field, but when it comes to "offending" the Black International, it draws back. The Post-Dispatch has fought many magnificent battles for civil liberties, but here, when the free press is threatened by the Blackintern, the Post-Dispatch quails cold. The hierarchy's fight on men is bringing the issue out with the utmost clarity. I am giving the American public a laboratory demonstration of the effectiveness of the Blackintern's control over our standard press. The most reactionary institution in the world, the Roman Catholic Church, stands ready to.strangle any American publisher who might suggest that the constitutional right of free expression is important. The distinguished St. Louis Post-Dispatch isn't afraid of the bad bad men in political office but it, like the rest, trembles when an archbishop frowns.

Editor: "Christian Science" is the most blasphemous expression yet conceived. That the word "science"—the standard of truth—should be so defamed by the spouters of this creed is a lexicographical crime, a mockery of language.

Christian "Science" does the inconceivable and carries the absurdity of solipsism still another step further. Solipsism is the theory of certain crack pots that the self is the only existing thing, that nothing exists outside the mind. This monstrous doctrine makes everything—you, me, and the rest of the world—mere dreams in the mind of the solipsist. The universe exists only in his cork.

This is what the attempt to reject reality leads to. When a misguided person claims that we don't really know that anything is real, that our senses may be deceiving us, that reality is something which is still to be proved—he is a solipsist, regardless of what he may call himself. His disarrangement is an ideal escape for an inferiority complex. By rejecting reality, by rejecting human knowledge which is so far over his head, he can take an egotistical attitude of superiority. The whole world exists only in his mind. He can reject all science, all erudition, everything he can't understand. How can anyone but he explain the world, since it exists only in his mind?

A Christian Science Monitor editorial proclaims solipsism as follows: "Because of spiritual blindness, mortals believe that the physical senses testify to genuine facts and real events." In other words, put on your spiritual spectacles and Hitler will become a flicker of the imagination. We can only see his atrocities as reality because we are spiritually blind.

But this is only a preliminary premise. The writer goes on to show that even having the whole world entrusted to his giant brain is not enough to satisfy this brand of solipsist. Even the "so-called material senses are not real," it seems. Having secreted the universe in his mind, the Christian "Scientist" can go still further and transform it as he sees fit. Mary Baker Eddy scorns knowledge, for "belief involves theories of material hearing, sight, touch, taste, and smell termed the five senses." Such trashy "theories" she can readily dispose of, for she has an all-important sixth sense to offer: the "spiritual sense." This is the only sense that counts.

Having rejected reality as a solipsist and locked up the universe in one's brain as a personal possession, one now applies the sixth sense. "Through spiritual sense comes the understanding that God is universal divine Love, and that the real man is the reflection of God." There can be only one "real man" to a solipsist: himself. The Christian "Scientist" rises above the solipsist stage of reflecting mere imaginary human beings in his universe—mind and reflects something on his own level. He reflects God, He and God become the only conceivable realities.

If he chooses to get skeptical at this point, he can toss out God and assume that capacity himself. Having rejected all reality it would solely be a simple matter to reject an invisible partner. He can then proclaim: "I am God!" Every booby-hatch has one.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

Editor: I have been reading some of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" which I received two weeks ago. I cannot think of appropriate words to express how much I enjoy the great amount of food for thought they contain. Unfortunately, I am not a systematic reader—at any time. I just yank a book out of the pile and start reading anything that interests me, whether it is at the beginning, middle or end. You have a grand collection
of quotations of great men and I like to take a pencil and mark off their literary outpourings. I like your own humor so much that sometimes my belly laughs are uncontrollable. I think you are about two hundred years ahead of your time, but it is better to be too early than too late, so to speak.

I thank you for the picture you sent of yourself. I pictured you as an older person but I am glad you're not.

EDITOR

Editor: Allen Haden, in a special radio news dispatch to the Boston Globe and the Chicago Daily News, sent from Buenos Aires, on February 18, 1942, (it appeared in the Globe on the following day), seems to be evidence that Bro. Joseph McCabe knows what he is talking about. I quote the report in full, which appeared under the heading, “Catholic Axis to Work Latinns Held Aim of Franco Parley”:

Formation of a Catholic Axis with Vichy-France, Spain and Portugal is the objective of Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain and Premier Antonio De Oliveira Salazar of Portugal, who met for important conversations at Seville yesterday, according to a neutral diplomatic source here, thoroughly conversant with Spanish affairs.

This junior league of Catholic Fascist powers would be nominally independent but actually subordinate to the senior members of the Axis—Germany, Italy and Japan.

As the Fascist regimes of Vichy, Spain and Portugal have the support of the Vatican so this proposed Catholic Axis is presumed to have the Vatican approval as well.

According to my informant, the principal duty of the Catholic Axis is to capitalize on the Pro-Fascism of strongly Catholic circles in Latin America, with the purpose of recapturing Latin America which has been wooed and partly won by the United States and Great Britain.

The Catholics in this part of the world don’t or won’t believe me when I tell them that Pius XII is against the democracies, pointing to what Hitler has done to the Church in Poland to prove that he, the Pope, is on “our side.” They fail to realize that the Pope still believes that Hitler is the lesser of the two “evils.” Napoleon did as much, if not more, against the Catholic Church than Hitler, yet when Napoleon overthrew the French Republic and was crowned Emperor of France, the Pope appeared in Paris to crown him at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The joke was on the Pope as Napoleon told him he didn’t have the authority and crowned himself.

Isn’t it true that the present Pope is bound by church laws on the subject of democracy so that he hasn’t much choice but to follow his attitude of fighting it? I have not heard one Catholic Church dignitary say one word in favor of democracy since the second World War started.

Have you noticed that President Roosevelt has not placed one Catholic in a position of authority on his War Board since he retired Ambassadors Kennedy and Cudahy, both Catholics with Fascist sympathies? Pat Hurley, whom he appointed, is a Mason, I understand.

Keep up the good work of free thinking and free controversy. A lot more people than some realize are beginning to see the light.

Hudson, Mass. EBBN H. BROWN

Editor: Your April issue is very interesting, especially your article on The Philadelphia Inquirer. A copy of “Our Sunday Visitor,” a Catholic weekly of large circulation, issue of February 1, 1942, fell into my hands and what a laugh the enclosure gave me. Fearing you may not realize how notorious you are, I'm enclosing it. Good luck and more power to you.

Chicago JIL. SOL N. LASKY

“Our Sunday Visitor’s article follows:

The Philadelphia Inquirer is one of a number of papers which in recent weeks have published a large advertisement for the notorious Haldeman-Julius company. This is the outfit which publishes the “Little Blue Books” but which is principally known for its hatred of Catholicism. It has just announced a new periodical, to be edited by ex-priest Joseph McCabe, and to be called “The Black International.” Through this paper McCabe claims he will prove that the Church is responsible for practically all of the world’s ills of today. Haldeman-Julius and McCabe, of course, are capitalizing on the times. They think conditions are ripe for renewed anti-religious and racial persecution. That they will “rope in a lot of suckers” is quite likely, but Catholics should be forewarned against them.

But the Philadelphia paper, like a Detroit paper about a year ago, has now published a public apology for accepting the Haldeman-Julius advertisement. The apology appeared in a boxed article on the first page, and another was espe-
cially written for publication in the Catholic Diocesan paper of Philadelphia. In these apologies, the publishers say that the Ad “came at a time when it did not receive the usual careful examination and scrutiny to which all advertising copy is customarily subject before publication. Such examination assuredly would have caused the elimination of titles (of the Blue Books) which might give offense to any of our readers and in particular to those with firm religious convictions.”

The Inquirer received many protests on the publication of the Ad, which it admits were well founded, and says, “the advertisement should not have been printed.”

We, of course, welcome the apology of the Philadelphia paper and its assurance that the Ad will not appear again. But it is remarkable how frequently this particular “copy” can arrive at an advertising manager’s desk at a time when it will not receive the usual careful attention given advertisements.

The Haldeman-Julius Ad should not be accepted at any time, whether the particular Ad in question contains offensive titles or not. As soon as a person’s name gets on the mailing list, he or she receives advertisements for all of the trash and filth which this firm puts out. And, it appears from much mail which such persons receive, that mailing list is sold or loaned to other publishers and distributors of lewd and malicious material. Watch your own papers for this Ad, and if it appears register your protest with the editor.

The above gives added evidence that the reactionary Blackintern isn’t pulling its punches and that nothing will satisfy the holy hieracketes but that I be put out of business, for the purpose is stated plainly that even if my advertisement were to contain no “offensive” titles I’m still to be thrown into the outer pale because of the danger of sending buyers my complete catalogue at a later date, thus exposing the unwary to the dangerous ideas of wicked and immoral men like Thomas Paine, Ingersoll, Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe, Emerson, Clarence Darrow, Havelock Ellis, Shakespears, Upton Sinclair, Aesop, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Zola, Tolstoy, H. G. Wells, Voltaire, Rabelais, Dante, Dumas, Euripides, Anatole France, Ernst Haeckel, Heine, Hugo, Huxley, Ibsen, Wilde, Moliere, Aristophanes, and other corrupters of the pious and saintly. I was amused at the Inquirer’s explanation of how my three-page advertisement happened to slip by unnoticed—as though ads of that size are common transactions. Are we to assume that a three-page advertisement can slip by like a help-wanted classified? I don’t think the hieracketes are dumb enough to believe such tripe. The above report about the Blackintern also running an apology in the Catholic Diocesan paper of Philadelphia is news to me. I didn’t know the Inquirer had crawled that far down the sewer of moral rottenness. This rumpus gets funnier right along, though we mustn’t permit ourselves to be entertained only, for there are great social issues at stake, not the least being the right to a free press and the sacred right to untrammelled, free discussion. Friends of free controversy must realize that I am standing alone in this fight and that I am in need of their moral support. The article quoted above makes something of the fact that I rent my mailing list to other publishers. This is a common trade practice. The names have been rented to Newsweek, Time, The Saturday Evening Post, The American Magazine, The Woman’s Home Companion, Collier’s, Eugenics Publishing Company, Wm. H. Wise Company, Consumers Union, Look, Hygela, and others. What’s wrong about that? I get paid for the service, and I know the money is earned. If the Blackintern is interested I might add that the rental is only $10 per 1,000, which I know is a magnificent bargain, considering the quality of my names. This business of renting one’s mailing list is a stable one for those that is honest and legitimate. Would “Our Sunday Visitor” care to make a test of a few thousand names in order to find out if a direct circularization could win away my victims and deliver them for laundering in the blood of the lamb? Well, enough of this chatter.

Editor: Can one believe that the Ethereal Esquire is a loving Ethereal Esquire if he really reads the Bible? I don’t think so, if he has average mentality. Can one believe that the Bible is an inspired book; one that has been handed down from a superpure atmosphere from the high heavens, when one reads, therein, words that could have been taken from the walls of outhouses of 1000 B. C., provided the Jewish race then had such amenities as a place to “hide”?

The Fundamentalists and other religious fanatics hold that the Bible was written by Gaud Himself. Well,
there are lots of references to bowels and the like, which references, I think, are too frequent for one that is supposed to be so simon-pure as to have no guts, or any need for them. Why did the Ethereal Esquire spend so much time thinking about bowels, guts, entrails, the insides, etc., of both humans and animals, when there was, apparently, no cogent heavenly reasons for doing so? An explanation to that is entirely over my head; and the heads of the Fundamentalists.

The pious that attend church hardly ever attend without having the advice, "Read your Bibles!" hurled at them. This read-your-Bibles business is a bluff the pious seldom call, for which the Men o' Gawd should be forever thankful. The Ethereal Esquire's hep cats, meaning the priests, preachers, and rabbis, may not know it, but if their auditors followed this advice, with even one brain cell working, they, the Men o’ Gawd, would quickly discover that they had slit their own throats.

The Bible condemns itself, when read as any other book; which is no fault of the Freethinkers.

A. M. PASCHALL
Army Air Base, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Editor: The most widely-read poet in France before the invasion—and likewise, most certainly since—was the sick and necrophilaec Charles Baude-laure [editor’s note: see Little Blue Book No. 237]. The poet that English soldiers carry in their knapsacks today is the suicidal, nay-saying and sick A. E. Houseman [editor’s note: see Houseman’s “Shropshire Lad,” Little Blue Book No. 306]. The poet that the Nazis have, of course and perforce, taken over is “the greatest German poet of the last 100 years,” (see current reviews of his Biography in English by R. M. Butler), the ghoulish, thanatopsid and sick Rilke. In our own country, alas, the only poet in the grand manner and on a big scale since Walt Whitman (see Alfred Kreymborg) has turned out to be the vampyrisch, nihilistic and half-dead Robinson Jefferies. The “Democratic Vistas” of Whitman [editor’s note: see “The Best Poems of Walt Whitman,” Little Blue Book No. 73; “The Great Outdoors,” No. 299; “Memories of Lincoln,” No. 351; and Clarence Day’s play on Whitman in “The Skeleton in the Closet,” No. 933] have indeed come to a sorry pass in his California successor, Jefferies. Education for death would seem to be the rhapsodic note of every poet of major proportions in the world today. In such a sick world when literature itself reeks of the tomb, it would be a great relief and pleasure to see an autographed photograph of one who still, at 52, appears to love life with Rabelaisian gusto. I'll thank you for the picture, Pantagruel.

READER

Editor: The repeated appeals to prayer which have appeared so frequently as a means of winning the war recalls to my mind the incident which occurred in the United States Senate during the early days of the first World War.

A resolution was introduced in the Senate praying for a minute of prayer each day on the opening of the Senate chamber. In voicing his disapproval of this resolution, Senator Sherman of Illinois said that the resolution reminded him of the story of two little girls who were on their way to school. As they approached the school house, the bell rang, which meant that they were late. One girl who had been brought up in a religious household cried, “Oh, we are late! Let us pray.” The other who came from a home of more secular-minded parents, replied, “Oh, no. Let’s run.”

A striking illustration of the efficacy of work vs. prayer to win the war is the information which I have just received from a confidential source that I believe to be wholly reliable. I was told that patrols were suspended on Sundays at Pearl Harbor in order to permit the soldiers to attend religious services! This was done when there was every possibility of an imminent attack by a treacherous nation.

N. Y. C. 

JOSEPH LEWIS

Editor: I was deeply interested in your quotation from an editorial in the “Sunday Visitor,” which urged that tons of paper used in the publication of “un-American” pamphlets, be put to a “decent” use. Strangely enough, I had been wondering why the shortage of paper was not relieved by cutting down on the tons of trash which issue weekly from Catholic presses. There is no doubt but that the country would be as well off, perhaps better off, without nine-tenths of it. I defy critics to find anything more un-American than the matter printed in certain Catholic pamphlets and papers, particularly “Social Justice.” Of course you read the issue of October 20th, in which Coughlin declared that Hitler had “toppled over the colossal of 13 million Soviet troops whose 25,000 tanks and 12,000 airplanes were poised three months ago to raze Europe with the connivance, the moral and financial support of Churchill and Roosevelt, the
attacks the cicada, apparently stunning it in some way, and carrying it to this burrow on the wing if possible but, if too heavy, by dragging it over the ground sometimes even beneath itself between its long legs. What are the life habits of this insect, other than I have observed? And are these raids foraging for food, or what? And is the cicada, itself, in any way destructive? Curiously, both Beethoven and the cicada’s song are filled with dissonances. I suppose it’s the consummate skill with which Beethoven manages these that in part attracts us to him. Before I get off the subject of cicadas I want to tell you something else: some time ago I bought one of Clement Wood’s large rhyming dictionaries. In the various examples of poetry to be found at the beginning of this book I found what was called a triad by Adelaide Crapsey. It’s curious because formed of 5 iambic lines of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 1 feet in length, like this:

These be
Three silent things—
The falling snow—the hour
Before the dawn—the mouth of one
Just dead,

What’s this got to do with cicadas? Patience I didn’t like it, although I was amused at the unusual pattern. But it was too stark and gloomy—especially that “hour before the dawn” item. So I shuffled up a pageful of words from the dictionary and then stuck some of them together like this:

These be
Three strident things—
The water fall—the jay
With timorous young—cicadas in July.

Maplewood, Mo. C. A. LANG

Editor: William Henry Cardinal O’Connell, notorious Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston, upset the bean pot when he took over the front pages in Boston in connection with his 30th anniversary as a cardinal (Nov. 27). This wealthy man is nearly 82 and, as a prince of the Roman Catholic Church, presumably has a pass to take him right into God’s lap in Heaven when he dies. He should be a happy guy, for he can’t live much longer, and the prospects of eternal wafer-crunching in the clouds with the popes and Borgias should be very stimulating. As each day brings him nearer to death, he should be still happier. But, instead, he is obviously worried about his future after death. His faith is slipping. He pointed out that the “million” Catholics in the Boston archdiocese who comprise his flock had prepared “spiritual bouquets” of masses, rosaries, holy communions, and other prayers “for me and my soul’s welfare.” He did not explain why a prince of
the Roman Catholic Church should need such extensive assistance in atonement of sin to make the grade up there. Nor was he sure that all this aid was sufficient. He added: "I, in my turn, ask God to receive them all" (the spiritual bouquets on his own behalf—not the souls of his flock). Would he be so anxious to remind God of all the vicarious repentence and atonement to his credit if he were sure of going to Heaven? As a Catholic prince, he should be insulted by the very idea of people offering "spiritual bouquets" for his soul's welfare. Yet he asks God to please accept this carte.

The above was not just a malapropism on the part of the red-nosed dean of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America. He further pointed out that the death of friends had caused many "sad changes." "I'm not complaining, but as one after another they begin to disappear, you begin to feel a little lonely." He named a few. "And as the list grows," he remarked, softly (quoting the Boston Traveler), "and then as if forcefully awakening himself from reveries, he said sharply: 'But I have no time to be morbid ...' No time to be morbid! What could possibly be morbid about the trek of a soul to eternal paradise? How could the word morbid even occur to him as, day by day, he draws closer to a reunion on wings of these fortunate friends. Surely friends of a prince of God don't detour by way of purgatory, or by chance land in Hell. No true believer could bemoan the end of earthly sufferings of friends as, day by day, he, too, draws closer to the happiness of death, Heaven, and a reunion.

Obviously the prince isn't so sure of the existence of Heaven. Certainly he has no sting on his conscience. The newspaper accounts do not even mention his anticipation of a forthcoming get-together in Paradise, the one big inducement religion offers its dupes. His friends have "disappeared," he says, not "sprouted wings." Unlike some of our great Atheists who have been libelously accused of grabbing crucifixes as they died, Cardinal O'Donnell has lost faith in his as the time for immortality approaches.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

P.S. I have often wondered what O'Connell would look like wearing pants instead of one of his giddy dresses.

Editor: Of course, you read the news—a son born to King Leopold and his commoner bride. Wed in September, parents in December. Far be it from me to cavil, but isn't Leopold of Belgium one of those extremely devout Catholics who are supposed to set a good example to profligate Protestants and Jews? Such a highly placed Catholic, too! Oh, well, no doubt the hierarchy will have some explanation ready. But I can imagine what they would say if a Protestant monarch became a father in such short order. They are forever damning Henry VIII—no, no, because he got rid of so many women, but because he didn't get the Pope's O.K. before he did it.

Wilmington, Del.

W. MATTHEWS

Editor: The Freeman is about the most demoralizing publication I read. It usually arrives late in the week when I am up to my ears in my own publication work which runs late into the night as a rule.

First, I just casually glance over it to see what the "old boy" is up to this time. I spy something that strikes a responsive chord and before I know it, I'm settled for the evening. My own work goes to hell and I pay for it the rest of the week.

I find your stories the choicest in the field. Sometimes I print some in this little community paper. Remember the one about the parson remembering where he left his bicycle? Well, our own parson was worth a call. We couldn't exactly agree on the sanctity of the ministry, but I let him rant, explaining it was a purely impersonal story; that to me a preacher was just another hoosein, not better and no worse as such.

Keep the bright light shining.

J. N. MOSES
Editor, The Sun, Morro Bay, Calif.

Editor: Beware "the pit of materialism," raves a letter-writer in The Boston Traveler. Materialism consists of "individual opinion and opportunism" to his confused outlook. In such case, he is a rabid materialist himself by his own definition. He upholds religion as a devout opportunist who seeks a couch in heaven for his soul—even though it means shame for his body. He makes use of individual opinion in maintaining that his, or any other, religion involves fact rather than fiction. Thus, he howls in the very pit he earns others of—"it can hardly be called materialism, but that is his justly horror-stricken word for such a fate.

This crusading "patriot," who signs himself Americana, proceeds to snipe the war effort by discrediting our victorious ally, the U.S.S.R. Says he: "Communism, Fascism, and Nazism all stem from the same source—Marx and his sometime collaborator Engels. . . . These two men are morally responsible for much of the evil we witness throughout the earth today." (Can't you just hear those words boom-
fending? What’s the sum and substance of it all? All the Yanks in America will not save it from disintegrating. Unless a miracle occurs, it is doomed—finally and irrevocably doomed. The New Order in Europe will be either Nazi or a British totalitarianism, or a combination of both—a planned economy based on the principle of brute force.

"American democracy is disintegrating, crumbling from within. Fatigue, disillusionment, disgust, the unbearable tension of society, the fear of war and the fear of bankruptcy, the absence of security, the technological revolution which has gone far beyond the instruments of social control, deep-rooted anarchistic hatred of social order which has too long denied the principle of social justice, the revolt of the masses and the leveling of all values, the absence of any common ethical basis—these are but a few of the multiple factors in the decline which is now upon us."

"The growing anarchy can be resolved in only two ways: "Totalitarianism or Christianity.

... Leadership in this crisis will not come from the laity. It will not come from the bottom of the Catholic pyramid. It will come only from the top, from the Hierarchy. The Christian revolution will begin when we decide to cut loose from the existing social order, rather than be buried with it, and release the dynamite that is stored up in the Christian gospel."

A copy of the above should be in the hands of every American regardless of his religious belief, or absence of any.

READER

Editor: In announcing the installation of a new altar in St. Patrick’s Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York City to be ready for its first pontifical mass May 13, Archbishop Spellman says work has progressed so far that materials could not be reprocessed advantageously for defense uses (Not advantageous to whom, Hitler?)

Had this claim been made prior to December 7, we might place some credence in his sincerity. But how can he justify appropriating materials essential for defense production so long after war had been declared? He has simply gone ahead depriving this country of these materials, despite the state of war, until he thought they were too far mutilated to be reprocessed as bullets or whatever their use at this time should have been.

Any metals involved can indeed be
reprocessed, regardless of how silly and impossible they look in the form of graven images or in any other form of mutilation. Being an enemy of science, Spellman can, of course, deny this and still keep a straight face. He should be compelled to surrender any metals involved and anything else that can still be reprocessed for practical purposes. The use of shells, tanks, and other war supplies to make a Roman Catholic altar at this time constitutes malicious sabotage.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

Editor: You, too, El! Yes, you are also spreading that canard about “collaboration between Stalin and Hitler” (Freeman, No. 2036; col. 3.) Will you please elucidate? And don’t give us that Polish stuff, or that one about a German staff knocking those rats of Finns out of the box, and don’t tell us that the U.S.S.R. sold Germany more oil than the Texas Company did. Josef Stalin, who stands like the morning over the world, was a collaborator of Shicklegruber’s then as he is of Japan’s now. The Russians make peace pacts and keep them. . . . Ask Joseph Davies.

THEODORE MAHAFFEY
El Centro, California

TWO LETTERS FROM DOCTORS

Two New Jersey doctors write me letters that arrived today in the same mail. One thinks I’m hunkydory, the other is sure I’m in league with the devil and the Nazis. The first is from Dr. Charles C. McGivern, Ventnor City, N. J.:

“You are, I believe, what my mother calls a ‘Squaw Man,’ the most contemptuous epithet in her lexicon. In mine, you are a God damned scoundrel who promotes subversive interests for profit and as such I want no truck with you. I am turning over to the postal authorities your scurrilous, anti-American vehicles for Nazi propaganda (The American Freeman and The Black International) with the hope that they will take proper measures. I could cheerfully squeeze your fat, greasy, Semitic neck between my hands if I had it there and will be glad to afford you any personal satisfaction you may desire at any time.”

If I’m to have choice of weapons I’ll rest my cause on condoms blown to the size of balloons and filled with goose-grease, the winner to be the one who can show fewer stains on his vest. The other epistle is from Dr. Lewis Angus Young, Cologne, N. J.:

“Yes, by all means send us the

second series of ‘The Black International.’ My first 10 volumes are being read by four adults in my family and three neighbors on old age pension. They all say you are doing a great job. Regarding your difficulty in getting a new Kluge Automatic Press, I see that you are just waking up to the fact that the Catholic-Fascists are also in Washington, D. C. In politics, right at headquarters! Well, why, man alive, we see sleepy, complacent, wishful-thinking pork fish in these democracies should realize that in Washington is just where we must look for them! They are in the Senate, in the House, in the Army and Navy, as well as in the courts and pulpits. Let the people be aroused, organize and spread the alarm. The country needs a modern Paine, Darrow, Debs and Stalin all rolled into one to bring the people out of their slumber. McCabe and Halde-man-Julius are certainly doing their share. Now let the freedom-loving Freethinkers of America everywhere get on the job and act damn quick.”

Editor: I do not suppose there is any use in my repeating what I have told you many times before, that I am not a believer in spiritualism. I am simply trying to find out the nature and origin of certain phenomena of which I have been a witness. I can no more doubt the reality of them than I can doubt the reality of electricity. Anyhow, they have a place in a novel of these times, because there are a great many persons who are interested in the phenomena. Some of these persons being spiritualists, I have portrayed them as spiritualists, but you have no more right to assume that that makes me a spiritualist, than you have to assume that Shakespeare was a murderer because he was so fond of portraying murderers. He just thought that people liked to see murderers on the stage.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

[Editor’s Note: Ever plausible, Upton Sinclair presents himself as the artist only in search of characters. Dragging in Shakespeare doesn’t help his weak case. Besides, Shakespeare presented that precious pair of murderers, Macbeth and his gory gal, in such a way as to fetch the moral that “Mothers Don’t Pay.” Knowing Sinclair’s gullibility, his passion for spooks (remember how his desk floated out of his library and landed somewhere near the rose bushes in his gar-
Editor: That will you published recently which purported to have been the work of a deceased inmate of a Chicago nut-house is actually the work of Williston Fish, a Chicago lawyer for large traction interests in Chicago and Pittsburgh. He died December 19, 1939, age 81. He was annoyed by the fact that the little book, which is correctly titled "The Will of Charles Lounsbury," was ascribed to a deceased nut. The fictional Charles Lounsbury, in Mr. Fish's foreword, was "by self-appraisal" a millionaire, "although he died some years ago in an almshouse in Cook County, Illinois."

ALBERT J. FRANCK
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Editor: It is strange that theologians and their dupes who denounce science do not reject it. If science is to be discredited, surely its discoveries should be rejected. But those who discredited it still maintain their rights to more than a full share of the benefits of science. Theologians wallowing in luxuries of science are not consistent in fighting everything that makes their lives human—i.e., physically human, their mental condition is another matter.

To be consistent, a person who renounces science would have to avoid the "contamination" of any contact with its vile products. He would have to rip every stitch of clothing from his body, each stitch and fiber being a product of science. He would have to give up his living quarters, his worldly possessions, his last dime, the very printed pages on his bible and stalk forth into the world, naked as a man without the benefits of science—and pulling out the fillings in his teeth as he stalked. He would have to live in the most primitive fashion, scorning even the most rudimentary scientific discoveries. Clothing, gardens, tools, weapons, altar wine, wafers, rosary beads, crucifixes, St. Christopher medals, and dog collars all would have to be rejected. Any means for making fire would be prohibited—producing sparks and flames at will was perhaps the most important of discoveries. Naked, unsheltered, eating raw beans, mostly dogs, cats, and rats in our present civilization—this would be the state of one who really rejects science.

The dog-collared men whoatten and thrive on luxuries of science, scooping in scientific coinage, spreading propaganda from scientific presses, are rascals indeed when they speak against all these things and denounce science.

Science defamors might at least refuse medical and surgical assistance when in pain. But the cowards insist on having the best scientists in the field when they get sick. And this includes Christian Scientists (so-called). They may half kill themselves, if devout, but very seldom does one die in agony without more than a prayer-healer at hand to ease the pain. Doctors tell amusing stories of these attempted masochists who denounce them when well and become their best friends as soon as a colony of germs starts its work.

George A. Buttrick in his stupendous waste of paper, "Prayer," says: "Science can arrive at general laws only by emptying the world of particular events, and the world refuses to be emptied." If Buttrick ever has a surgical operation, the doctor should explain: "You have convinced me of the fallacy of the general laws pertaining to the use of ether, so we will dispense with any such nonsensical application of science. Hold him, men!"

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

Editor: Now that George Sylvester Viereck (whose name, incidentally, should be Hohenzollern, his father having been a bastard son of Kaiser Wilhelm I), is safely in the jug, the outstanding Axis propagandist in the country is a man who enjoys an inexplicable immunity from molestation by the authorities. He has spread his net of activities on those who disapprove. He has the unique distinction of having been in the Secret Service of the last Czar and also of our own Secret Service (the F.B.I.), of having been on the staff of the czarist Minister of Justice who cooked up the infamous Mendel Berlis ritual murder case and on the staff of Attorney General Daugherty during Harding's administration. This man is the author of over a dozen books published in this country, in which he has lived since 1916, becoming a citizen in the early '20's. He has "high academic standing," being regarded as an authority on internal relations, criminology and Russian literature, on all of which he has written voluminously. Some of the most distinguished of American colleges in these fields have sponsored him. He was a member of the America First Committee's "brain-trust," a cheer-leader at Lindbergh meetings in N. Y., and it was he who brought the forged "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" to this country and sold them
to Henry Ford in 1919. His name is Boris BrasoL Your readers would like to know about him, I am sure.

VINCENT FARLEY
Hotel Peter Cooper, N. Y. C.

Editor: You might have added to your discussion of sanitary rubber goods in relation to priorities—about which the priests are bleating—some figures on the amount of rubber used for that purpose compared to the amount used to keep our autos rolling. [Editor's note: We make 1,000,000 condoms daily, which uses about 1,000 pounds of rubber.] I'm inclined to think that a comparison would show the absurdity of such parsimony. Also, while it was once a subject for levity, the time has come, if we're really in earnest about saving our rubber, to give some consideration to the matter of laundering these articles. They are really capable of serving a number of times if the job is done properly, as it so easily may be done. They need only be turned and rinsed a number of times, then pressed gently while laid flat between the folds of a towel, turning inside out again so as to remove all the moisture from both sides, and finally, turning again, dusting with talcum on both inside and outside. Cold water is better than hot; it'll not injure the rubber. Lots of people have known this for a long time. It's time more know it.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

Jos. McCabe's Impressions of the Situation in London

Editor: So our Fuehrer has come over to Washington for a good Christmas dinner. (I write this on Christmas Day.) Churchill is a thirsty soul. I hope the White House is well provided. He also smokes 14 big cigars a day. These dashes across the Atlantic are mainly publicity. The press announces them as supremely important but folk here are beginning to reflect and ask themselves what he has done besides making fine speeches (which he writes out and learns). His stock goes slowly down, and these big gestures are the results. The exclusion of Russia from the Churchill-Roosevelt conference is resented, especially as they take in a representaive of General Chiang Kai-shek, whom I have always distrusted. I fancy Russia does also and delays largely on that account. Russia has gone up splendidly in popular favor here, and I believe the Times (which I rarely read) has been satisfactory. Other Tory papers and Tory feeling generally stick to their prejudices. Russia, they say, has helped quite nicely, though not nearly so much as it claims—Churchill seems to have implied this in his talk to your press—but the really big job remains for the U.S. and Britain at some vague future date. The press here shows signs of revolt. This is the close of the Christmas greeting editorial of the Evening Standard:

Hail, ye indomitable people, hail,
In spite of all your leaders, ye prevail.

The Evening Standard, let me add, has been for years the Conservative (nominally non-party) evening paper for London—the only evening paper seen in the clubs and read by every Colonel Blimp. It belongs to Lord Beaverbrook. Lately it has gone strong in praise of Russia and is getting bolder. It seems to agree to what I said all along—we should have attacked this year and Russia resents that we did not.

It is not a very proud year's record for us to look back over. Vichy and Spain are more and more treacherous and only held up by Germany's terrific beating in Russia. Turkey is doubtful. Only in the Middle East have we done anything and each move began with costly blunders, and I feel our present advance may meet new mishaps. I have a strong suspicion that Hitler is getting new supplies into North Africa through French collaboration and that this may cost us plenty before long. Roosevelt and Churchill are making tremendous blunders in trying to appease Petain and his crew of Catholic-Fascists. It was Roosevelt who sent tankers of oil to the French in North Africa, which I believe Hitler got in the end, though I can't prove the assertion.

I hope Roosevelt teaches Churchill one thing—how to sack brass hats—but the Conservative party rules Churchill and won't have it. A vast number ought to be dismissed in all branches of our national service. I was speaking the other day to a young woman who has got released
from one of the uniformed branches for girls (I learn we have already provided three maternity hospitals for them) and women. I make an allowance for malice, of course, but this girl says her chief work was putting aristocratic lady-officers to bed at night, mopping up their vomit, and cleaning up after their pekes and poodles. I find there is a lot of truth in it. The predominance of the wealthy class is everywhere and is bad.

If it is ever candidly written—it could not be just now so don't ask me for a book—the story of these three years will be a deadly indictment of the voluntary or private-enterprise system. It is not merely that horses of incompetents get jobs by favor but at the middle and lower levels the selfishness is very bad. We were paternally asked not to travel at Christmas, and there was more than ever on long distances. We were told to cut even the kids down on toys as no more would be made, and all the stores left from last Christmas were snapped up at terrific prices. To my knowledge dolls that were $1.50 last year were now sold at $6. Treble prices are common for uncontrolled commodities. Lower middle-class folk rush to $3 and $4 shows and dinner-dances. They used to pay 50c. I should say that a third of our people have more money than ever and are extravagant. It is largely due to the retention of a very large army doing nothing in England. The war is not real to these people.

Of course, there is the other side. Refugees from the worse-bombed parts of London are filling up here, and large numbers of them are permanent nervous wrecks—no wonder for they have had direct hits on their houses and lost everything. Even animals are affected. A man told me the other day how his cat, being in the street during a blitz, shot up (literally) 30 feet in the blast of a bomb. It was not hurt but every time the clock strikes in his house now it bolts under a couch. Apart from these types the health of the population is surprisingly good. My own is, I think, better than ever, though I do not get a really good diet.

I have sent you via air mail a complete outline of the second series of 10 issues of The Black International and am now looking for a cable telling me to go ahead with the assignment. I am glad to learn that your mailing list responded generously to your invitation to subscribe for the first 10 numbers and that this makes possible a second series of 10 volumes. I hope an additional 10 issues will be commercially possible for I feel it's necessary to have more than another 10 booklets to tell the whole candid truth about the rotten Blackintern. I see what the hierarchy is doing to you in the U.S. Now you know what I've had to endure the last 35 years. But don't get disheartened. The longer the Black International howls, the cheerier I become, for a sour-puss (as your movies say) isn't going to help the situation. The best answer to these anti-progressive forces is to buckle down to hard work in order to enable the reading public to get the full truth about this treacherous, insidious, anti-democratic, anti-libertarian crew. I feel fortunate in having you make possible the arrangements that take care of my material needs while I do these important writing jobs for your reading public. I am putting my best energies into this work, and I believe the second series of 10 will carry more power and punch than anything I've written about the Roman Catholic Church up to now. When I get your cable telling me to begin writing this new series of 10 I'll be ready to get down to the job immediately for I am keeping everything open for this project.


JOSEPH McCABE

Editor: Things are still quiet here in England—too quiet for our good. We had a few bombs on London by a lone raider a few days ago (I am writing this on January 19), but few people knew it. The sirens in this district were not sounded. Round the southwest coast, of course, bombs are daily events. I know people whose houses rock every day. The country at large has unfortunately settled down to the idea of a long war, and I suppose Churchill, who artfully kept away until the flush of the ghastly Malaya business died down, will score a triumph as usual.
I expect you understand these things. He has behind him one of the largest Conservative majorities on record, and if pressed he has only to tell his critics to challenge a Vote of Confidence in the House of Commons and his Tory majority automatically squashes the opposition. Many of the Tory members are, of course, thoroughly dissatisfied with the situation but these are, as a rule, just the men who cannot afford to rebel. Very large numbers of them depend on their Party even for election expenses. And with the Labor leaders taking part in the “National” government even Labor critics are virtually silenced by their Party. There is a lamentable lack of ability and guts. They do not see that under cover of the zeal for democracy and freedom Churchill and Roosevelt are creating a force that might be able to dictate to the world when the Germans and Japs are smashed and Russia comparatively weakened. I fear that is one of the objects of the “wait until 1943” idea. A census has shown that England public opinion is increasingly reconciled to that idea (largely because millions are making more money than ever before and so few families have sons in actual danger or on casualty lists. I am hoping that Russia will break up this Western and American idea of a long war.

The delay is, as I have often said, very demoralizing to this country. In one issue of my daily last week were court cases of a boy of 15 and a girl of 15 had up for “drunk and incapable.” Such kids are now in demand as, if they are smart, they quickly fill the places of youths of 17 and 18 and it is common enough for boys who got $1.50 a week in my time and $4 to $5 before the war to get now $25 to $30 a week. There is a limit to the use of this in cigarettes and cinemas and they hardly know what to do. This reckless spending stirs others, and there is an extraordinary growth in juvenile theft, etc.—while we create new regiments of women police to watch our young women in uniform, even pulling them up for the use of lip-stick. At the adult end of the scale theft, etc., flourish in an amazing way. It is common for a van full of goods to be stolen off the street. The papers every few days have cases of the theft of 1,000,000 cigarettes, 100,000 coupons for rations, etc. The old idea that cheating the customs, for instance, is just a matter of cleverness now spreads to everything. I shall always say that our people did behave finely when the great blitz was on, and perhaps they saved the war, but the sort of war that is going on now is very demoralizing. There might be an advantage if what Russia is doing were properly appreciated. It is, in a way. The papers have the fullest accounts of the Russian advance, but the cinemas (half of them American-owned) scarcely ever show topical Russian pictures, and I see your Col. Knox, like Churchill, gives away the official attitude by saying that Russia has not yet seriously broken the Nazi army. As far as I can make out different estimates the German casualties in Russia are certainly in the neighborhood of 6,000,000 and that means the cream of the German army has gone. It further means that an extension via Spain and Turkey is off and may mean a great deal more. I am hopeful, but our pro-Russian societies are too feeble and incompetent to drive home the lesson. It makes me mad to be excluded—the pretence is my age (at 74 I am better than ever) the real reason my heresies and Catholic intrigue.


* * *

JOSEPH McCabe
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